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SPY



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THE COVER Photographs by Neil Selkirk (body) and © 1979 Dennis Brack/Black Star (head). Gray flannel suit courtesy of Saint Laurie Ltd. Candy-striped Sea Island cotton shirt and silk tie courtesy of Cutlass & Moore.

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NOVEMBER 1987

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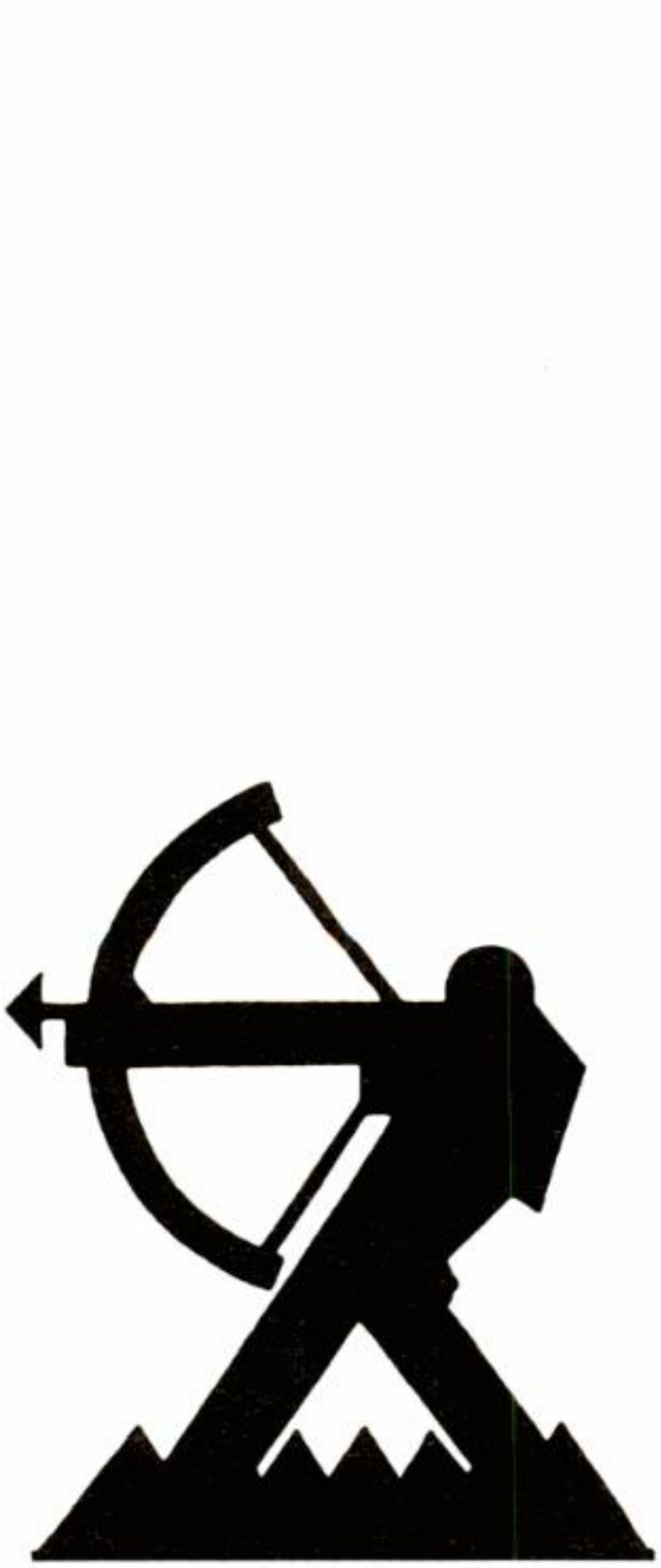
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Bryan Miller, New York Times—April 10, 1987

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Gael Greene, New York Magazine—March 9, 1987

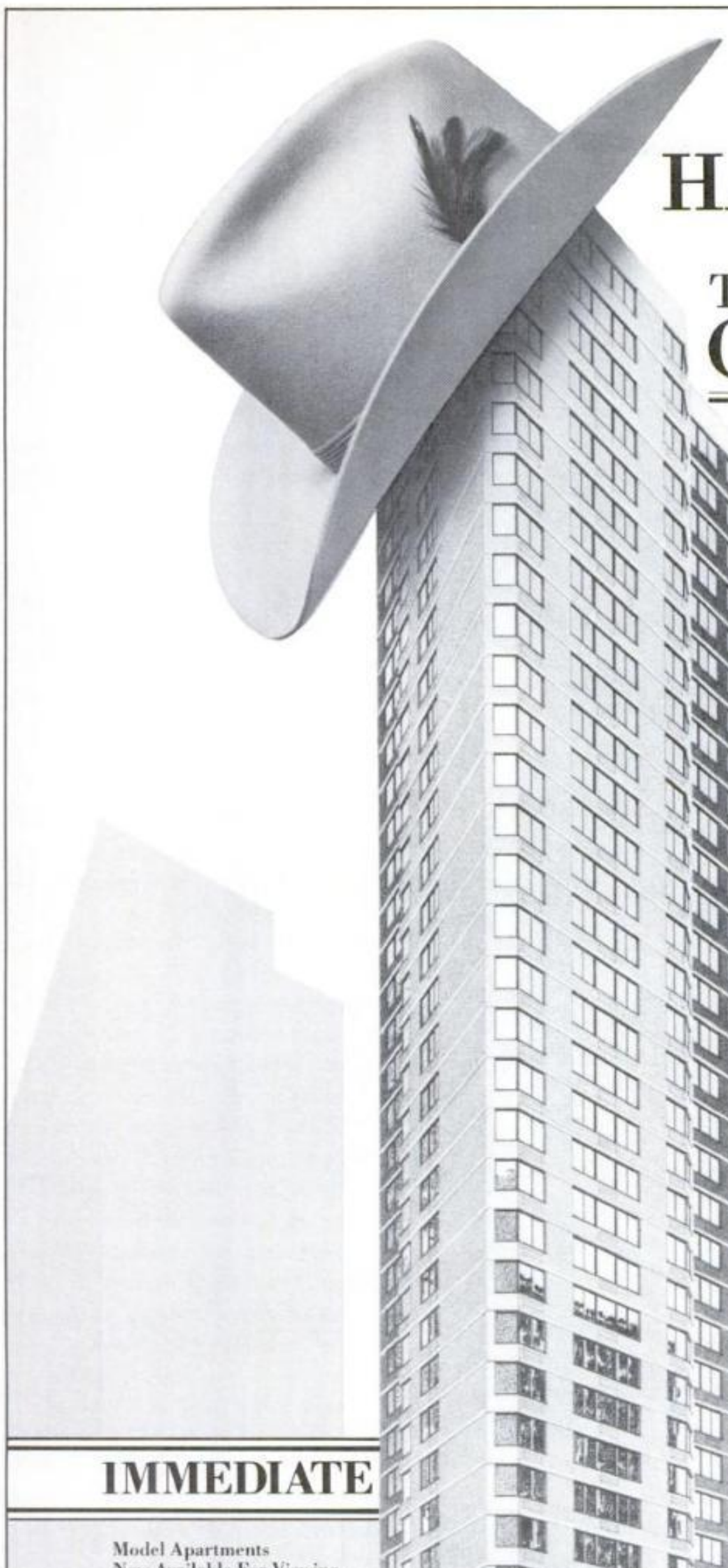
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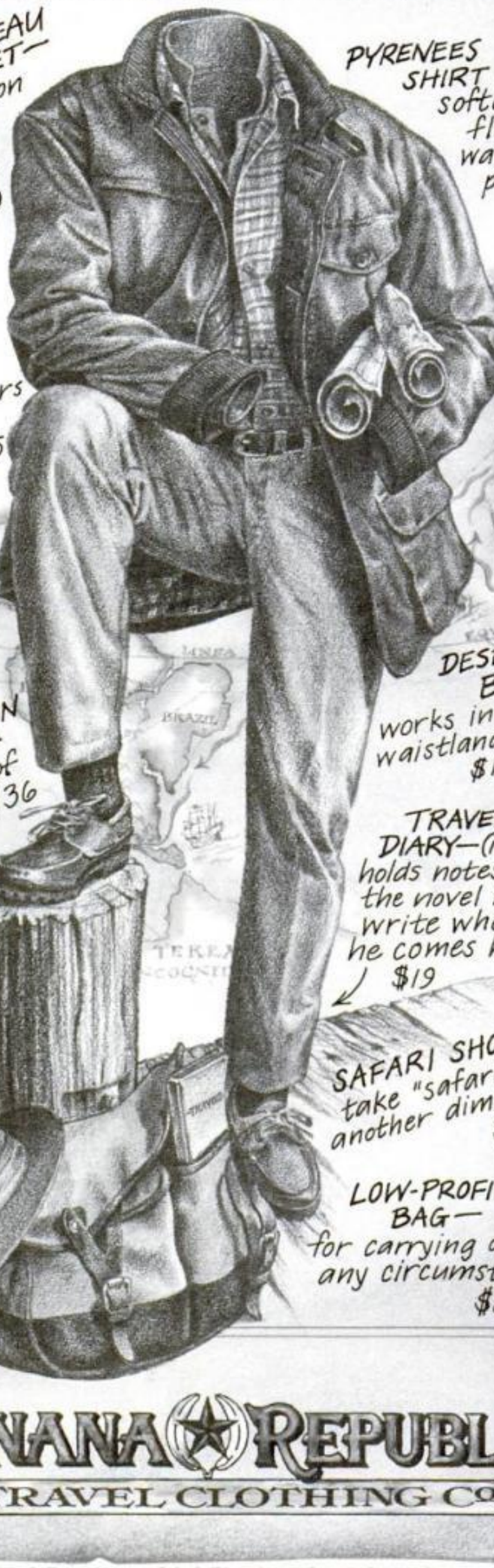
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From the SPY mailroom: Eric Weinstock, a former schoolmate of writer Susan Chumsky and subject Jake Steinfeld ("Big, Rich & Pushy: Jake," July/August), writes from Manhattan to share more memories of Jake. "The reason I remember Jake so well," Mr. Weinstock reminisces fondly, "is that he once offered to cave my face in for me."

Leslie Goodman-Malamuth of Washington, D.C., asks, "If it's illegal to photograph a mailman walking down the street, as you assert on page 16 of the September issue, how'd you get the shot of the SPY-laden civil servant on page 79?" Well, we're a little red-faced about that. What we *thought* we were buying was a real photo of a real mailman—we even used the photo service *The New York Times Magazine* uses. It turns out the shot was staged—the mailman an actor, the magazine a prop. All we're saying *officially* is, we think it may have been an ad for Westinghouse.

A reader has nominated to the Golddiggers' Hall of Fame ("How to Marry a Millionaire," September) the author, Nell Scovell, for reasons we don't need to go into. SPY's editors won't comment beyond saying that we've always found Nell's writing not only funny but well researched and extraordinarily knowing. (Indeed, Herman Melville, another writer, spent a year aboard a whaling vessel before writing his books.) George Wayne—yes, the fellow who's behind *R.O.M.E.* magazine—loved "Little Men" (June) but feels we should have included Mike Dukakis as a "Runt on the Rise." T. Mishel of Manhattan says Paul Rudnick's "It's Okay to Hate High Culture" (July/August) was "hilarious" and requests something along the same lines "for the overseas traveler—like, it's okay to skip the Louvre and get drunk instead?" Definitely—hell, some nights we get drunk and then don't even bother going to Paris.

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LETTERS TO SPY

DEAR EDITORS Not only did your article "How to Marry a Millionaire" [by Nell Scovell, September] show the self-lionized ladies who lunch for what they are, it illuminated the unlimited stupidity of the men who marry them.

Herb Hammer
New York

DEAR EDITORS Because one of your reporters called our office to check two facts before the printing of your story "How to Marry a Millionaire," we were surprised to find errors in the item on Mr. and Mrs. A. Alfred Taubman. Mr. and Mrs. Taubman were not introduced by Ms. Acquavella, although she is a longtime friend of Mrs. Taubman's. The couple were, in fact, introduced by a mutual English friend.

John F. Diebel
Taubman Companies
Bloomfield Hills, Michigan

Nell Scovell replies: "According to Donna Acquavella, 'The first time Al Taubman ever laid eyes on Judy Mazor was at our place.' So there."

DEAR EDITORS Simply boffo job, chums, what with the WASPmania foofaraw and rot ["WASPmania!," by Michael Thomas, July/August]. But say, Chip, what's the fuss? My grandmum Sadie (no Newport flapper, she) knew it well:

Think Yiddish and dress British.
Nothing new.

Michael Zelvin
New York

DEAR EDITORS I read with interest "Busty Like Me" [by Lynn Snowden, July/August]. As a 36C, I feel I can state with authority that the article should have included the experience of running à deux. I know of no running bra that can keep two healthy mammaries from bobbing wildly. I often ponder, while running, how much more pleasant it would be with less poundage. (Have you ever seen a busty track star?)

Still, it's comforting to know that wherever I go, they'll always be one step ahead of me.

Diane Janoff
Long Island City, New York

DEAR EDITORS What a bunch of boneheads you must be! Your inventive little drawing in this latest cache of witticisms—the illustrated "idea" for a mirror on the Jersey shore, I mean [New, Improved New York, September]—has but one little fault.

Guys, the sun still sets in the west, doesn't it? And your vanity mirrors would be to the west, wouldn't they? So how would anyone in New York City see the sun setting in the reflection?

Duhhhh. . .

David M. Halbfinger
Class of 1990
Yale University
New Haven, Connecticut

Mr. Halbfinger's closing remarks—"Duhhhh"*—are, unfortunately, rather less ironic than he presumably intended. What we said was what we meant: that the sun would set "behind the peerless view of the World Trade Center"—behind the* view *of the towers (in other words, behind the reflection), not behind the towers themselves. Not having attended Yale, we are undoubtedly boneheads, but not for the reason Mr. Halbfinger suggests.* SPY *stands by its Vision of the Future.*

DEAR EDITORS After a predictable round of Goetz-bashing by *The Nation* and the *Voice*, SPY has now piped up, dismissing the man as a "Nazoid geek," the darling of "downscale New York" [The Usual Suspects, September]. That seems a bit unfair; Goetz strikes me as, if anything, a rather tragic figure, one deserving of sympathy—though I know that sympathy's the last thing I should look for in a magazine like SPY, where the fun lies in the cleverness of the abuse. Still, SPY usually contents itself with razzing the rich, the smug, the poseurs and pretenders—and Goetz is none of these. Maybe he just needs a lesson in *chic* from you upscale types at the Puck Building. It's clear, at any rate, that you guys don't ride the subway.

Ted Klein
New York

Like Bernhard Goetz, SPY*'s staff* regularly *uses the subway; the F, B, D, S, Q, R, N, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 trains are among the lines we patronize. Nevertheless, a surprise staff frisking this afternoon turned up no revolvers, and to date no full-time* SPY *employee has ever shot four youths and then fled into a tunnel.*

DEAR EDITORS A fan introduced me to SPY with a gift subscription, and I wish to carry on this fine tradition with two further subscriptions. Sort of a chain subscription: if these two each send two more, and so on, soon you'll be growing faster than a new issue on the Tokyo exchange.

I do have one concern. Each summer I spend a week with soon-to-be-readers-of-SPY. How does SPY play in Madison, Wisconsin? I do not look forward to being exiled to the Hamptons.

Anne F. Fergenson
Larchmont, New York

DEAR EDITORS I cannot tell you how much I enjoy SPY. It keeps me in touch with the idiosyncrasies of the Big Apple from this desert of public transportation. Folks in Dallas are only now catching on to your sophisticated style.

Jay Hellmuth
Dallas, Texas

DEAR EDITORS Initially I found your fledgling magazine to be trite, superficial and atrociously designed.

Recently I saw your May 1987 article on "Colleges of the Dumb Rich" [by Bruce Handy]. This confirmed my earlier opinion.

Andrea Kanner Halbfinger
Bennington College '62
(No. 5 College of the Dumb Rich)
Columbia University School
of Journalism M.S. '63
Freeport, New York

Thank you. By the way, how many degree-heavy, SPY*-hating, letter-writing Halbfingers are there? We've located two on this page alone. It's no surprise that they're related, either, sharing as they do the same sense of humor and playful worldview. Can we look forward to more mail?*

SPY *welcomes letters from its readers. Address correspondence to* SPY, *The Puck Building, 295 Lafayette Street, New York, N.Y. 10012. Please include your daytime telephone number.*

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ace he has come—some country that
d rather than resided in, some secret la
een nourished on but cannot inherit,
ms to be everywhere from nowhere.
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JUST SAY "NOVEMBER," MERELY UTTER THE WORD, AND WE GET A RUSH OF PLEASURE. BECAUSE NOVEMBER MEANS POLITICS AND politics means the 1988 presidential campaign and *that*, happily, means the spectacle of Al Haig failing to speak extemporaneous English and Joe Biden failing to get away with speaking plagiarized English and Jesse Jackson trying not to scare white people and Pat Robertson trying not to scare sane people and—*run*, Donald, *run!*—Donald Trump trying to seem respectable and wise.



The first primary is only a hundred days away. Already a New Hampshire county campaign chairman for Jack Kemp has managed to make Kemp's campaign seem flaky and evil. The campaign official, John "Happy Jack" Chandler, a Republican state senator, first told a racist joke about Jesse Jackson, then said he "almost threw up" when he saw Jackson kiss a white supporter. Happy Jack paused, but he was not through. "*I'm against the homos too*," he said. "You can put that down." Another Republican state legislator, this one from Connecticut, accused a fellow senator of voting "*against* veterans and *for* gays. Well," he added, "let's just let them lollipops go fight the next war." *He's* against the homos, too; you can put that down.

So in New England the politicians are Republicans and obvious bigots. In New York, on the other hand, the politicians are Democrats and proven crooks. Congressman Mario Biaggi was convicted of taking "unlawful gratuities" from former party capo Meade Esposito. One day last year, shortly after Biaggi was questioned by the FBI, he talked to Esposito. A government wiretap preserved the very moving, very giving conversation that followed. "This is not a gift," Esposito suggested. "It's, uh, it's a, uh, *manifestation of my love for you*." This has nothing to do with Esposito and Biaggi being for or against the homos. The "gratuity" was typically cheesy (a trip for Biaggi to Florida with his mistress) and typically





"There are no deals being done in the industry today."—showbusiness executive on the significance of the Hollywood gathering to hear Pope John Paul II



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low-rent—total cash value, $3,200. But then, as a congressman Biaggi earns a mere $89,500 a year, $20,500 less than the average NBC cameraman. The average NBC *gofer* makes $44,000. These are the people who have been on strike since June, earning nothing. Such a waste. Instead of striking, the NBC strikers could have stayed at work and bought a $36 million Van Gogh. (As Joe Biden once said, art is a jealous mistress.)

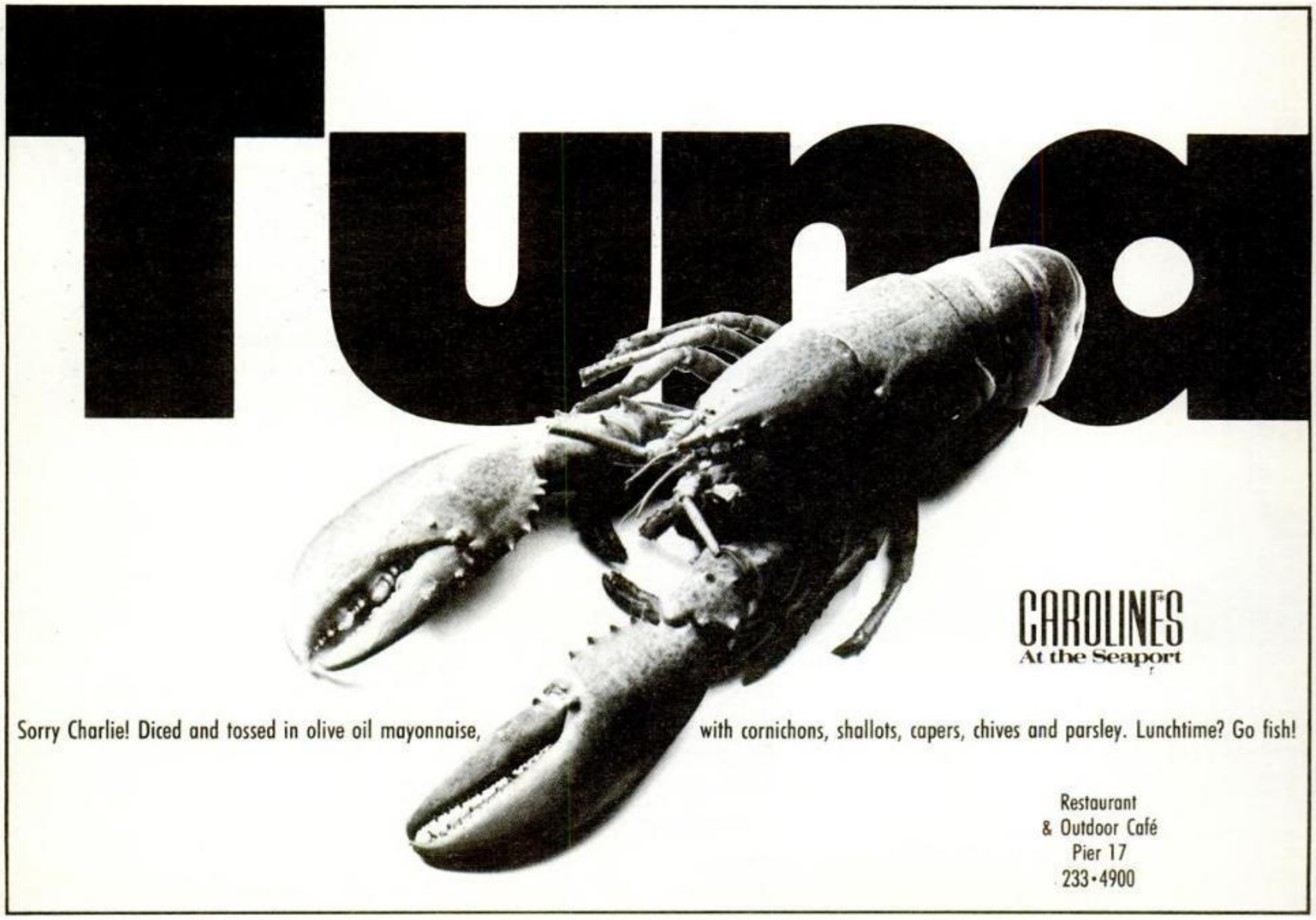
Speaking of TV news, the post-cold-war Soviets were asking only $250,000 for the broadcast rights to the trial of the young German aviator. The Kremlin was simply trying to make a Ueberrothian, American-style buck—*glasnost* a-go-go—but the U.S. networks got all huffy and declined to buy. The Moscow bureau chief of ABC said he "rejected the idea out of hand" because the network news division and all that it stands for could never countenance the marketing of a news event—plus, the ABC man admitted, the price was too high. (Yet as Joe Biden once said, the love of money is the root of all evil.)

The president of the United States, meanwhile, is spending tax dollars to import Soviet humor. Reagan, by all accounts, loves nothing more than hearing and retelling anti-Soviet humor. And so, according to published reports, the president has had CIA operatives feeding him fresh jokes from behind the Iron Curtain.

"Nobody knows foreigners better than I do," declared Queens-born casino operator Donald Trump. He married one; he sells condominiums to them; nobody knows them better. This intimacy is Trump's main qualification for becoming—yes, it's true, and we can hardly contain ourselves—*president of the United States*. He paid $94,801 to publish a bullyboy advertisement in three newspapers (for the same amount, by the way, he could have bought *30 pages* of highly credible *four-color* ads in SPY), and he planned to give what could be a campaign kickoff speech in New Hampshire at the end of October. *Please, God, let him run. If Donald Trump runs for president, God, we promise we will never make fun of the pope again. Or Pat Robertson. Well, the pope, anyway.*

At least the pope-a-thon had one silver lining: we got to meet Miami archbishop Edward McCarthy, in whose bedroom the pope stayed overnight. McCarthy, we learned, sleeps on *a water bed*. (As Joe Biden once said, early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise.) You start with the folk masses, then the whole wheat hosts, then "the kiss of peace," and before you know it the archbishops are frolicking on water beds and, for all we know, massaging their pets and staring at black-light posters.

Hell, even Drexel Burnham Lambert Inc. is grooving. Drexel has produced a four-minute rock video in which the *entirely honest and law-abiding* employees of the firm are shown lip-synching customized lyrics—"When the going gets tough/Drexel gets going." Almost every top Drexel executive appears in the video, except, curiously, the bald, itty-bitty junk bond wizard Mike Milken. Why no Milken? All we know is that Milken has not—repeat, *has not*—been indicted for insider trading or any other securities crime. Not, anyway, as we go to press. (Remember—as Joe Biden once said, crime does not pay.) ◑



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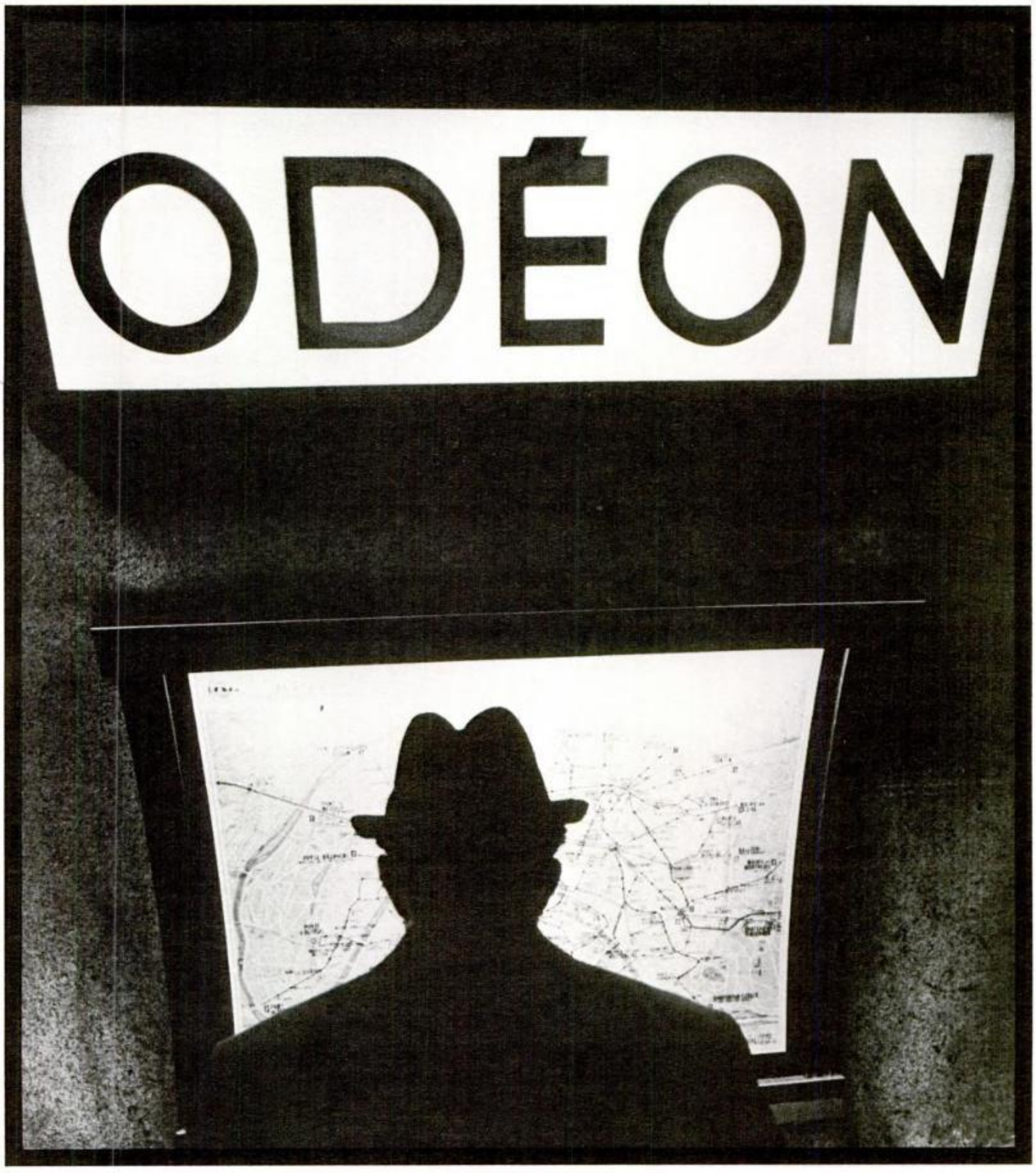


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Naked City

THE USUAL SUSPECTS



J. Paul II



A. Bass



R. Gottlieb

THE fine PRINT

by Jamie Malanowski

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF FINE DINING

Each Sunday in the *Times*, hidden among camera store ads and announcements of society matings, the week's restaurant health code violations appear. Here are relatively more complete explanations of some recent ones. (Note: the violations listed here represent conditions at the time of the inspections, not those that diners will necessarily find now.)

DURANGO

105 East 9th Street

At the first inspection, choking poster wasn't up. At both inspections, the dishwasher rinse was deemed inadequate.

PIE IN THE SKY

194 Third Avenue

Fresh and old mouse droppings were noted in the basement and storage shelves, and the food handlers weren't wearing "hair protectants."

MANHATTAN COLLEGE CAFETERIA

242nd Street, the Bronx

On first inspection: cold cuts weren't properly covered, there was no sneeze guard, there was no single service toweling or mechanical air-drying device by the washbasins, and fresh and old mouse excreta were observed in the food prep area, kitchen and faculty dining room. Second inspection: the soda dispenser was sticky, and live and dead roaches were present along ▸

I

THIS IS NOT A a Polish joke. This is not a Los Angeles joke. This is not blasphemy. This is true. During his recent three-day visit to the Coast, after scolding **STEPHEN SPIELBERG**, **DOM DE LUISE** and the rest of pagan Hollywood, after the nightly celebration of Mass, **POPE JOHN PAUL II** would head back to his room, get comfortable, kick back, then—we *swear*—pop open some beers. Yes: each night in L.A. (and, for all we know, in Miami and Phoenix and San Antonio as well), the Holy Father swigged a cold brewskie and, in his fashion, partied down.

II

SIXTY-TWO-INCH-HIGH EDITOR **LEE EISENBERG** of *Esquire* and full-size **CLAY FELKER** of *Manhattan, inc.* have been devoting valuable time to the very important enterprise of office redecoration. In the months since *Esquire* was moved by Hearst (its new owner), Eisenberg has had an office built for himself of appropriately Hearstian dimensions. Eisenberg's lair is beige, kind of U-shaped and downright mammoth by *Esquire* standards. In addition to the place where he actually sits and a conference area, the room has a bar and a conversation pit with a leather couch on which Lee talks to really important writers. There's a shower too (although Eisenberg insists he's never used it). So utterly bachelor-pad-ish is Eisenberg's new office that the little fellow now rarely leaves it. Felker, on the other hand, is only rarely *in* his *Manhattan, inc.* office. When not nodding goodbye to defecting editors (at last count, seven in seven months), Felker has been patrolling the corridors with architects, yapping at them about his master plan: an open landscape with one huge walled-in office for himself. A *man*-size one, if **HERBERT LIPSON**, the owner of the magazine, has his way. When Lipson first showed Felker former editor **JANE AMSTERDAM**'s old work space, he snorted, "Of course, you'll want a *much bigger* office—and I'm sure you'll want a better chair." Lipson is evidently a chair fetishist: not long ago, he treated himself to an office throne that cost, by several accounts, *$14,000*. Guys will be guys.

III

WILLIAM SHAWN, THE FORMER EDITOR of *The New Yorker*, was notorious for accepting a story, paying the writer (the current rate is about $1.30 a word), setting it in type, editing it—and then letting the piece languish unpublished for months or years. Or forever. Elsewhere this practice would have bedeviled and outraged writers. At *The New Yorker*, which, especially in Shawn's later years, came to seem more like a secular-humanist cult than like a mere magazine, the enormous bank of unpublished pieces only added to the legend and luster of the old man and his magazine.

Not long before the purge earlier this year, however, when the backlog of long nonfiction stories had reached more than 100, Shawn for some reason decided to start chucking out the deadwood. He is said to have killed a third of his accumulated nonfiction pieces. But that moderate pruning, it turned out, was not enough for the new editor, **ROBERT GOTTLIEB**. Apparently Gottlieb has been displeased by nearly all the remaining supply of long pieces and has killed another 50 stories—leaving only about 15. (Were there *really* 90 pieces less deserving than **ELIZABETH DREW**'s interminable Washington diaries?) Of course, all of this new editorial pragmatism has a cost: between them, Shawn and Gottlieb have evidently just thrown away at least *$1 million* worth of bought-and-paid-for *New Yorker* prose.

IIII

AGING BALLERINA **HEATHER WATTS**, notorious for catfighting with the numberless other loves of her lover, heterosexual dancer–New York City Ballet master in chief **PETER MARTINS**, has been getting itchy about all the time Martins has been spending with recently cuckolded, too-rich-and-too-thin ballet patroness **ANNE BASS**. A source reports that Watts confronted Bass in a jealous rage at a dinner party and shouted, "*You* may pay for his [the heterosexual Martins's] bed, but *I* wear his [the heterosexual Martins's] underwear!" To prove the point, Watts lifted up her skirt. ◗

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THE SPY TRIP TIP:

The Man Who Turns Hunks of Glass and Light Bulbs into Fine Art

Yes, most folk art *is* created by elderly residents of America's outer outer boroughs: the Nut Lady's fabulous Nut Museum is in Old Lyme, Connecticut; Grandma Prisbrey's Bottle Village is part of California's pristine Simi Valley; and Rev. Howard Finster's Jesus-related-art scrap yard is in the cracker country of Georgia. Such gummy mavericks usually thrive in rural seclusion—far from critical reaction, artistic cross-pollination or rich art-buying dentists. But New York City—full of critics, cultural pollen and stupid money—has managed to foster its own aged little artisan. And he cranks out his unsung masterpieces in the heart of SoHo.

The Museum of Colored Glass and Light has exhibited the singular wares of artist-proprietor Raphael Nemeth for 12 years without so much as a critical how-do-you-do. A rambunctious old sprite, Nemeth is the undisputed master of layering painted glass shapes, baking them in a kiln, then framing and backlighting them, creating a kind of three-dimensional stained glass—colorful slag.

Nemeth is only too glad to revile the art Establishment. "*Where is art going?* Nowhere! Ha! Museum directors only recognize paint on canvas as art. They consider what I do a *trade*," he says in one of those Hungarian-Italian-SoHo accents.

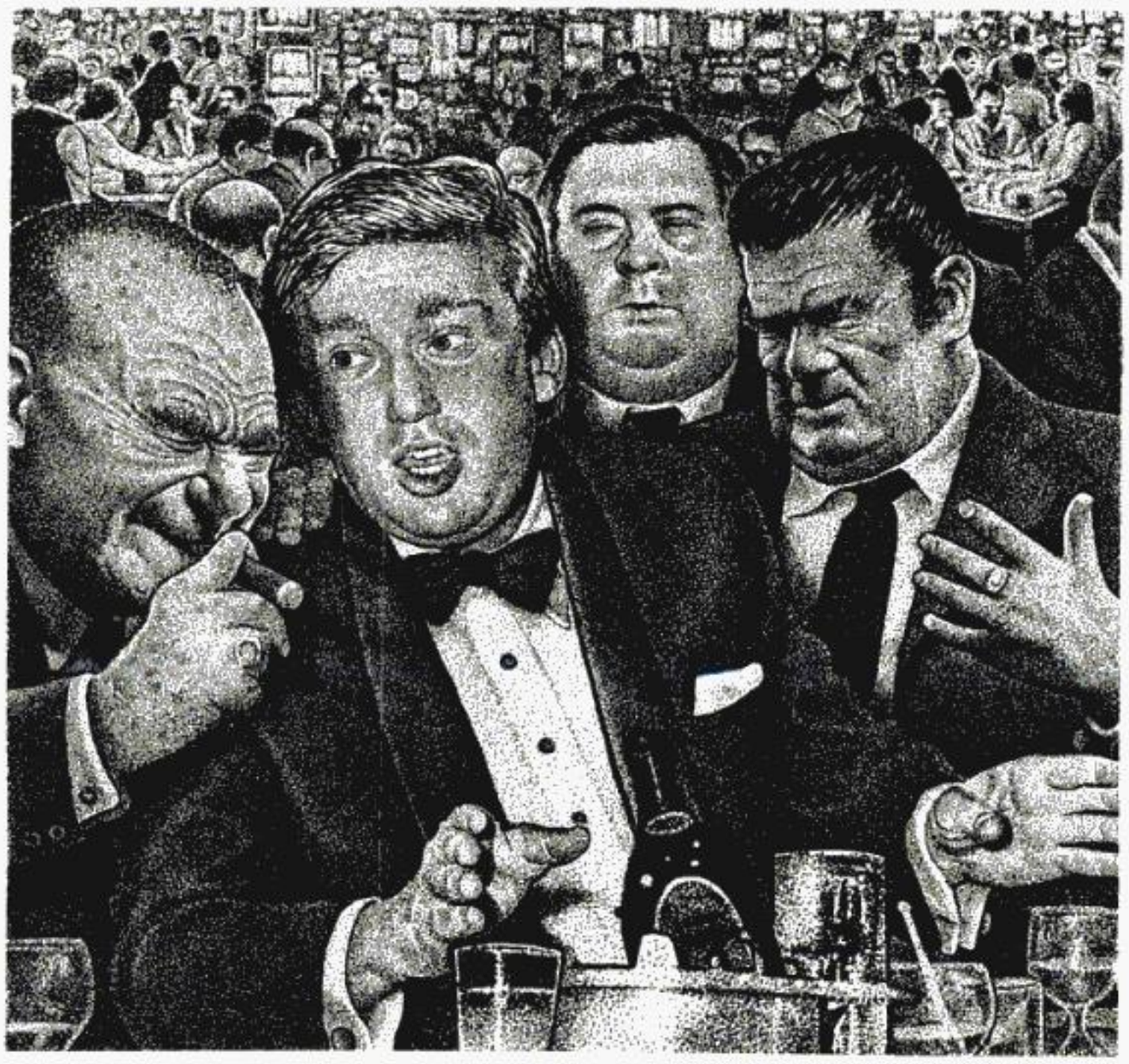
Although many of his 150 or so exhibits use light and color abstractly, Nemeth's portrait work is an almanac of Americana: he's done melted-glob likenesses of Lincoln, JFK, Nixon and, of course, Elvis. Kennedy's image has a fluorescent-lit halo; Nixon's does not.

No visit to the museum is complete without a sudden blown fuse or bulb; Nemeth's income from his $1 admission barely covers his electric bill. None of the work is for sale—Nemeth is trying to find a patron to maintain the collection permanently; he's already contacted Ed Schlossberg. "If I were a painter," says Nemeth, "I'd be running around with my canvases shouting, 'Look at me!' But these are too heavy, 60 pounds or so. And you have to plug them in."

—Jack Barth

72 Wooster Street, second floor. Open 1:00 p.m. to 5:00 p.m. daily.

PRIVATE LIVES OF PUBLIC ENEMIES



Candidate Donald Trump discusses important national issues with close advisers.

ILLUSTRATION BY DREW FRIEDMAN



THE LIZ SMITH TOTE BOARD

Mentioned During September:

Michael Caine	**5**
Bette Davis	**5**
Elizabeth Taylor	**5**
Ronald Reagan	**4**
Frank Sinatra	**4**
Farrah Fawcett	**3**
Katharine Hepburn	**3**
La Cage aux Folles	**3**
Jack Nicholson	**3**
Shelley Winters	**3**
F. Murray Abraham	**2**
Don Ameche	**2**
George Carlin	**2**
Sammy Davis Jr.	**2**
Henny Youngman	**2**
Liz Smith Tote Board	**1**
SPY	**1**

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

with the mouse excreta.

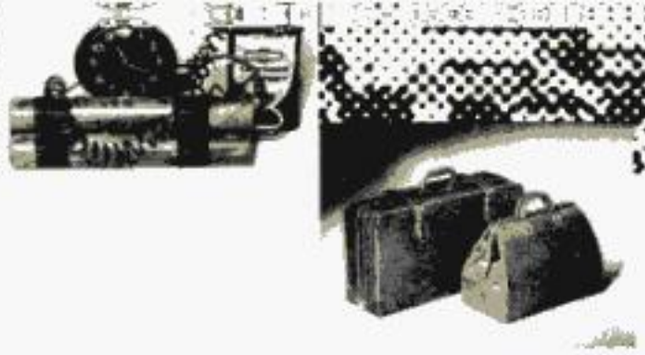
CHARLEY O's
218 West 45th Street
The live roaches observed on the first inspection were replaced by live flies on the second. Mouse droppings were also present on the initial inspection.

WHO'S NO LONGER WHO, WHO'S NEWLY WHO [A-D]

Every two years a new edition of *Who's Who in America* is loosed on a breathless public, and the country once again discovers who its *real* leaders are. Each edition includes all the important packing-company presidents, industry association executives and college librarians (of course—who do you think buys these books?). About 12,000 names are added to and deleted from each edition. Most of the deletions are the result of death or retirement, but in the other instances—as with all the additions—the question that begs to be answered is, *Why now?* Here is a partial list comparing the two most recent editions.

Who's Newly Who

F. Murray Abraham, actor; Renata Adler, writer; Mark Aguirre, basketball player; Debbie Allen, actress; Eric Ambler, screenwriter; Don Ameche, actor; Ed Ames, Daniel Boone's *Mingo; Anthony Andrews, actor; Hans Angermueller, Citicorp vice chairman; Joan Armatrading, singer; Michael Baden, former chief medical examiner, New York City; Harold Baines, baseball player; Caroll Baker, actress; George Bamberger, ex–baseball manager; John A. Barnes, inventor of dehydrated potato flakes; Ed Begley Jr., actor; Ezra Taft Benson, secretary of Agriculture, 1953–61; Bruce Beresford, director; Taurean Blacque, actor; Barry Bostwick, actor; Thomas Boswell, sportswriter; Jeff Bridges, actor; Valerie Brisco-Hooks, Olympic athlete; Cleanth Brooks, educator-writer; Tina Brown, editor; George Carlin, comedian; Lou Carnesecca, basketball coach; Gary Carter, baseball player; Seymour Chwast, graphic artist; Jack Clark,* ▸



Nothing Left to Declare

Apparently French police do whatever must be done to keep students and tourists in line. Anything goes if, in their Frenchlike opinion, they determine it will encourage others not to leave bags unattended at airports.

But was my bag "unattended," in the strict sense of the word?

Let us go back to that Saturday morning earlier this year. We were taking an 11:30 flight back to New York from Paris—my wife, my eight-year-old son and I. I was in my usual delicate emotional state but *not out of control*. I had left myself the customary three extra hours to catch the plane.

After driving in circles trying to find the right place to return our rented car, I asked a French policeman outside Autogare 1 where to go. In a fine demonstration of French hauteur, he ignored me. He could have been a waiter. I got out of the car, took the papers from my shoulder case and tried again to ascertain where—how shall I say?—one would dump a rental car.

"Move the car across the road," he said coldly in English; a bus was trying to pass my Hertz Ford.

I left my case there, thinking, *I'll just move the car and be right back*. Technically, I figured, it's not unattended if it's in the shadow of a policeman.

When I turned back moments later, a cordon of heavily armed police was blocking the road. They were clearing the airport. Obviously a terrorist threat. I forgot about the bag instantly, returned the car and eventually found my wife and son behind a security line. "Have you seen my case?" I asked, remembering.

My wife shook her head. Try the car again, she suggested. I had cleaned it out with the thoroughness of a nervous traveler, but still I checked it again before putting one and one together. I ran up to one of the policemen holding back the crowd and said, "I think that's my case."

As I said the word *case* there was a muffled explosion. The policeman looked behind him, then back at me. "No, monsieur, that *was* your case." A polished sitcom line. He was smiling. In fact, all the policemen were smiling.

Fortunately, our passports survived the blast—a thermite charge intended to set off any explosives within. The police took my name and asked for some other details, enjoying every minute of it. I paid a porter 50 francs to dispose of the remains—our pictures, our cameras, our receipts.

Somewhere over the Atlantic, I understood that they hadn't been afraid of a bomb. Not really. They had picked the case up and moved it to the center of the road before putting the thermite charge on it. They wouldn't have taken that sort of chance with a suspected bomb.

It's an old tactic of the French. They used to do the same sort of thing in the Great War—shoot a few soldiers *pour l'encouragement des autres*.

They were setting an example. —*Ken Gross*

Single-Library-Card Theory

Stories listed on the contents page but torn out of back issues of *Ramparts* magazine at the main branch of the New York Public Library:

FEBRUARY 1967:	"The Letter," by Jack Ruby
JUNE 1967:	"The Inquest" (on "the CIA's care and feeding of groups now suspected of being involved in President Kennedy's murder")
JUNE 1968:	"Assassinations"
JUNE 1969:	"The CIA as an Equal Opportunity Employer"
MARCH 1975:	"In Defense of Paranoia"

—*Patti Jones*



It was Len's misfortune to be standing on the world's longest buffet line.

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

*baseball player; Arthur C. Clarke, author; Glenn Close, actress; Shelby Coffey III, ex–*U.S. News *editor; Henry Steele Commager, historian; John Cougar Mellencamp, singer; Salvador Dali, artist; Tyne Daly, actress; John Deardourff, political consultant; Frank Deford, sportswriter; Don DeLillo, novelist; Brian Denneby, actor; Suzanne De Passe, producer,* Nightlife with David Brenner*; Danny DeVito, actor; Eric Dickerson, football player; Elizabeth Drew, writer.*

Who's No Longer Who

Philip Abbott, Efrem Zimbalist Jr.'s boss on The F.B.I.*; Edie Adams, actress; Spiro Agnew, former vice president; Claude Akins, TV's Sheriff Lobo; Andy Albeck, CEO of United Artists during* Heaven's Gate*; Carl Ally, adman; Joe Altobelli, ex–baseball manager; Ian Anderson, flutist and lead singer of Jethro Tull; Nate Archibald, ex–basketball player; Eve Arden, actress,* Our Miss Brooks*; James Arness, TV's Marshal Matt Dillon; Charles Aznavour, singer; Herman Badillo, perennial mayoral aspirant; Barbara Bain, actress,* Mission: Impossible*; John Baldwin, aka John Paul Jones, bass player, Led Zeppelin; Kaye Ballard, actress,* The Mothers-in-Law*; Jack Bannon, who played the assistant city editor on* Lou Grant*; Steve Bartkowski, ex–football player; Bonnie Bedelia, actress; Griffin Bell, ex–attorney general; Carol Bellamy, ex–New York City Council president; Sorrell Booke, TV's "Boss" Hogg (*The Dukes of Hazzard*); Leonard Boudin, radical lawyer; Herb Brooks, 1980 U.S. Olympic hockey team coach; John Y. Brown, ex–governor of Kentucky; Susan Brownmiller, writer; Anita Bryant, gay-basher; Jimmy Buffett, singer; William Bundy, former assistant secretary of Defense; Alexander Butterfield, key Watergate witness; Ruth Buzzi, star of* Rowan and Martin's Laugh-In*; Charlie Callas, comedian; J. D. Cannon, actor,* McCloud*; Richard Carpenter, Karen's brother; Dave Casper, ex–football player; Jerome Charyn, novelist; Maxine Cheshire, reporter; Jay Chiat, adman; Imogene Coca, actress; John* ▸

COSMOPOLITAN

THE POWER BEHIND THE PRETTY FACE.

You assume she likes to get around. To her, that means a new set of wheels.

You figure she likes to keep in shape. She knows that includes exercising her mind.

The truth is, the Cosmo girl knows more, does more, earns more, spends more.

That's power.
That's the Cosmopolitan girl.



COSMOPOLITAN Cosmopolitan is a publication of Hearst Magazines, a division of The Hearst Corporation © 1987 The Hearst Corporation

"A Crown Royal Cocktail!
Are you trying to impress me?"

"Of course not."

"It's working."

"I know."



Crown Royal Cocktails. The fun is back.

Naked City

THE fine print EXTRA!

PARTICIPATORY PLUTOCRACY: HOW OFTEN THE RICH AND FAMOUS VOTE

Voting is a right routinely denied much of the world's population, but here in America, the franchise can be enjoyed by every citizen over 18. Of course, not everyone exercises that right, including many of those to whom the American way of life has been kindest. Herewith, a sample of prominent New Yorkers who are registered to vote—and a ten-year record of their attendance at the polls.*

NAME	PARTY	NUMBER OF ELECTIONS ELIGIBLE TO VOTE IN	NUMBER VOTED IN	PERCENTAGE
Victor Navasky	Democrat	14	14	100
Lillian Ross	—	9	9	100
Arthur Schlesinger Jr.	Democrat	8	8	100
Jimmy Breslin	Democrat	5	5	100
Griffin Dunne	Democrat	2	2	100
John Brademas	Democrat	9	8	88.9
Osborn Elliott	—	9	8	88.9
John V. Lindsay	Democrat	9	8	88.9
Anne Ford Scarborough	—	9	8	88.9
John Guare, playwright	Democrat	16	14	87.5
Patricia Lawford	Democrat	8	7	87.5
Vartan Gregorian, N.Y. Public Library	Democrat	5	4	80.0
Tom Brokaw	—	9	7	77.8
Jerome Robbins	—	9	7	77.8
Louis Auchincloss	Republican	12	9	75.0
Joey Adams	—	8	6	75.0
Sydney Gruson	Democrat	15	11	73.3
Jill Krementz	Democrat	20	14	70.0
Arthur Liman	Democrat	20	14	70.0
Kurt Vonnegut	Democrat	20	14	70.0
Frank Rich	Democrat	13	9	69.2
Eli Wallach	—	9	6	66.7
Jerome Zipkin, rich hanger-on	—	9	6	66.7
Vincent Canby	Democrat	6	4	66.7
David Halberstam	—	6	4	66.7
Paul Goldberger, architecture critic	Democrat	11	7	63.6
Thomas Hoving	Republican	8	5	62.5
Pete Peterson, banker	Republican	8	5	62.5
Frances FitzGerald, author	Democrat	20	12	60.0
Cindy Adams	Republican	12	7	58.3
Joan Ganz Cooney, TV executive	Democrat	12	7	58.3
Al Franken	Democrat	19	11	57.8
Harry Belafonte	Democrat	14	8	57.1
Arthur O. Sulzberger Jr.	Democrat	12	6	50.0
I. M. Pei	—	6	3	50.0
Susan Sarandon	Democrat	6	3	50.0
Jules Feiffer	Democrat	13	6	46.3
Steven Ross, Warner Communications	Democrat	13	6	46.3
Nora Ephron	Democrat	11	5	45.5
Harry Helmsley	Republican	12	5	41.6
James Atlas, author	Democrat	5	2	40.0
Marshall Brickman	Democrat	5	2	40.0
Dustin Hoffman	Democrat	5	2	40.0
Richard Avedon	—	3	1	33.3
William Hurt	—	3	1	33.3
Susan Seidelman	—	3	1	33.3
Raul Julia	—	6	2	33.3
Elie Wiesel	Liberal	6	2	33.3
Alice Mason, realtor	Democrat	12	4	33.3
Anne Jackson	Democrat	19	5	26.3
Stephen Sondheim	Democrat	12	3	25.0
Ed Kosner, editor	Democrat	14	3	21.4
Carly Simon	Democrat	5	1	20.0
Treat Williams	Democrat	5	1	20.0
Hal Prince	Democrat	10	2	20.0
George Plimpton	Democrat	20	4	20.0
Diane Keaton	Democrat	11	2	18.2
Isaac Stern	Democrat	11	2	18.2
Wallace Shawn	Democrat	12	2	16.7
Itzhak Perlman	Democrat	13	2	15.4
Mortimer Zuckerman	Democrat	7	1	14.3
Sydney Biddle Barrows	Republican	1	0	0
Rupert Murdoch	—	1	0	0
Billie Jean King	—	3	0	0
Woody Allen	Democrat	4	0	0
Roy Scheider	Democrat	4	0	0
Herb Schmertz, corporate PR man	Democrat	4	0	0
Barbara Howar	Democrat	5	0	0

Of the 68 people listed, 49 were eligible to vote in the last two mayoral elections. Fifteen of those missed either the 1981 or 1985 mayoral election, and 28 missed both—further evidence that Mayor Koch rules less with the support than with the numb consent of the people.

Voters can be suspended from the rolls because of nonparticipation. Harry Helmsley has been suspended and reinstated once, George Plimpton twice. Plimpton, in fact, has voted only five times since 1972.

The nine naturalized citizens on the list—Stern, Perlman, Zuckerman, Murdoch, Wiesel, Pei, Gregorian, Gruson and Brickman—have a combined voting record of 39 percent (27 out of 69).

Rupert Murdoch registered under his given and less despotic name, Keith. As a result of SPY's inquiry, a Board of Elections supervisor noted that Murdoch had failed to supply the ID number found on his naturalization papers, and the supervisor said he would notify Murdoch that his right to vote would be suspended until his documents were provided.

Woody Allen, Pete Peterson and Joan Ganz Cooney typed their registration forms. All others were filled out by hand.

Griffin Dunne took the trouble to vote by absentee ballot in the 1986 gubernatorial election. Jerry Zipkin absentee-voted in 1984, presumably for pal Nancy's husband, who has proved, appropriately, to be an absentee president.

Among the Timesmen *on the list, Arthur Ochs Sulzberger has the poorest record—although his attendance has been perfect in general elections, he has skipped all primaries.*

—J.M.

*Information taken from active records maintained by Board of Elections. Longtime voters may have portions of their records in storage. We used records from between 1976 and 1986. We did not count judicial elections, special elections, community school board elections or bond issue votes. Voters are currently removed from the rolls if they've missed voting for four consecutive years; previously, voters would be removed after two. If people have moved outside of Manhattan, they could be legally voting at their new residences, but they would still be regarded as eligible but not voting until removed from the rolls.

Here's how to bring back the fun.



The Royal Ball
Crown Royal with a splash of club soda over ice with a twist.



The Royal Peach
Equal parts of Crown Royal and Leroux Peach Basket Schnapps over ice with a splash of club soda.



The Royal Manhattan
One part Crown Royal and a half part sweet vermouth with a plump maraschino cherry.



The Royal Splash
Equal parts of Crown Royal and sour mix over ice, with a splash of club soda, a dash of grenadine, and a wedge of lime.



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barbados night and I could smell her perfume. She slid closer to me on the chintz-covered rattan couch. Her fingers tugged at my tie. She undid the knot and then she began to unbutton my John Weitz shirt, her cheek against my neck. "But you are married," I said...

Naked City

SEPARATED AT BIRTH?

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

Cochran, reporter, NBC News; Jessi Colter, country singer; Michael Constantine, actor, Room 222*; Robert Coover, novelist; Bud Cort, actor,* Harold and Maude*; Daniel Crane, congressional-page seducer; Andrew Crispo, art dealer; David Crosby, singer; Gary Crosby, Bing's boy; Bob Cummings, actor,* Love That Bob*; Vic Damone, singer; Bill Dana, "Jose Jimenez"; John Darnton,* New York Times *editor; Len Dawson, ex–football player, MVP of Super Bowl IV; Dave DeBusschere, ex–basketball player; Morris Dees, political fundraiser; Al Del Bello, ex–New York State lieutenant governor; David Dellinger, Chicago 7 defendant; Bucky Dent, ex–baseball player; Joyce DeWitt, actress,* Three's Company*; Marlene Dietrich, actress; Elinor Donahue, actress,* Father Knows Best*; Stanley Donen, movie director; Cathleen Curran Heffernan Douglas, Justice William O. Douglas's widow; Ja'net DuBois, actress, the neighbor on* Good Times. ❸



Bono from U2...



and Robin Williams?



Laurence Tisch...



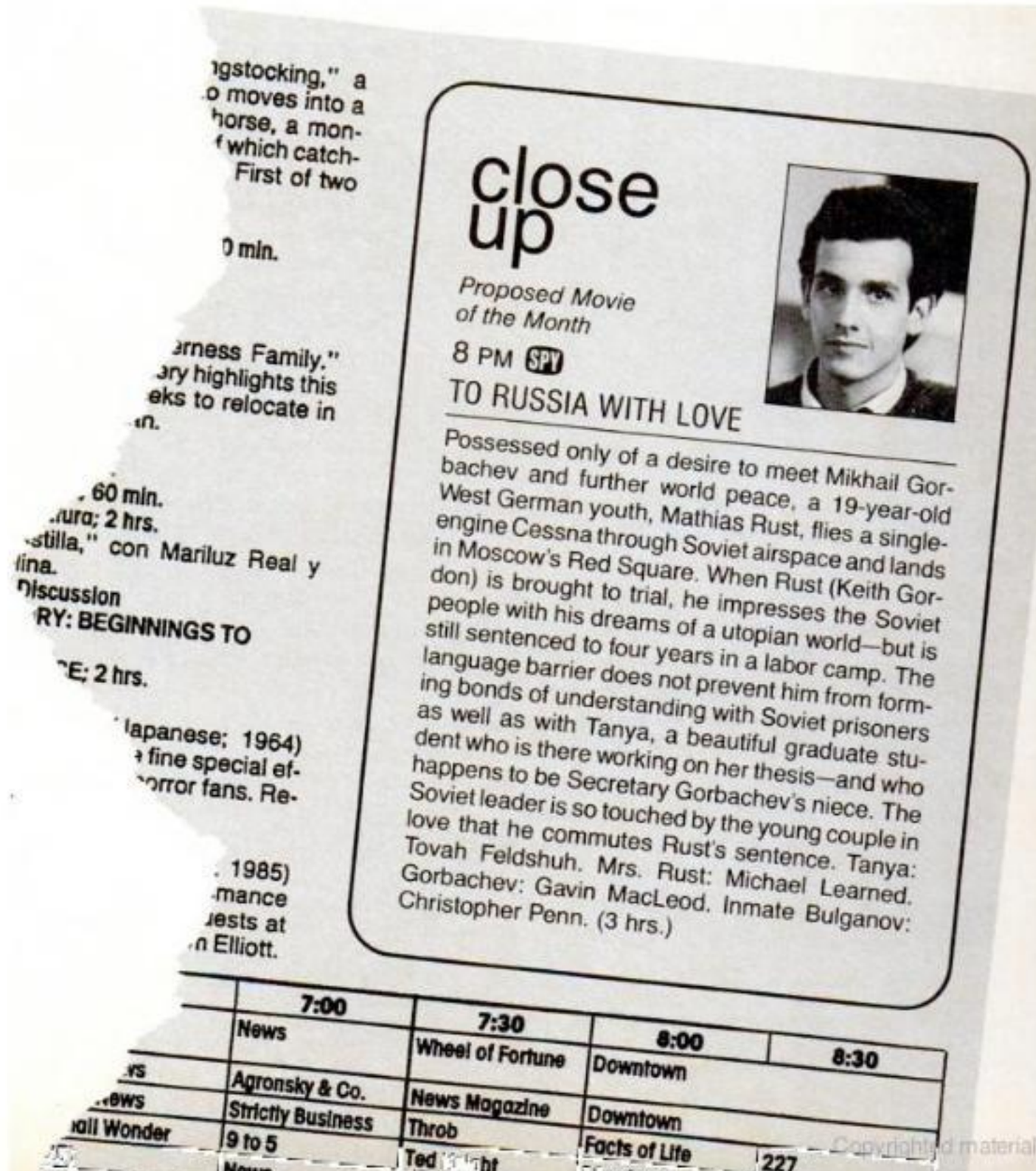
and Dopey?



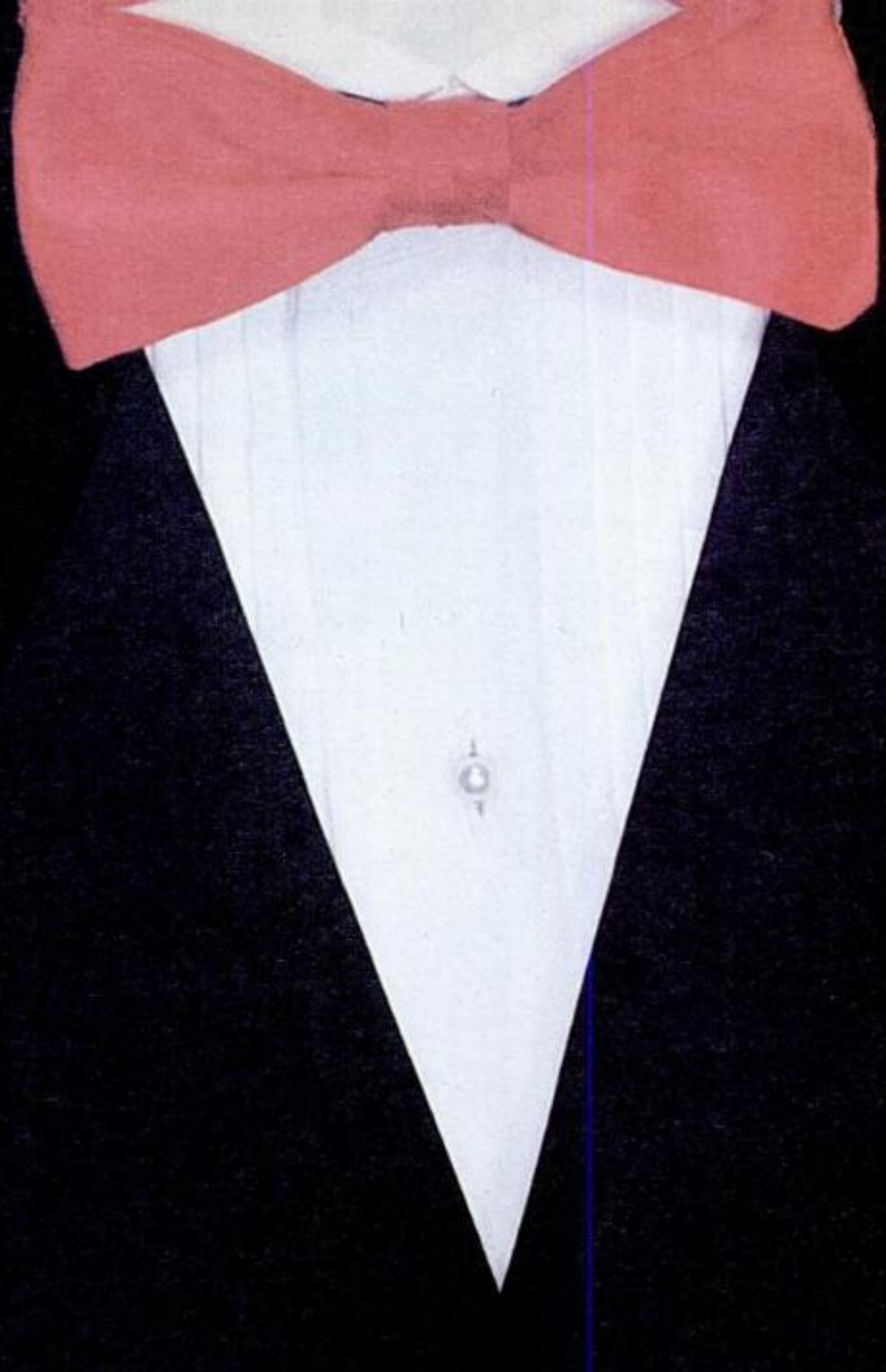
Malcolm Forbes...



and Isaac Asimov?



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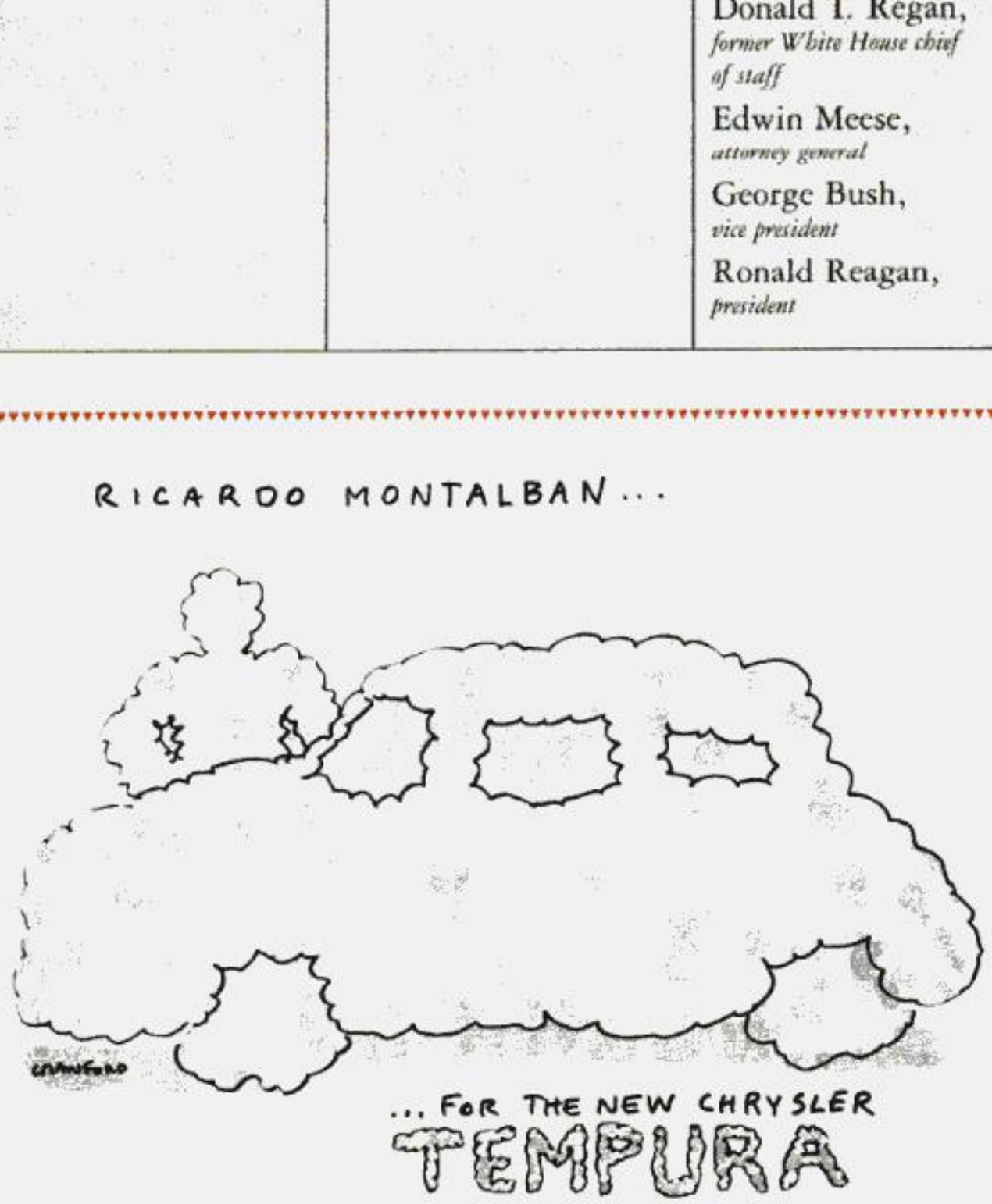
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Our Regular D.C. Scorecard

We believe that President Reagan didn't know a criminal conspiracy was brewing in the bowels of the White House and the Old Executive Office Building next door. We believe that the president didn't believe he was granting undue influence to Mike Deaver and Lyn Nofziger, government PR men turned private PR men. We believe that this president is not a dissembler, not a liar, not a crook. And just to show our good faith—to prove we know exactly who has been caught breaking the law and who has not—we present our Reagan administration rap sheet for 1987.

Guilty Administration Officials and Associates	Indicted Administration Officials and Associates	Unindicted Administration Officials and Associates
Carl R. "Spitz" Channell, *private fundraiser (pleaded guilty)* Richard R. Miller, *Reagan campaigner (pleaded guilty)* William Casey, *former CIA director (dead)*	Michael Deaver, *former White House deputy chief of staff* Lyn Nofziger, *former senior adviser to Reagan*	Elliott Abrams, *assistant secretary of State* Oliver L. North, *formerly of the National Security Council* John M. Poindexter, *former national security adviser* Robert C. "Bud" McFarlane, *former national security adviser* Richard V. Secord, *retired Air Force major general* Donald T. Regan, *former White House chief of staff* Edwin Meese, *attorney general* George Bush, *vice president* Ronald Reagan, *president*

RICARDO MONTALBAN...



Book Nook

The Yellow Pages: A Capsule Review

NYNEX Yellow Pages, NYNEX Corporation; 1,964 pages; 32 additional All Around Town! pages.

The New York Yellow Pages, Southwestern Bell Media Inc.; 855 pages; 32 additional pages of Manhattan Fingertip Facts, 7 of which are advertisements.

NYNEX is going to win this one, as sure as that bus is going to run that red light. This is only just.

For years, only NYNEX published the gigantic volume; tradition counts. Also, the NYNEX edition is more than twice as big as its new competitor. (Only in a town too big to toddle would citizens eagerly harbor an almost-six-pound bale of cheap paper on the slim chance they'd someday need to know about a florist in Washington Heights.)

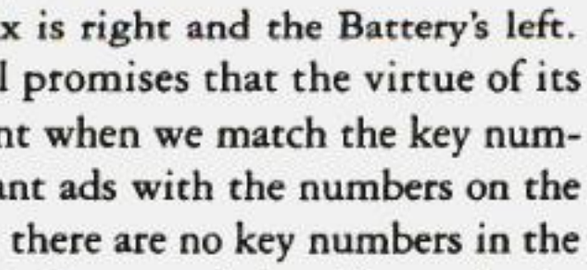
Southwestern Bell will retreat one day soon to St. Louis to chant around the council fires about the big one that got away. Its New York adventure, however, must be saluted for the few laughs it brought to a heretofore humorless medium.

Southwestern Bell's Manhattan Fingertip Facts
vs.
NYNEX's All Around Town!

The tone of the competition was set when the westerners came up with the rather startling innovation of publishing a map of Manhattan *on its side*. That's correct—the Bronx is right and the Battery's left. Southwestern Bell promises that the virtue of its plan will be evident when we match the key numbers in the merchant ads with the numbers on the map's edges. Only there are no key numbers in the ads. NYNEX prints its maps right-side up. It also continues that fine, parochial tradition of printing a New York subway map on which all lines terminate shortly after they leave Manhattan.

But how do the *yellow* pages compare, when a hard-boiled Gothamite flips those pages, determined to fill some basic need?

The Stats



	NYNEX	Southwestern Bell
Literary agents	95 listings	66 listings
Magicians	24 listings	11 listings
Escort services	61 listings	17 listings
Escort services, motorized	No listings	1 listing

—John Robert Tebbel and Martha Thomases



We have set elegant dining back one hundred years.

Welcome to the 19th Century's Trendiest Restaurant: Time & Again. Here, you'll feel more at home in the past than in the present. With genuine antique furnishings, etched-glass accents and period art work all around, Time & Again evokes the grace, civility and charm of another era.

As for our food, however, we've fashioned a menu that's decidedly current. Our selections feature only the freshest market ingredients– imaginatively prepared and exquisitely presented.

So come to Time & Again for a taste of the elegance that was old New York and a taste of the food that is new New York.

Time & Again

The 19th Century's Trendiest Restaurant.

116 East 39th Street in New York City's Historic Murray Hill.
For reservations, telephone (212) 685-8887.

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THE TIMES



Max *Punch* *Abe*

THE *TIMES*'S CULTURE editor, William Honan, in his nosing about for the meaning of life, has determined that it lies in and around Arthur Gelb's bum. Honan's revelation is not new; however, his brownnosing not only has made him despised by those under him but also has adversely affected the way the *Times* covers culture, an aspect of New York life that the paper all but owns. Have you met Bill Honan? He walks with a sort of urgent shamble and has a walrus mustache, realistically colored brown hair and eyes like two piss holes in the snow.

People who knew him 20 years ago speak of him more fondly than do his associates today. They describe a man of reasonable charm and passable intellect. But like other once-good Rosenthal-era men at the *Times*, Honan, in his desperation to get ahead, served as a self-loathing lapdog—in his case, for Gelb.

With a brain evidently atrophied from years of disuse, Honan is now as stupid as a clam. (His brain has evidently ossified too: years ago, when Honan was mugged in Times Square, he was hit over the head with a gun, and the handle broke.) Recently Honan told an underling that he thought it was Dudley Moore who had played James Bond. After one of the critics told him that he had been to the Virginia Theater, Honan was overheard asking, "Have a nice trip?" Honan had barely heard of Michael Jackson when *Thriller* came out, and the *Times* showed no inkling of understanding the album's potential—which, of course, accounts for the overkill on Jackson's *Bad* this fall.

Honan's relationship with Gelb is not unlike *Times Magazine* editor Ed Klein's relationship with former executive editor Abe Rosenthal. Honan does Gelb's bidding, genuflecting without being asked and obfuscating the truth to underlings when necessary. A typical sketch: (1) Honan tells a reporter one thing; (2) he tells Gelb, who hates the idea and wants the reverse done; (3) Honan wrings his hands, then delivers Gelb's directive to the reporter as if his own opinion had never been voiced at all.

He doesn't actually answer Gelb's phone, but Honan's job description as a brownnoser does give him the very, very important job of getting coverage in the paper for Arthur's and Abe's friends, often on the flimsiest of pretenses. We're talking here about *Times* regulars Jerzy Kosinski, E. L. Doctorow, Joseph Heller, Joseph Papp, Phyllis Grann, Elie Wiesel, Alex Katz, Don Hewitt, Mike Wallace, Dan Rather and, of course, the shamefully underappreciated playwright Eugene O'Neill, among many others.

Fortunately, Honan has little time left to actually run the culture section. His deputies do that. He spends his days grappling with more important matters: scribbling badly written memos to higher-ups, pushing ill-conceived culture stories at the 3:45 p.m. and 5:15 p.m. Page One meetings each day, and booking name guests for Gelb's tedious Wednesday culture-staff lunches.

The high-level task of organizing evening movie screenings for Abe, Arthur, the Sulzbergers and the culture staff also falls to Honan. When everyone else is talking about the movie afterward, Honan holds back, waiting until his superiors have weighed in before drumming up an opinion in line with theirs. Of such instincts great newspapermen are made.

After architecture critic Paul Goldberger came up with a previously unreported story concerning Frank Lloyd Wright, Honan sagely directed the other critics and reporters to go out and discover two new things in each of *their* fields. Luckily, his infertile brain produces very few ideas (good or bad), and in the past those that did surface were generally planted there by Arthur Gelb. But Gelb's new responsibilities as managing editor leave him little time to bully and patronize Honan. And Honan, the Robo-editor, is having difficulty thinking on his own. In a pathetic attempt to appear busy, he has taken up writing again. (One earlier effort, a fawning *Times Magazine* story that attempted to explain Koch's popularity, was preceded by a $100 Honan donation to one of Koch's mayoral campaigns.) Recently Honan has made some deliciously sophomoric attempts, which make the rounds of the reporters' and editors' computer directories as fast as he can produce them. One such gem, mercifully killed, was excerpted briefly on this page in September. Alas, in doing so your humble messenger committed an error: the gem in question was bound *not* for Arts and Leisure but for the magazine supplement *The New Season*. And speaking of errors, it's the ferocious-looking *Mitchel* Levitas of the Book Review, and *Katharine* Balfour is the statuesque actress whom Abe bored with his sexual knowledge for the better part of two decades. Abe, by the way, showed up at a recent party in honor of his guy Ed Klein. He'd shown up, announced his wife, the bosomy dirty-book writer Shirley Lord, to one guest, to demonstrate solidarity in the face of stories about both men that have appeared in this space in recent months. Good show, boys.

—J. J. Hunsecker

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THE *NEW YORK POST* IN A NUTSHELL

A Monthly SPY *Service Feature*

The *Post's* editor-in-charge-of-composing-awful-headlines worked triple overtime. With his masterpieces, the trenchant MAN WHO SAWED OFF HEAD IS CUT OUT OF INSURANCE and the simpler DEAD MAN STARTS RIOT, he firmly established himself as one of the most twisted litterateurs since Céline. We await his next efforts with passionate longing. And guess which paper illustrated a story about a missing woman with a picture of her *dog*? *—Adam-Troy Castro*

THE STORIES and their symbols

- SENSELESS TRAGEDIES
- AIDS
- NAZIS
- CELEBRITIES
- DEAD CELEBRITIES
- MANIACS
- MAFIA
- DIRTY REDS
- CHEESECAKE
- PIT BULLS
- HEROISM
- DEATH OF "FAT MAN"
- ESCAPES FROM DEATH
- SEAN AND MADONNA
- DEAD FRIENDS & KIN OF CELEBS (OTHER THAN SEAN & MADONNA)
- REAGAN'S NOSE
- KOCH'S STROKE
- REAL-LIFE RAMBOS
- BAD COPS
- ISLAMIC FANATICS

AUGUST

	1 S	2 S	3 M	4 T	5 W	6 T	7 F	8 S	9 S	10 M	11 T	12 W	13 T	14 F	15 S	16 S	17 M	18 T	19 W	20 T	21 F	22 S	23 S	24 M	25 T	26 W	27 T	28 F	29 S	30 S	31 M
FRONT-PAGE HEADLINE																															
FRONT-PAGE BLURB																															
BIG STORY																															
BURIED STORY																															
DEEPLY BURIED STORY																															
MAINLY CONFINED TO READERS' LETTERS																															

NOVEMBER DATEBOOK

Enchanting and Alarming Events Upcoming

1 New York City Marathon. Last chance to run it under the current system (see New, Improved New York, page 94).

3 Election Day. Get to the polls early—quite a few judgeships are up for grabs this year.

8 New York City Biathlon; Central Park. A 3-mile run followed by an 18-mile bike ride followed by another 3-mile run followed, we think, by a 20-minute proofreading test. (This last may be optional.)

10–11 "How to Live in the World & Still Be Happy"; workshop; Open Center, 83 Spring Street. That's the spirit.

11 Veterans Day for regular people, Remembrance Day in Canada.

11–12 Sixteenth annual Junior League Holiday Boutique; 130 East 80th Street. A "festive opportunity designed to make your holiday shopping fun." Stock up *now* on tea cozies.

13–15 New York Custom Knife Show;



Roosevelt Hotel. The show's organizers are promising 4,000 knives and expecting 5,000 visitors. That's an awful lot of unarmed people wandering around.

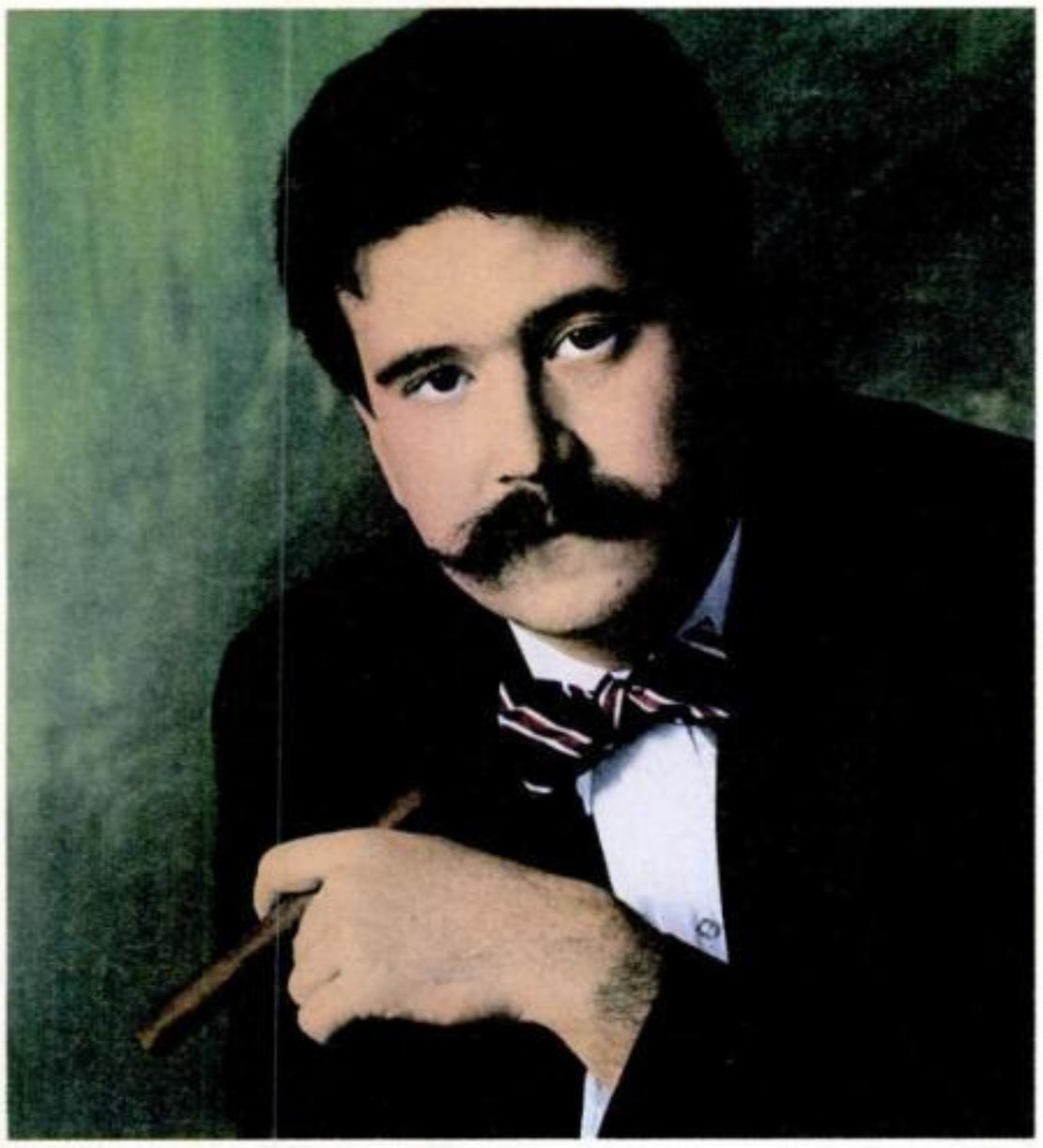
14 McLean Stevenson born, 1929. *Hello, Larry* goes off the air 51 years later.

18 The big day has come and gone, but Constitution Bicentennial fever rages on unabated. At Columbia University's Butler Library, an exhibition called "Columbia and the Establishment of the Federal Constitution: 1781–1791" can be enjoyed through today.

20 "Ana Mendieta: A Retrospective" opens at the New Museum of Contemporary Art. Photographs in the exhibit include "site-specific and earth/body works," one of which involved tracing a silhouette of Mendieta's body in the landscape with gunpowder.

25 Thanksgiving Eve. Here are three suggestions: (a) Write Jet Vacations a check for $3,500 and take the Concorde to Marrakech for a four-day debauch. (b) Go to Suriname (round-trip: $577), which is celebrating its independence day. (c) Spend $4.70 on a six of Bud and watch workers inflate the parade balloons on West 77th Street before returning home to Roslyn Heights.

Illustrations by Natasha Lvovich



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Naked City

MABELLENE! WHY CANST THOU BE TRUE?

Since May, Allan Bloom, a professor at the University of Chicago and a 1987 SPY 100 honoree (No. 51), has been riding the best-seller list with *The Closing of the American Mind*, in which he criticizes liberalism, feminism, higher education and the family. Fine. But Bloom also attacks rock 'n' roll. He argues that enthusiasm for rock 'n' roll will be as incomprehensible to future civilizations as the caste system, witch burning, harems, cannibalism and gladiatorial combat are to us. He says rock 'n' roll "makes it very difficult for [students] to have a passionate relationship to the art and thought that are the substance of liberal education," adding that "as long as they have the Walkman on, they cannot hear what the great tradition has to say."

No, we say. Far from being antagonistic to "the great tradition," rock 'n' roll updates and elaborates its ideas and themes, sometimes echoing the very language itself. It might even be *homage*, Bloom. Loosen—and listen—up:

THE GREAT TRADITION	ROCK 'N' ROLL
Apology, by Plato	"I'm Sorry," by Brenda Lee
The Prince, by Niccolò Machiavelli	"Darling Nikki," by Prince
"I wandered lonely as a cloud That floats on high o'er vales and hills . . ." —William Wordsworth, "I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud"	"They call me the Wanderer. I roam around, around, around." —Dion, "The Wanderer"
"Better to hold the sparkling grape, Than nurse the earth-worm's slimy brood; And circle in the goblet's shape The drink of Gods, than reptiles' food." —Lord Byron, "Lines Inscribed Upon a Cup Formed From a Skull"	"Drinkin' wine, Spo-Dee-o-Dee, Pass that bottle to me." —Stick McGhee, "Drinking Wine Spo-Dee-o-Dee"
"She walks in Beauty, like the night Of cloudless climes and starry skies; And all that's best of dark and bright Meet in her aspect and her eyes . . ." —Lord Byron, "She Walks in Beauty"	"There she was, just a-walkin' down the street, Singin' Do wah diddy, diddy- dum, diddy-doo; She looked good, she looked fine, And I nearly lost my mind." —Manfred Mann, "Do Wah Diddy Diddy"
"Heaven truly knows that thou art false as hell. . . . Ah, Desdemon! Away! away! away!" —*Othello*, IV, ii	"Mabellene! Why can't you be true?" —Chuck Berry, "Mabellene"
"Come live with me and be my love, And we will all the pleasures prove That valleys, groves, hills, and fields, Woods, or steepy mountain yield." —Christopher Marlowe, "The Passionate Shepherd to His Love"	"Why don't we do it in the road?" —The Beatles, "Why Don't We Do It in the Road?"
"She was a Phantom of delight When first she gleamed upon my sight; A lovely Apparition, sent To be a moment's ornament . . ." —William Wordsworth, "She Was a Phantom of Delight"	"Wild thing! You make my heart sing! You make everything Groovy." —The Troggs, "Wild Thing"
"The gods of Olympus robbed me of any charms I may have had, on the day when my hus- band took ship and sailed away." —Penelope, in the *Odyssey*, by Homer	"Blue, navy blue, I'm as blue as I can be, Cause my sailor boy said 'ship ahoy' And joined the na-a-vy." —Diane Renay, "Navy Blue"
"A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!" —*Richard III*, V, iv	"Ride your pony, Get on your pony and ride." —Lee Dorsey, "Ride Your Pony"
"Thou'lt come no more, Never, never, never, never, never!" —*King Lear*, V, iii	"Nobody can do the Shingaling like I do . . . Nobody, nobody, nobody, nobody, Nobody, nobody, nobody, nobody, Nobody, nobody, nobody, nobody, Nobody, nobody, nobody, nobody." —Human Beinz, "Nobody But Me"
	
"Twit twit twit Jug jug jug jug jug jug So rudely forc'd. Tereu" —T. S. Eliot, "The Waste Land"	"Sha na na na, sha na na na na, Dit dit dit dit dit dit Boom boom boom boom boom boom, Get a job." —The Silhouettes, "Get a Job"
"Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! Rage! Blow! You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout" —*King Lear*, III, ii	"Everyone knows it's Windy." —The Association, "Windy"

—*Jamie Malanowski*

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THE WASHINGTON, D.C., *ROLL CALL* PRESIDENTIAL LINE

Call us naive, but we believe in this political system and don't share some people's cynicism, thank you very much, concerning elected officials. We believe that a presidential election is not a tawdry, whizbang sweepstakes, but a forum of ideas. So we turned to *Roll Call*—a D.C. publication staffed by people who understand how the electoral college works—and asked them to supply a monthly assessment of the candidates' chances of winning their party's nomination. For those whose daily routine does not involve donning a windbreaker and porkpie and visiting OTB, odds work like this: 4 to 1, for example, means a candidate is deemed to have one chance in five of winning. (Odds of 80 to 1 call to mind campaign offices that are either eerily subdued or eerily busy.)

	Candidate	Odds This Month	Odds Last Month	Rank Last Month	Comments	Symbols
Republicans	1 Bush	3 : 1	2 : 1	1	Veepitis	$ ⊶
	2 Dole	3 : 1	5 : 2	2	The Bob 'n' Liddy Show	⊷
	3 Du Pont	18 : 1	18 : 1	4	C- in Chemistry	$
	4 Kemp	18 : 1	18 : 1	5	All quiet in the huddle	$
	5 Baker	25 : 1	15 : 1	3	Gaining weight, not fans	⊶
	6 Brock	50 : 1	50 : 1	6	Mr. Goodwrench	
	7 Kirkpatrick	50 : 1	—	—	Jeane d'Arch Right	
	8 Robertson	75 : 1	100 : 1	8	Minor miracle in Iowa, still no prayer	☎
	9 Haig	100 : 1	100 : 1	9	Needs World War III	?
Democrats	1 Dukakis	5 : 1	5 : 1	1	First by default again	$
	2 Gephardt	6 : 1	6 : 1	2	Second by default again	☎
	3 Simon	6 : 1	6 : 1	3	In your heart you know he's smart	⊷
	4 Gore	10 : 1	8 : 1	4	Stranger in his own land	$ ☎
	5 Babbitt	15 : 1	15 : 1	6	Should run for governor again	
	6 Bradley	18 : 1	18 : 1	7	On the bench	
	7 Jackson	30 : 1	30 : 1	9	Somewhere over the Rainbow	☎ ?
	8 Cuomo	30 : 1	30 : 1	10	Fastest candidate not in the race	?
	9 Hart	80 : 1	80 : 1	13	Running for a Barbara Walters special	? ⊶

SYMBOLS

⊷ getting good press ⊶ getting bad press ☎ showing organizational strength

$ showing fundraising strength ⌓ moving up quickly ▼ moving down quickly ? personality questions

THE SEVEN-YEAR ITCH

Since 1984, Linda Montano has spent at least three hours a day sitting in a room painted all in one color. Seven hours a day are devoted to listening to an oscillator that emits a single, pure pitch. She speaks with a false accent to anyone not in her immediate family. Once a month she sits in a window at the New Museum of Contemporary Art and talks to those who approach her. She plans on doing this until 1991.

Welcome to *Seven Years of Living Art*, which an accompanying brochure describes as Montano's "most ambitious attempt to use 'art in everyday life.' " It is not her first. In 1971 she made her memorable performance debut in *Lying: Dead Chicken, Live Angel*, in which she spent three motionless hours wrapped in white gauze surrounded by 12 papier-mâché chickens and 2 live ones. And who can forget *Art/Life One Year Performance*, in which she spent a year tethered to a colleague by an eight-foot rope?

Concerning one of her pieces, Montano wrote, "I was elated. . . . I could go into deep states, relax, do nothing and call it art." Yes, but could we? In order to find out, SPY described Montano's current work to a panel of experts. Their analyses:

DR. JEAN UMIKER-SEBEOK, ASSOCIATE CHAIRPERSON, RESEARCH CENTER FOR LANGUAGE AND SEMIOTIC STUDIES, INDIANA UNIVERSITY: "If you tended to be a religious person, you might be able to see this as a story about someone who is receiving messages from some supernatural being through the oscillator, and then passing these on to people who take her to have some connection with the supernatural being."

RAY B. BROWNE, PH.D., PRESIDENT OF THE POPULAR CULTURE ASSOCIATION: "It seems to me she is, in effect, an urban cultist who either is mad or is trying to effect some cause. . . . I think [her motivation] is essentially religious, tinged with a good deal of fake science. I think it's a kind of psychological fraud. I think she's seen too many movies."

PROFESSOR NIELS NIELSEN JR., SECRETARY OF THE AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR THE STUDY OF RELIGION: "I don't really find it of any relevance for the kind of academic work I'm involved in. . . . I'm a historian and philosopher of religion, and I think it's very important for people who are in mental difficulty to be identified and treated."

DR. NANCY ANDREASEN, VICE PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN PSYCHOPATHOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION: "Why would someone listen to an oscillator for seven hours a day? All I can

RORSCHACH REDUX

What is this ugly, confusing thing cropping up all over the city? Did New Yorkers have the answer? We sent SPY reporter BRUCE HANDY onto the streets to find out.

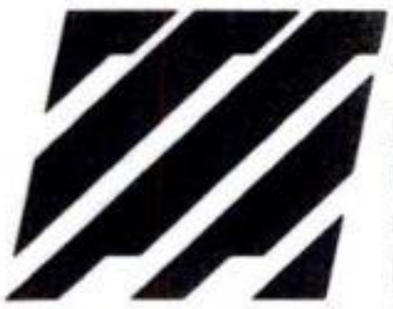
"It looks like tire treads."
—Marsha Greene, teacher

"It's like, remember those posters from the sixties?"
—Michael Smith, musician

"I don't know. What kind of thing?"
—Houn Ui, grocer

"I can't tell. . . . Is it venetian blinds?"
—Lisa Donovan, graphic designer

"A box."
—Allen Krasner, chiropractor



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—John Meyers, spokesman, Manufacturers Hanover Corporation

"You tell me."
—name and occupation withheld

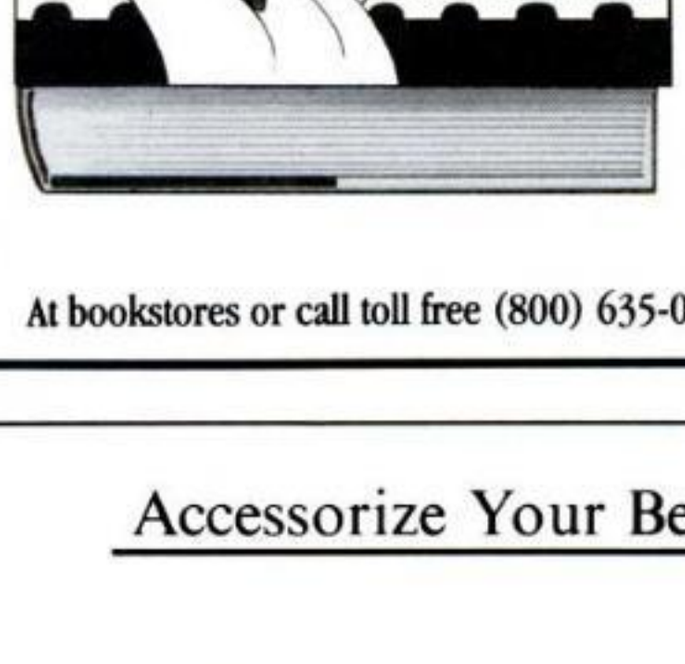
say is it sounds rather eccentric. . . . It's a peculiar behavior, and people who behave in peculiar ways often have schizophrenia, but they usually are not sufficiently well organized to behave that consistently."

DAVID GLASER, PAST PRESIDENT OF ALLIED ARTISTS OF AMERICA INC.: "It could be a scientific thing, it could be an aberrational thing. She could have some kind of an aberrational need, with reference to her own life, that makes her do this."

Linda Montano can be seen at the New Museum of Contemporary Art, 583 Broadway. Call (212) 219-1222 for more information. In addition, anyone wishing to own an article of clothing worn by her during *Seven Years of Living Art* may do so by sending $16 to Art/Life Institute, 85 Abeel Street, Kingston, N.Y. 12401.

—Bradley W. Bloch

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What ever happened to Mary Jo Kopechne's five girlfriends who had the good fortune *not* to drive off with Ted Kennedy? See page 37.

Why has there never been a best-seller or a movie or even a television docudrama about Chappaquiddick? See page 40. In the age of Everythingscam and Whatevergate, 

how, after 18 years, can the Chappaquiddick cover-up remain so airtight? Good question. And why won't anybody publish an impressive new investigative book that for once gets a Kennedy cousin and Chappaquiddick witness *on the record* about the incident? Read this article.

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EARLY IN THE MORNING of July 19, 1969, after attending an intimate party of male political cronies and female political aides, Senator Edward Kennedy drove his Oldsmobile off Chappaquiddick Island's Dyke Bridge and into Poucha Pond. His passenger, Mary Jo Kopechne, drowned.

This is not exactly news. Most of us recall that after a considerable public rumpus, Senator Kennedy took the extraordinary step of going on television to explain—altogether unconvincingly—this latest Kennedy tragedy.

Kennedy pleaded guilty to leaving the scene of an accident after causing personal injury and later promised to consider resigning his Senate seat (*Nahhhh*, he evidently decided, instead going on to win reelection three times).

After receiving a two-month suspended sentence, he clammed up. And so did everyone else in a position to fill in some of the blanks—the five women at the party who did not drown in Ted Kennedy's car, the five men at the party who did not swim away from a submerged Oldsmobile and then lie about it. So the inquiries have blundered along without Kennedy's help, or the help of his loyal friends at the party. And so, naturally, strange Chappaquiddick theories abound: Kennedy was driving; Kennedy wasn't driving; Kennedy murdered Kopechne because she was pregnant with his child, and jumped out of the moving car in the nick of time; and so on.

What is news—or should be—is that Joe Gargan, a cousin of Kennedy's who spent much of that fatal evening with the senator, finally did unburden himself of his Chappaquid-

CHAPPAQUIDDICK

The Unsold Story

BY TAD FRIEND



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dick memories to an investigative reporter. In the course of research for a book—*the* book—about Chappaquiddick, the reporter, Leo Damore, also discovered an informer in a Massachusetts D.A.'s office who had turned evidence over to the Kennedy clan at airport meetings in September and December 1969; a state police investigation into Chappaquiddick that had never before been revealed; and evidence that he believes confirms suspicions that there had been a conspiracy to coordinate the testimony of the witnesses at the inquest. He discovered, in short, what he thinks is a conspiracy by the Kennedys to obstruct justice. But after 18 years, none of the publishing companies seem to care. Or perhaps they are all afraid to care.



Publishing wisdom holds that revealing books about the Kennedys are as surefire as books about golfing, cats and Hitler. And Chappaquiddick is presumed to be inherently interesting; even President Nixon investigated it. Nixon had John Ehrlichman send gumshoes Tony Ulasewicz and Jack Caufield to Cape Cod right after the accident. One of their investigative tacks involved a New York office on 46th Street furnished with a king-size bed, velvet walls and deep fur rugs. According to John Dean's *Blind Ambition*, Ulasewicz "enlisted acquaintances of amorous reputation in a mission to seduce there some of the women who had attended Kennedy's Chappaquiddick party. (The women would, according to the plan, volunteer some details of Kennedy's conduct in a moment of tenderness, or under fear of extortion.)"

Despite their classy approach, Nixon's henchmen unearthed only rumors. Eighteen years later, rumors and speculation about the accident, like the ripples from Kennedy's plunging Oldsmobile, are still expanding. The political ripples tantalize: one line of reasoning is that if you erase Chappaquiddick, then Nixon isn't reelected in 1972. Without Nixon you don't have Watergate. Without Watergate you don't have Carter. And without Carter you don't have Reagan.

The investigative ripples are more tangible. These are the ripples that have particularly disturbed one trim, yellow house in Old Saybrook, Connecticut. Behind that house, Leo Damore prowls restively in his backyard. Every half hour, he jogs over to the bushes and hurls the butt of a quickly smoked Kool cigarette as far as he can. At age 57, he still looks, in his gray tank top, like a weight lifter.

In his faint stammer, Damore tells how his fortunes have been changed by that erratic Oldsmobile, by Gargan and by the book-publishing industry. He recounts his cresting moment of success, as part of his longer tale of how he "cracked this whole Chappaquiddick thing wide open."

In January 1984, Damore says, he and his lawyer met with Random House's editorial board. Damore had just turned in the first 269 pages of his investigative book, *Senatorial Privilege: The Chappaquiddick Deception*. A couple of years earlier, Random House had signed him with a $250,000 advance, $150,000 of it up front, in the expectation that Damore would make major investigative breakthroughs—and he had. A story on Page Six of the *New York Post* in February 1983 even suggested (rather wildly) that Kennedy had dropped out of the 1984 presidential race partly because he feared what the book would reveal. Damore's publishers, thinking the book would be a bombshell, tried to keep its progress a secret; Random House chairman Robert Bernstein denied to the *Post* that Random intended to publish it—or even knew anything about it.

Bernstein was at the January meeting, as were executive VP of trade publishing Anthony Schulte and editorial director Jason Epstein, among others. Most of them had read the first installment of the manuscript, and they expressed concern that Damore get more evidence to back his charges, some of which were based on information from only one source—albeit Kennedy's cousin Joe Gargan, a spectacularly reliable source. But all in all, it was a positive meeting, says Damore.

The manuscript the editors had read included an unprecedented account of Gargan and Paul Markham, a friend of Kennedy's, diving in vain for Mary Jo while Kennedy cradled his head in his hands on the bridge and moaned, "*What am I going to do?*" Damore went on to allege that Kennedy had tried insistently to talk Gargan into reporting the accident—and reporting it falsely: Gargan was to say that Mary Jo was driving the car. Afraid that a witness to the accident would turn up, Gargan refused—and 14 years later recounted the scene to Damore.

Damore recalls every detail of the meeting with the Random House executives. "Tony Schulte says, 'I want to thank you for 270 of the most fascinating pages I've read in my life.' [Afterward, he] walks us not only to the elevator but to the lobby and the door—in January, in *shirtsleeves*: the ultimate accolade." (Schulte says he does not recall doing this.)

In May 1985 Random House sued Leo Damore for the return of the $150,000 it had advanced him, because nine months earlier Leo Damore had withdrawn his completed manuscript from the publisher. He did it because he believed that Random House, under the influence of the Kennedy family, was dragging its feet, trying to discourage the book's publication, and he has since countersued. (At press time, the oft-delayed suit was scheduled for an October trial in New York Supreme Court.)

Damore gives his 21-month-old son, Nick, a slug of Stroh ("It can't hurt him") and says he is glad their house is in his wife's name, because he has no money to pay Random House if he should lose. "They have murdered me; they have killed me."

The manuscript included an unprecedented account of Kennedy's friends diving in vain for Mary Jo while Teddy cradled his head in his hands and moaned, "What am I going to do?"

What Damore needs is an advance from a publisher who wants to take on *Senatorial Privilege*, but none has proved willing. Behind all his troubles, Leo Damore detects the long hand of the Kennedys. A Democrat, Damore finds that his view of the Kennedys has darkened with experi-

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THE Chappaquiddick GIRLS:

Who Are They Now?

On the night Mary Jo Kopechne died in 1969, she and five of her "Boiler Room" girlfriends, as well as six men, including Senator Kennedy, attended a bibulous party in a secluded part of Martha's Vineyard. The party was in the girls' honor: until Robert Kennedy's assassination the year before, they had all worked for his presidential campaign in his Washington, D.C., headquarters "Boiler Room," keeping a running count of convention delegates he won. After the Chappaquiddick accident the women refused to comment, except for Esther Newberg, who told reporters she wasn't sure when Kennedy and Kopechne had left the party because her Mickey Mouse watch wasn't working properly. At the inquest, the girls' stories were identical to Kennedy's own; Newberg, astonishingly, said she was *sure* Kennedy had left at 11:30, because "I have a rather large watch that I wear all the time, and I looked at it." Investigative reporter Jack Anderson wrote of the girls, "They belong to a special breed that no politician can be without—bright, efficient, dedicated, hard-working and closemouthed." Extraordinarily closemouthed, even 18 years later.



Esther Newberg

AGE: 44

OCCUPATION: Important literary agent at International Creative Management in New York

DRINKS ADMITTEDLY DOWNED AT THE PARTY: Two vodka (or gin) and tonics

CHAPPAQUIDDICK PHILOSOPHY: "It's a big joke to you, but to me it's very serious."



Susan Tannenbaum

AGE: 42

OCCUPATION: Thought to be married and living in the Washington, D.C., area

DRINKS ADMITTEDLY DOWNED AT THE PARTY: Two vodkas

CHAPPAQUIDDICK PHILOSOPHY: Unknown



Rosemary "Cricket" Keough

AGE: 41

OCCUPATION: Lawyer living in Lincoln, Massachusetts; married Paul Redmond, the lawyer the Kennedys hired to represent the five girls and three of the men at the party

DRINKS ADMITTEDLY DOWNED AT THE PARTY: Two Scotches

CHAPPAQUIDDICK PHILOSOPHY: "I'm not interested."



Maryellen Lyons

AGE: 45

OCCUPATION: Lawyer in Boston area

DRINKS ADMITTEDLY DOWNED AT THE PARTY: One vodka and tonic

CHAPPAQUIDDICK PHILOSOPHY: Unknown



Nancy Lyons

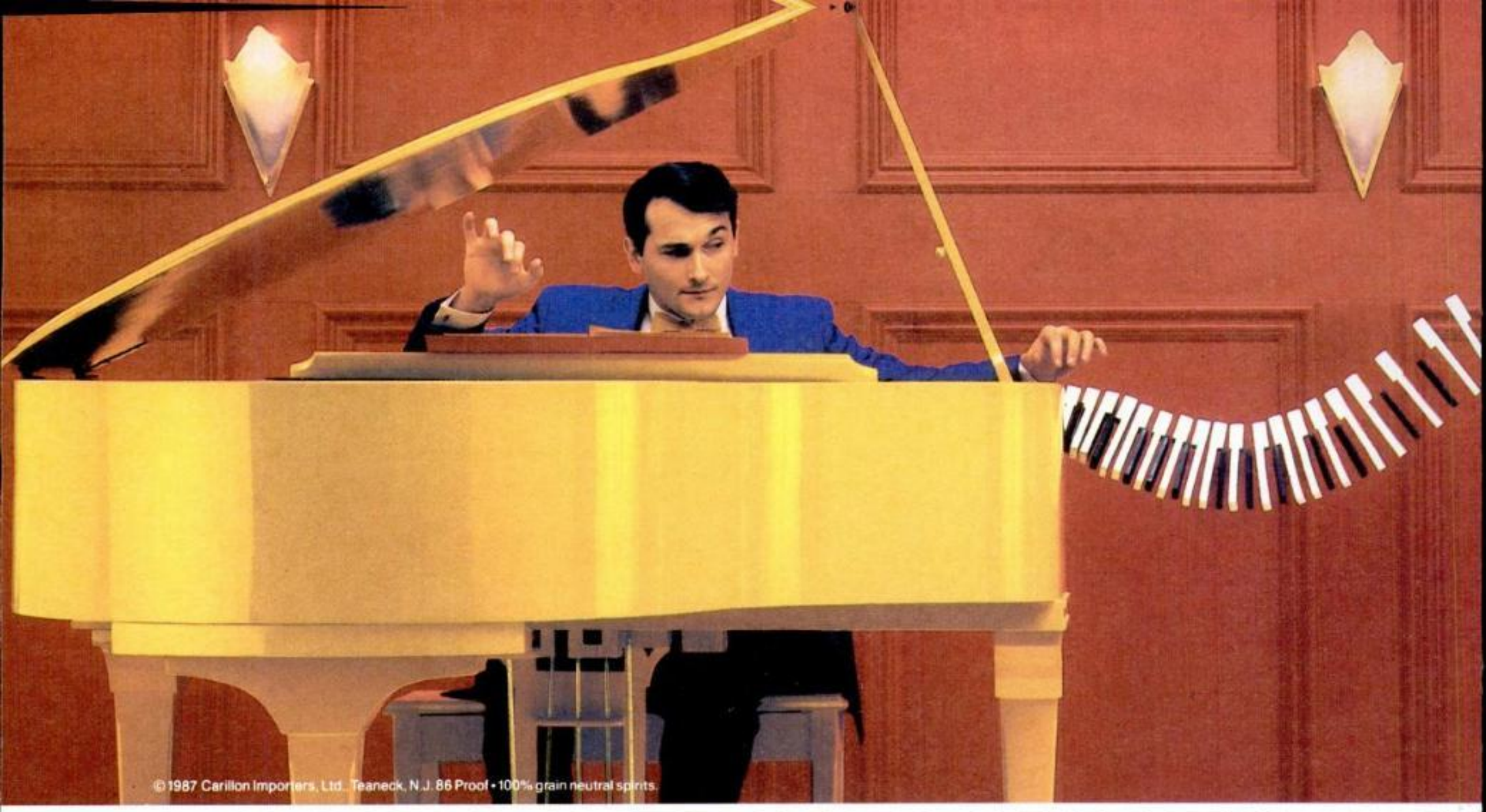
AGE: 44

OCCUPATION: Partner in the Boston law firm Comras & Jackman, doing general civil litigation, including personal-injury

DRINKS ADMITTEDLY DOWNED AT THE PARTY: Two or three vodkas

CHAPPAQUIDDICK PHILOSOPHY: Did not return SPY's phone calls

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ence. "I loved JFK," he says. "I swallowed the whole image and everything. . . . And can you imagine this—he was fucking chorus girls in the Lincoln Bedroom? And starchy Jackie, *ooh*, cool as a cucumber, she . . . moved up to Onassis. It's appalling, it's vulgar." About his own predicament, Damore says, "All the publishers got scared off by someone in touch with the Kennedys. The Kennedys know that if this book were published, Ted Kennedy would be out of office."

IN SEPTEMBER 1979 LEO DAMORE WAS working on the story of Tony Costa, a man in Provincetown who murdered women and then had sex with them. The book that resulted, *In His Garden: The Anatomy of a Murderer*, would become Damore's third nonfiction book about events occurring on or around Cape Cod. One of his sources on the Costa case was a state police lieutenant, George Killen, who, coincidentally, had also investigated the Chappaquiddick incident. Killen felt justice had not been served in that case: two months before his death from cancer in 1979, Killen told Damore, "That guy [Kennedy] killed that girl the same as if he put a gun to her head and pulled the trigger."

"I'll never forget that," Damore says and adds, "The last time I talked to George he said, 'I'm in an awful lot of pain, but I'm sending you something.' I thought, callously, *Oh, Christ, there couldn't possibly be more about the Costa case*. . . . Then, the day after the funeral, I got a manila envelope in the mail, full of Xeroxes dealing with the destruction of evidence in Chappaquiddick, including the burning of Mary Jo's clothes."

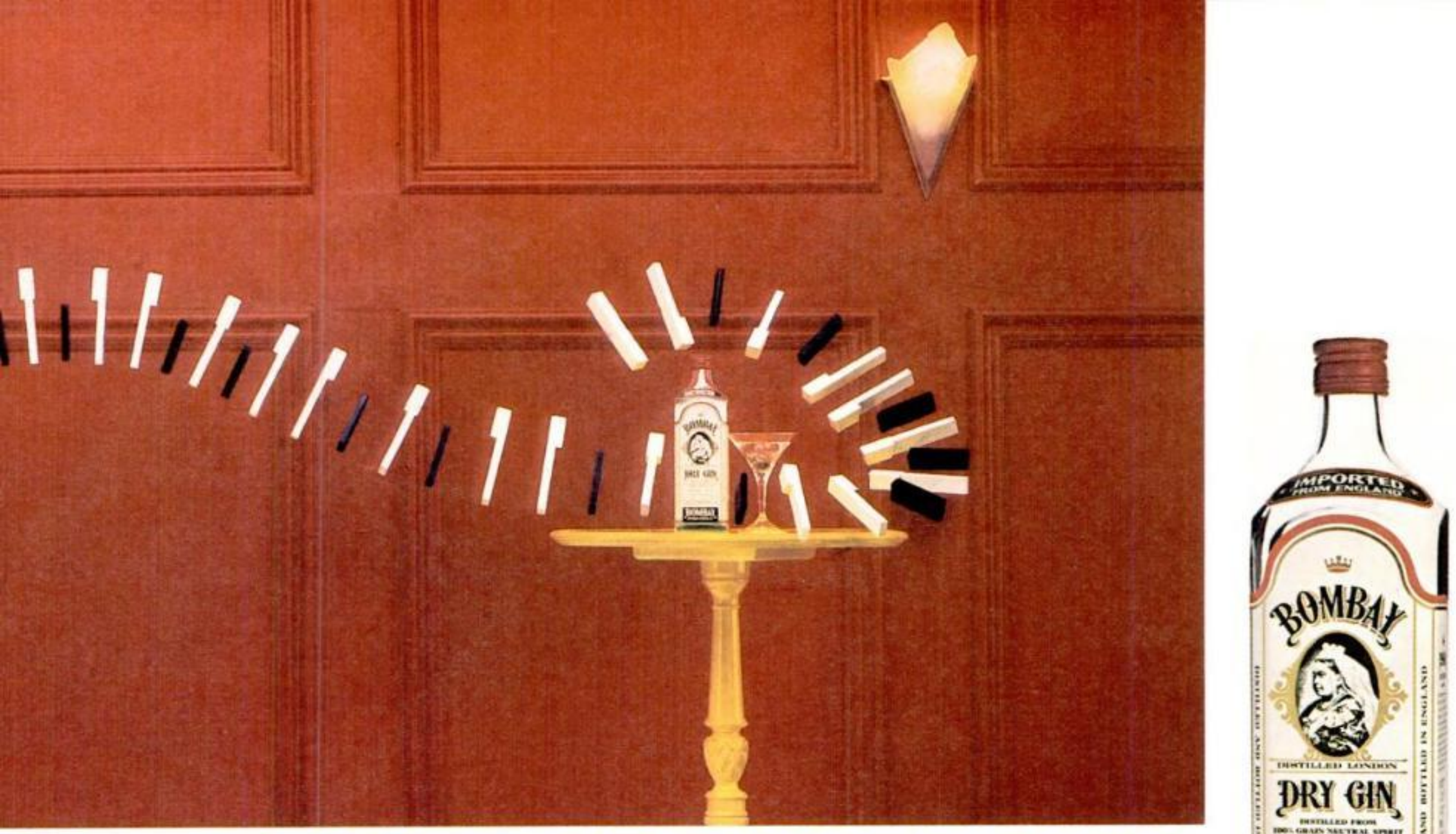
Damore tucked the envelope away and finished *In His Garden*, which sold about 90,000 copies. In 1981 he turned to Chappaquiddick, believing himself uniquely suited to figure out the case once and for all: he was a dogged investigator, and he had lived on Cape Cod for 16 years, writing for the *Cape Cod News*. "Cape Codders will never talk to someone who says, 'I'm from *Newsweek*.' They'll say, 'Fuck you, Jack.' Whereas I'm just Leo Damore, who sold you a pair of Bass Weejuns." (Damore managed two local shoe stores.)

He started his investigation with "the little guys," including former Assistant D.A. Jimmy Smith, who proved to have been a sort of mole, a covert liaison between the Kennedys and the D.A.'s office. Damore says, "The major newspapers were trying to get answers from Ted Sorensen and Robert McNamara, and Jimmy said, 'You're the first guy who's come to me.' And he was a gold mine."

Armed with suspicions, leads and a few phone logs, Damore found a new agent, Lucianne Goldberg, who represented muckraking journalists Jack Anderson and Victor Lasky. Goldberg set up a meeting for Damore with Random House's Jason Epstein and Knopf's Robert Gottlieb in March 1982. Damore says, "I did my song and dance, like Sammy Davis at the Sands, and I had these documents. So Jason—who is a yenta, but I liked him—is playing devil's advocate until Gottlieb started sounding interested, and then Jason said, 'How much money would you need?' "

Damore, whose largest previous advance had been $20,000 and who would have been happy with $75,000, soon found himself with a $250,000 advance, to be paid in installments. So he began to work. He talked with all the local Massachusetts pols and bureaucrats, and then he talked some more, often matching his sources drink for drink until they revealed

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something or passed out.

A year later Damore began to weave his revelations into a dense narrative of local politics, ethnic grudges and subtle clues. He'd even talked with a former tailor of Kennedy's to get the senator's measurements, and checked them against the dimensions of the driver's-side window of an Oldsmobile to see if Kennedy could have escaped through the window. (Damore thinks not.)



AUTHOR DAMORE: he had hoped for a $75,000 book advance, but Random House agreed to $250,000

"Because of the sensitivity of the information and the concerns expressed by Random House at the [January 1984] meeting," Damore says, "I decided to write the whole enchilada, so they could edit out [what they didn't want]. So it was too long—I knew that." The completed manuscript, which Damore gave Random House in July 1984, was 1,100 pages.

There is disagreement about what happened next. Damore's editor was Peter Osnos, who had recently left *The Washington Post*. A source at Random House says Osnos was given the book because he was a journalist and would know where Damore's reportage needed bolstering. Osnos says, "The book was rejected." Then he backpedals. "Well, actually, Damore withdrew it, is what happened." And backpedals some more. "Come to think of it, I don't want to talk about it."

Damore believes that Osnos "was hired to discourage the continuation of this matter," because, Damore says, Osnos gave him no help in shaping the book. "I do come on strong, and I was totally into this book, a maniac, obsessed, but I was agreeable to making changes." Lucianne Goldberg says that during a phone conversation Osnos said to her, "If Leo needs an editor, we'll just hire one." A book's editor suggesting that the editing of the book be subcontracted? "It's the first time in my life I'd heard *that*," Goldberg says.

But Goldberg thinks that Random House's inactivity was "a management screwup, not a conspiracy." A source at Random House says they were planning to publish the book once it had been reworked, and dismisses the conspiracy notion with a laugh: "We all knew he was a pretty strange guy, but he had access to Joe Gargan. If the book had been published, I think it would have cleared up the whole [Chappaquiddick] matter, and Kennedy would have had a lot of questions to answer. But the manuscript was a mess. [Damore] had original things to say, but they were buried. Still, we were quite willing to publish it, but [Damore] didn't want to do the work." Damore, disputing this, admits that he can't explain why Random House would assign the book and then seek to sabotage it.

Damore and Osnos had a meeting in July after Osnos had read the manuscript, and Damore went away believing he would hear from Osnos. When he didn't, he instructed Goldberg to write Epstein, asking for a commitment to publish the book within a year and pay the remaining $100,000 of the advance; otherwise, they would withdraw the book. Damore says it was a "very timid" letter meant only to prod Random House into action. It worked: Jason Epstein wrote Goldberg saying he was sorry to lose the book.

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Damore and Goldberg began peddling the book elsewhere, knowing that the author's debt to Random House might scare off some publishers—and, in fact, two editors mention this debt as a factor in their rejections. They showed the book to Arbor House; McGraw-Hill; Simon & Schuster; G. P. Putnam's Sons; Macmillan; William Morrow; Holt, Rinehart and Winston; Prentice-Hall; Summit Books; Weidenfeld & Nicolson; and Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. The book was becoming a notorious dog, so Damore withdrew it and spent a year boiling it down to 548 pages, half its original length. Meanwhile, in May 1985 Random House sued him. Damore says the company refused an offer of settlement in which he would pay them $150,000 out of the book's proceeds when it was eventually sold.



Damore got a new agent, Peter Lampack, whose eclectic list includes Clive (*Raise the Titanic*) Cussler and J. M. (*Waiting for the Barbarians*) Coetzee. Lampack toted the book to Bantam, Atheneum, Norton, Viking and again to Simon & Schuster.

This litany of failure was mitigated by a few near misses: Marie Arana-Ward at Harcourt Brace says, "It was a very interesting book, well researched and written. But the event had really been bled by the media." Ned Chase at Macmillan says the book "attracted an enormous amount of enthusiasm and support, at least initially." (Damore says Chase was calling him five times a day, saying, "I'll get you money, I'll get you money.") "But," Chase continues, "my colleagues finally said, well, it was what they thought [about Chappaquiddick] all along. I went down in flames for that baby."

The greatest disappointment was at Norton. Last January, Damore and Peter Lampack went to Norton's offices to meet with five members of the editorial board. Damore, at least, felt Norton was close to signing the book: the editors seemed concerned about the possibility of a lawsuit should they publish, and Damore said, "I doubt anyone would sue, because Teddy could be deposed." (In a deposition, Kennedy would be obliged to answer all sorts of impolite, uncomfortable questions.) Editor Mary Cunnane asked if Damore would be willing to cut the book a little more and modulate the accusatory tone of the inquest section of the book. Damore said he would. Norton still rejected the book.

The book has faults. Its scrupulous reportage makes it overwhelmingly workmanlike, and it often mires in detail. The rather remarkable revelations are surrounded and subdued by facts that have been previously reported elsewhere. Ned Chase at Macmillan says, "*I* would have led the book with the disaffection of Gargan and played that up by showing how intimate he was with the Kennedys."

But Damore remains convinced that his book has failed because of the Kennedys' baleful influence. He says of Michael Korda at Simon & Schuster (which published Ted Kennedy's *Our Day and Generation*), who returned the manuscript without comment, "Here is one of the most powerful men in publishing *afraid* to say anything pro or con—I mean, what a wimp!" (Korda says affably, "I thought he'd really done his research well, but it's kind of a moot point, historically.")

There is certainly evidence that the Kennedys have followed the progress of the book. Both Lucianne Goldberg and Peter Lampack say they have received studiedly casual phone calls from friends of the Kennedys', inquiring about the book. Damore says he received a phone call at home one Saturday night from Esther Newberg, a literary agent at ICM, who had heard rumors that Damore was writing a book. Newberg was one of the six "Boiler Room" girls present at the party in Chappaquiddick and, like the others, had reportedly been offered up to $50,000 by various magazines to tell her story. Apparently it is not a story she wants told.

According to Damore, his conversation with Newberg was brief:

NEWBERG: "Is there a book?"

DAMORE: "Now, wait a minute, honey, I've never hung up on a woman, but you could be the first."

NEWBERG: "You write anything in your book that isn't true and I'll sue you."

DAMORE: "I don't write inaccurate books."

Newberg confirms the basis of their conversation. "I remember saying to him, '*Try* not to write a book without checking with the principals.' He had never called me." (Newberg also phoned an editor of SPY to scream about this story.)

Furthermore, when it comes to Kennedys, some wimpy publishers may even ➟



BOOK PUBLISHING

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS
Morgan Entrekin, former boyfriend of Caroline's bridesmaid Carrie Minot, has his own imprint here

Publishes Bobby Kennedy mentor-cum-acolyte and Harvard professor Robert Coles

BALLANTINE
Published Caroline's friend Paul Rudnick in paperback
(Social Disease)

INSIDE THE SECRET ALL-POWERFUL KENNEDY MEDIA CONSPIRACY!!

How One Family Controls Everything That America Reads, Sees and Hears

Media bias? Journalistic cover-ups? Soft-pedaling when it comes to Kennedy scandals? You don't know the half of it. You don't *want* to know. *But you must.* We don't want to seem hysterical or paranoid, but the fact is, *the Kennedys control the American media.* It's as simple—*and frightening*—as that. As the following chart shows only too vividly, two generations of Kennedys, Kennedy aides, former Kennedy aides, Kennedy speechwriters, Kennedy friends, Kennedy sycophants, Kennedy dupes and Kennedyphiles have systematically wormed their way into the very centers of influence and power in American journalism and publishing, and—in this 200th year of the U.S. Constitution—threaten to undo all that we have fought for, all that we hold dear.

DOUBLEDAY
Three days a week, Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis works here as an editor

Jackie's good friend John Sargent was chairman of the board until January

FARRAR, STRAUS AND GIROUX
*Publishes Tom Wolfe (*The Bonfire of the Vanities*), Jackie's friend*

Publishes Irish novelist Edna O'Brien, friendly with Steve and Jean Kennedy Smith



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HARCOURT BRACE JOVANOVICH
Publishes Daniel Patrick Moynihan, father of Maura Moynihan, a former roommate of Caroline's

Rejected Damore

HARPER & ROW
Published a commemorative edition of Profiles in Courage *in 1983*

Publishes JFK's aide Ted Sorensen, who is now a partner at Paul, Weiss, Rifkind, Wharton & Garrison, a large firm with a vast roster of media clients

HENRY HOLT & COMPANY
Late Camelot poet laureate Robert Frost's publisher

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
Publishes historian and Bobby Kennedy hagiographer Arthur Schlesinger Jr. (Robert Kennedy and His Times)

Publisher of JFK's ambassador to India, John Kenneth Galbraith

ALFRED A. KNOPF
Hardcover publisher of Monkeys, *first novel by Caroline's bridesmaid Susan Minot*

Publishes Caroline's friend Paul Rudnick

Publishes Pulitzer prize–winning Kennedy hanger-on J. Anthony Lukas (Common Ground)

LITTLE, BROWN
Published William Manchester's recent sycophantic Kennedy memoir, One Brief Shining Moment *(this book is Manchester's belated attempt to toe the Kennedy line: in 1967 he infuriated Jackie by publishing* The Death of a President, *Harper & Row)*

Publishes backlist of J. D. Salinger, father of actor Matt Salinger, friend–fellow hunk of John Kennedy Jr.

Published Kenneth O'Donnell's Johnny, We Hardly Knew Ye

MACMILLAN
Publisher of George Plimpton, Jackie's friend

Rejected Damore

WILLIAM MORROW
Will publish Caroline Kennedy's book about the Bill of Rights

Publishes books about games to play with pocket calculators by Ed Schlossberg (Mr. Caroline Kennedy)

Publisher of David Michaelis, former boyfriend of Bobby's daughter Kerry Kennedy and longtime friend of Caroline

Rejected Damore

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
Publishes Kennedy hanger-on and Washington Post *columnist Art Buchwald*

Published Bobby Jr.'s book (based on his Harvard senior thesis), Judge Frank M. Johnson, Jr.: A Biography

Rejected Damore

RANDOM HOUSE
Publishes Jackie's friends Anthony Lewis, Pete Hamill and William Styron

Publishes Norman Mailer, a friend of Steve and Jean Kennedy Smith's

Rejected Damore

ST. MARTIN'S PRESS
Publisher of The Philosopher's Game, *a salacious academic exercise by Ed Schlossberg*

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
Publishes Letitia Baldrige, JFK's social secretary

SIMON & SCHUSTER
Teddy's publisher

Paperback publisher (Washington Square Press) of Susan Minot, Caroline Kennedy bridesmaid

Publishes self-improvement books by Arnold Schwarzenegger, Maria Shriver's husband

Published The Fitzgeralds and the Kennedys, *a book about the Kennedys, by Doris Kearns Goodwin, the wife of Richard Goodwin, one of Bobby's speechwriters*

Rejected Damore

TICKNOR & FIELDS
Publishes RFK's old friend Jimmy Breslin

VIKING
Where Jackie used to work as a consulting editor

Rejected Damore

WEIDENFELD & NICOLSON
Co-owned by Jackie's friend Ann Getty

Rejected Damore

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS
Publisher of Julie Agoos, poet and bridesmaid to Caroline

TELEVISION

ABC NEWS
Roone Arledge, an Ethel hanger-on, is group president of the Sports and News division and, coincidentally, quashed unflattering investigative documentary on Kennedy connections to the death of Marilyn Monroe

Jeff Greenfield, a friend of Bobby's, is a correspondent here

Pierre Salinger, John F. Kennedy's press secretary, is Paris bureau chief

David Burke, Teddy's administrative assistant at the time of Chappaquiddick and one of the first people he told about the accident, is executive vice president here

ABC SPORTS: MONDAY NIGHT FOOTBALL
Frank Gifford, Ethel's in-law, is the color man

CBS
Investment banker James D. Wolfensohn, Bobby Shriver's boss at James D. Wolfensohn Inc., sits on the board of directors here

CBS NEWS
The late Dick Drayne, formerly Teddy's press aide, was a public affairs specialist here

The late Edward R. Murrow was friend and appointee of JFK

CBS: WEST 57TH
Peter Michaelis, brother of Schlossberg usher David, works as a producer

CHILDREN'S TELEVISION WORKSHOP
Courtney Kennedy Ruhe, daughter of Ethel, once worked here

FOX TV NEWS
Kara Kennedy, Ted's daughter, worked here as an assistant

KING WORLD PRODUCTIONS INC.
Jeffrey Ruhe, son-in-law of Ethel and Bobby, is senior vice president here; was vice president of programming at ABC Sports

METROMEDIA
Top JFK aide Ted Sorensen is a partner in Metromedia's law firm, Paul, Weiss, Rifkind, Wharton & Garrison

NBC: LATE NIGHT WITH DAVID LETTERMAN
Carrie Minot, a Caroline bridesmaid, is a unit manager of the show

NBC NEWS
Maria Shriver, daughter of Sargent Shriver and Eunice Kennedy and former cohost of CBS Morning News, *now works here as co-anchor of the* Sunday Today *show*

Ethel Kennedy claims friendship with Nightly News *anchor Tom Brokaw*

NBC: SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE
Dinah Minot, sister of Carrie and a friend of Caroline's, works as talent booker

PBS
Bill Moyers, associate director of the Peace Corps under JFK, is a correspondent here

WABC
Kathie Lee Gifford, Ethel's in-law, is cohost of The Morning Show

MAGAZINES

THE ATLANTIC
Bobby's son David Kennedy worked here as a summer intern

FORTUNE
John Kenneth Galbraith used to work here

INTERVIEW
Lee Radziwill, Jackie's sister, used to be a contributor

Andy Warhol, dead founder and publisher, used to be invited to Jackie's Christmas parties

LIFE
Between 1953 and the 1960 election, the magazine published seven stories about JFK that made his career

MANHATTAN, INC.
John Seabrook, writer-at-large, attended Caroline and Ed's wedding

Peter Kaplan, close friend of Bobby Jr., Caroline and Ed Schlossberg, is executive editor

MONEY
Landon Jones, Ed Schlossberg's friend, is managing editor

THE NEW REPUBLIC
In 1979 editor in chief and chairman Martin Peretz refused to run a damaging article about Teddy by the writer Suzannah Lessard

NEWSWEEK
Jonathan Alter, a friend of Caroline's, is a senior writer

Sargent Shriver was once assistant to the editor in chief

NEW TIMES (1973–79)
Bob Shrum, Teddy's former speechwriter and ghostwriter of his book Freeze: How You Can Help Prevent Nuclear War, *was the West Coast editor*

Peter Kaplan, friend of Caroline, Ed and Bobby Jr., was an editor

THE NEW YORKER
Published John Hersey's PT 109

THE PARIS REVIEW
Jackie's friend George Plimpton is the editor

ROLLING STONE
Jann Wenner, editor and publisher, is a sometime friend of Jackie's

SELF
Sally Munro, John Jr.'s ex-girlfriend, is a fact checker here

SPY
Paul Rudnick, Caroline's chum, is a contributing editor

Maura Moynihan, a former roommate of Caroline's, is a contributor

David Michaelis, who is Caroline's friend and former roommate and dated Kerry Kennedy, has published two articles—one of them about penises in the fiction of Caroline's bridesmaid Susan Minot

John Seabrook, friend of Caroline and Ed, is a contributor

Represented by Paul, Weiss, Rifkind, Wharton & Garrison, Sorensen's law firm

One co-editor was Bobby Jr.'s college classmate; another co-editor is friend of George Bell, former roommate of Caroline's; another *editor is former roommate of Caroline's good friend Maura Moynihan*

TIME
Melissa Ludtke, Time's Boston correspondent, was issues director and speechwriter for young Joe's 1986 congressional campaign

Hugh Sidey, a mush-mouthed columnist and onetime Kennedy pet, is an apologist for all presidents, current and former

Walter Isaacson, sometime friend of Steve Smith Jr., Kara and Teddy Kennedy, is editor of Nation section

Henry Luce, a pal of Joe Kennedy's, was the founder

THE VILLAGE VOICE
Pete Hamill, who dated Jackie and is an old friend of Bobby's, is a columnist

THE WASHINGTON MONTHLY
Kathleen Kennedy Townsend and Jonathan Alter, Caroline's friend, wrote here

Charles Peters, editor in chief, was director of evaluation in JFK's Peace Corps

NEWSPAPERS

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS
Bobby Shriver used to be a reporter here

THE DAILY NEWS
Caroline was a copy girl here in 1977

Jimmy Breslin, Bobby's friend, writes a column



THE NEW YORK POST
Eric Breindel, Bobby Jr.'s friend and former roommate at the London School of Economics, is editor of the editorial page

Maura Moynihan, Caroline's former roommate, works part-time at Page Six

THE NEW YORK TIMES
Peter Kaplan, friend of Caroline, Ed and Bobby Jr., used to be a culture reporter and magazine editor here

Anthony Lewis, Jackie's friend, writes a column

Arthur Krock, former Washington bureau chief and major Kennedy stooge, allegedly arranged for Profiles in Courage *to receive an unearned Pulitzer prize*

THE WASHINGTON POST
Ben Bradlee, JFK pal and hagiographer, is executive editor

Former Defense Secretary Robert McNamara is a director of the paper

MISCELLANEOUS

GAMMA-LIAISON PHOTO AGENCY
Kerry Kennedy once worked at this agency, which supplies news photos to major newspapers and magazines

NATIONAL PUBLIC RADIO
Frank Mankiewicz, Bobby's press secretary, used to be president here

UNITED STATES INFORMATION AGENCY
Late CBS newsman Edward R. Murrow ran USIA under JFK

VERONIS, SUHLER & ASSOCIATES INC.
John Veronis, whose daughter is close friends with Tina Haag, John Kennedy Jr.'s girlfriend, is chairman of this investment-banking firm, whose media clients include Reader's Digest, CBS *and* Esquire

VOICE OF AMERICA
Elizabeth Arrott, one of Max Kennedy's old girlfriends, works here

INTERNATIONAL CREATIVE MANAGEMENT
Esther Newberg, high-powered literary agent and former Bobby Kennedy "Boiler Room" girl (see main story), plies trade here



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WILL TEDDY KENNEDY GO TO *bell*?

A SPY *Interfaith Symposium*

Although Ted Kennedy has so far successfully avoided serious punishment for his misdeeds in this life—drinking to excess, womanizing, dissembling and, of course, the business with Mary Jo—SPY asked a number of religious leaders, "*After* this life, will Teddy Kennedy be punished—and just how harshly?"

FATHER ALFRED HENNELLY
associate professor of theology, Fordham University

In the opinion of Father Hennelly, "If you died in mortal sin, you deserve hell." But, he says, at Chappaquiddick Kennedy *apparently* committed only venial sins. "The driving off the bridge seems to have been an accident," in Father Hennelly's view. "It seems to have been a rather small bridge, a narrow road. I wouldn't consider what he did a mortal sin." According to Catholic ethics, a person is not required to risk his life to save the life of another.

Asked about Kennedy's status in the afterlife, Father Hennelly replied, "He would probably be consigned to spend a certain time in purgatory." Though purgatory is a state of suffering, the suffering is less than that of the actually *damned*, who exist, of course, in hell itself. Thus, according to Father Hennelly, Kennedy will only suffer for a time before his soul is eventually cleansed and ascends to Heaven. It's "impossible to estimate" how many centuries Kennedy will spend in purgatory, but Father Hennelly suggested that after Kennedy dies, there are certain prayers ("indulgences") that the faithful could say to shorten his time in purgatory by seven years.



FATHER KEVIN COLLERAN
vice chancellor, New York Archdiocese

Father Colleran agreed that while unnecessarily letting another person (a 28-year-old woman not wearing underpants, for instance) die is "immoral," it is not, technically, a mortal sin—the prerequisite, in Roman Catholic doctrine, for hell.

FATHER GOMMER DEPAUW
founder and president of the Catholic Traditionalist Movement

In the opinion of Father DePauw, Kennedy may have committed several mortal sins, and thus may indeed be bound for hell. There's lying, first of all. "In the Chappaquiddick thing, I would say that that's outright lying, because the civil authorities certainly had a right to know the circumstances of the death of a young girl found in a creek [*sic*]. To lie is objectively a mortal sin. But if you would ask me, 'If Kennedy would die today, would he go to hell?' I would say, 'Who am I to say? I'm not God.' " Ironically, in the view of Father DePauw, Teddy may be damned not for Mary Jo Kopechne's death but for his heavy drinking.

BISHOP W. B. MCNEIL
Holy Cross Remnant Church of Jesus Apostolic Faith

Another issue that bears on whether Kennedy will suffer eternally in hell for his mortal sin, of course, is repentance. Bishop McNeil emphasized this point, stressing that the choice of hell or not was still in Kennedy's hands. "If he doesn't repent for his wrongdoing, then he will go to hell. I believe if he asked God to forgive him for his sin, I'm sure He will."

JIMMY SWAGGART
TV preacher, president of Jimmy Swaggart Ministries

Swaggart too suggests that Senator Kennedy could repent and make it all right. "If Ted Kennedy . . . asked God to forgive him, God would forgive him. . . . No, Ted Kennedy would not be eternally lost. If he *was* eternally lost, it would be because he didn't accept Jesus."

GUNA GRAHI AND RAFA JNA
The International Society for Krishna Consciousness (ISKCON)

Guna Grahi says Chappaquiddick would definitely have Karmic ramifications in Kennedy's next life but that it is "really hard to say" what they would be. "God might have given Ted Kennedy the facility to be with this woman, the choice to have the car, the choice to get drunk; maybe due to his past Karma he inherited the propensity to be intoxicated, you know. Unless we know the inside and outside of Ted Kennedy and all his previous lives, it's very hard to say." Ms. Rafa Jna, also of ISKCON, speculated, "In his next life the relationship could be switched, and the same thing could happen to him: *he* could be driven off and drowned." She added that in addition to having bad Karma from Chappaquiddick, Kennedy has eaten meat, which requires killing another entity. Melody Miller, a spokesperson for Senator Kennedy, confirmed that he is indeed a meat eater.

IMAM ABDEL-RAHMAN OFMAN
Islamic Center of New York

Imam Abdel-Rahman Ofman pointed out that according to Koranic law, "it is a sin to be with a woman who's not your wife; it is a sin to put her in danger. All these are sins. Lying is a sin. Right from the start, to take a woman who is not your wife, not your sister, not your mother, just for pleasure—this is wrong. If you find that that person is dying, he has to provide all the help for protection. If a man with a woman, just to cover the wrong he did, lets a woman die, this is a sin itself. It is a double sin." And thus? "All sins," according to the imam, "are punishable in hell."

—Eric Kaplan

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WHAT REALLY HAPPENED AT CHAPPAQUIDDICK?

Everybody Knows, Nobody Knows

THE TWO-GIRLS-IN-THE-CAR THEORY

"Another theory, based on the presence of Miss Keough's purse in the car, was that during the evening Miss Kopechne had climbed into the back seat of the car to take a nap. . . . When the car went into the pond, Kennedy and Miss Keough escaped and it wasn't until the next morning . . . that Kennedy learned the car had had a sleeping passenger who hadn't escaped."

—Robert Sherrill, *The Last Kennedy*

THE MARY JO–WAS–DRIVING THEORY

Worried that a policeman who had just spotted his car would follow him to ask insinuating questions (as he was headed not for the ferry but for a secluded beach), Kennedy panicked. "It would have been a very logical step for Kennedy to stop the car between the high walls of underbrush on either side, jump out, and tell Mary Jo to circle back and pick him up. . . . It does not take the imagination of a dime novelist to see Mary Jo Kopechne at the wheel of the car."

—Jack Olsen, *The Bridge at Chappaquiddick*

THE SPLENDOR-IN-THE-GRASS-AND-COWARDICE-AT-THE-BRIDGE THEORY

In their book, journalist Thomas Tedrow and lawyer Richard Tedrow use the Socratic method. *"If Deputy Sheriff Look saw the Senator and Mary Jo at 12:45 a.m., what about the period from 11:15 p.m. (when they supposedly left the cottage) until then?* . . . This 'lost hour' might account for the grass stains on the back of Mary Jo's blouse. . . .

"Did Gargan and Markham try to rescue Mary Jo?

"Neither Kennedy nor Markham or Gargan tried to rescue her. The best evidence indicates their 'rescue' effort was fabricated, at least in part, to answer the criticism—and possible charges—for their failure to report the accident."

—Thomas L. Tedrow and Richard L. Tedrow, *Death at Chappaquiddick*

THE EARLY-BAILOUT-FROM-THE-OLDSMOBILE-AND-HIDDEN-FORCES-OF-DARKNESS THEORY

"There is, we think, only one way in which Kennedy could have saved himself. . . . This would have required opening the door of the car in the moment when he felt he was no longer master of it, and instinctively jumping out onto the bridge. . . .

"[Kennedy] is, as was each of his two brothers, one of the prominent operators chosen by the Hidden Forces that are hurling the countries of Western Civilization toward the Animal Farm world. . . . If they hasten, today, to protect the man responsible for the death of Mary Jo Kopechne, it is because, after the disappearance of his two brothers, they counted upon him for the last push."

—Zad Rust, *Teddy Bare*

censor themselves. Peter Lampack has a letter from an editor that reads in part, "[*Senatorial Privilege*] wars against all my instincts. . . . Would this book spell the end of an otherwise laudatory career? This book has me all tied up in knots."

And so Leo Damore, tilting at an obsession, continues trying to sell the book before he goes broke. (He has taken a writing job at The Travelers insurance company and is borrowing money to pay his lawyer.) He says bitterly, "These editors are [in effect] saying, 'Oh, I want to read it! But I don't want anyone *else* [the public] to!' "

Lucianne Goldberg says, "Basically, as one publisher said to me, 'There are no pink panties floating in the water here [Mary Jo was not wearing any underpants when her body was pulled from the car], and that's what the public wants.' The book just makes Teddy look like a baby—he's not a murderer, he was just a weak party boy. And the people who elected him know that." (Kennedy's problems with water-related accidents are an enduring part of his character. This summer he gave the Coast Guard an incorrect location for his sinking yacht, then incorrectly reported where he was trying to take it.) Short of one that gets Ted Kennedy to tell his own story, books about Chappaquiddick can only confirm our dark suspicions. Already a majority of Americans think there was more to the assassination of John Kennedy than we know, and a majority think Reagan has lied about the Iran-contra scheme. Teddy lied and covered it up? So what else is new?



MARY JO KOPECHNE: no appearances on Barbara Walters, no *Playboy* spreads, no jeans ads

Yet precisely because editors *do* want to read the book, it seems likely that Damore's story will eventually be published. With a thorough marketing campaign—"*Shocking Revelations About a National Scandal!*"—the book might even sell.

Now Gary Hart finds himself compromised, and once more the public suspects—*knows*—what no one has proved. Damore followed the Hart drama gleefully; he thinks it will help his book. "Have you any idea how many mentions there were of Chappaquiddick when Gary Hart's peccadilloes were in the news? A *lot*, I'll tell you. A lot."

In the event that Kennedy decides to run for president next year—and no less an expert than White House Chief of Staff Howard Baker said in September that Kennedy was a "likely" nominee—Joe Gargan's testimony would seem necessary. One powerful editor has already figured out a marketing scenario. "If Kennedy runs, you might say to yourself—and this isn't a nice thing to say—*I'll hop on all the publicity with this book, and we'll sell a lot of copies*." But if Kennedy doesn't run, the Hart affair may not have resurrected Chappaquiddick so much as superseded it. When a literary agent urged Donna Rice to get her story on record "so it won't end up confused, like Chappaquiddick," Rice answered, "Like *what*?"

At press time, Leo Damore was talking with Regnery Gateway publishers, a small, politically conservative Washington, D.C., house that was considering publishing Senatorial Privilege.

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THE J&B SCOTCH-SPY ROUTE 88 CAMPAIGN MANUAL

Just one short year from now—it will seem somewhat longer to anyone who hears Jack Kemp or Paul Simon speak—the nation will elect someone to fill the vacuum created when Ronald Reagan took office in 1981. For whoever claims it, victory in November 1988 will be especially sweet. After all, what kind of president-elect wouldn't look *darn* appetizing after eight years of Reagan? Really, only a hologram could fail to impress, at least initially. So there's something to look forward to.

In the meantime, in case you haven't noticed, quite a few would-bes are clamoring for our grudging attention. There was a sunny day in late June—we remember it well—when nobody declared *or* withdrew, but that was an exception. Virtually everyone is running for president—*Alexander Haig* is running for president, having managed to attract, in campaign contributions, the kind of money normally associated only with the purchase of major, major appliances. Yes, the race has been on for some time, unfolding like a Saturday-afternoon demolition derby on TV with the sound turned way down, the occasional muffled collisions serving to narrow the field to a

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size we can get a handle on (quick, what's Congressman Gephardt's first name?). And with the first voting skirmishes less than three months off, it won't be long before many of these candidates—in the end, all but one, we've calculated—return to whatever quaint states they sprang from, vowing to remain forever involved in determining a public agenda, affecting national policy and creating a forum for new ideas.

As for us, we'll mark the year between this November and next with plenty of cocktails (J&B Scotch on the rocks, J&B Scotch and soda, J&B Scotch neat, J&B Scotch and water, and so on), as well as a series of progress reports on the presidential campaign—including some rather unusual national polls to be conducted for SPY and J&B Scotch periodically by the heretofore reputable firm of Penn & Schoen. For this, the first installment of our election extravaganza, we'll give you some basic background and a look at the campaign as it stands now. In the months ahead we may very well find out whether America seems more inclined to elect a president who is black, one who is handicapped or one who can speak in tongues and hold hurricanes at bay.

The J&B Self-Starter Kit:

Run, Your Name Here, Run!

Campaigning for the Presidency: You Can Do It, Too

ONE. The Federal Election Commission brochure on "Candidate Registration" recommends "testing the waters" to "explore the feasibility" of becoming a candidate for president. So *many* people screw up this very basic first step. Think you can be president? Think again. Think about the stupidest thing you ever did, and then, quickly, imagine yourself sitting in the Oval Office. *Still* think you can be president? Okay, then. Proceed to Step Two.

TWO. If you must "test the waters," you can do so without registering as a candidate. But once you receive contributions or make "expenditures which exceed $5,000," the paperwork begins. You can also be marked as a candidate if you "[conduct] activities over a protracted period of time or shortly before the election," or if you say you're a candidate or authorize someone to say you are or if you "seek ballot access." So seek no ballot access unless you know *exactly* what you're doing.

THREE. After you become a candidate, you have 15 days to "designate a principal campaign committee." Better get on the horn *right away*.

FOUR. After you've designated this committee, you have ten days to file a Statement of Organization with the Senate or House. Use FEC Form 1.

FIVE. Get a treasurer. You'll have to file periodic reports disclosing your campaign finance activities (there are limits to contributions, remember, as well as many, many other silly details), and you'll also need someone to give you carfare so you can travel the country inspiring simple, hardworking people and winning remarkable grass-roots support.

SIX. Enter and win some primaries. Make sure to keep track of how many delegates you've secured (maybe your treasurer can do this for you) so you know exactly where you are at convention time. That way, if a political rival stands up and claims your party's nomination, you can say, "Not so fast, pal. You may have that many delegates, but I have *this* many." And you'll be right.

SEVEN. Campaign real hard—keep telling yourself, *This is it! I'm really doing it!*—and everything will turn out just fine in the general election. Good luck.

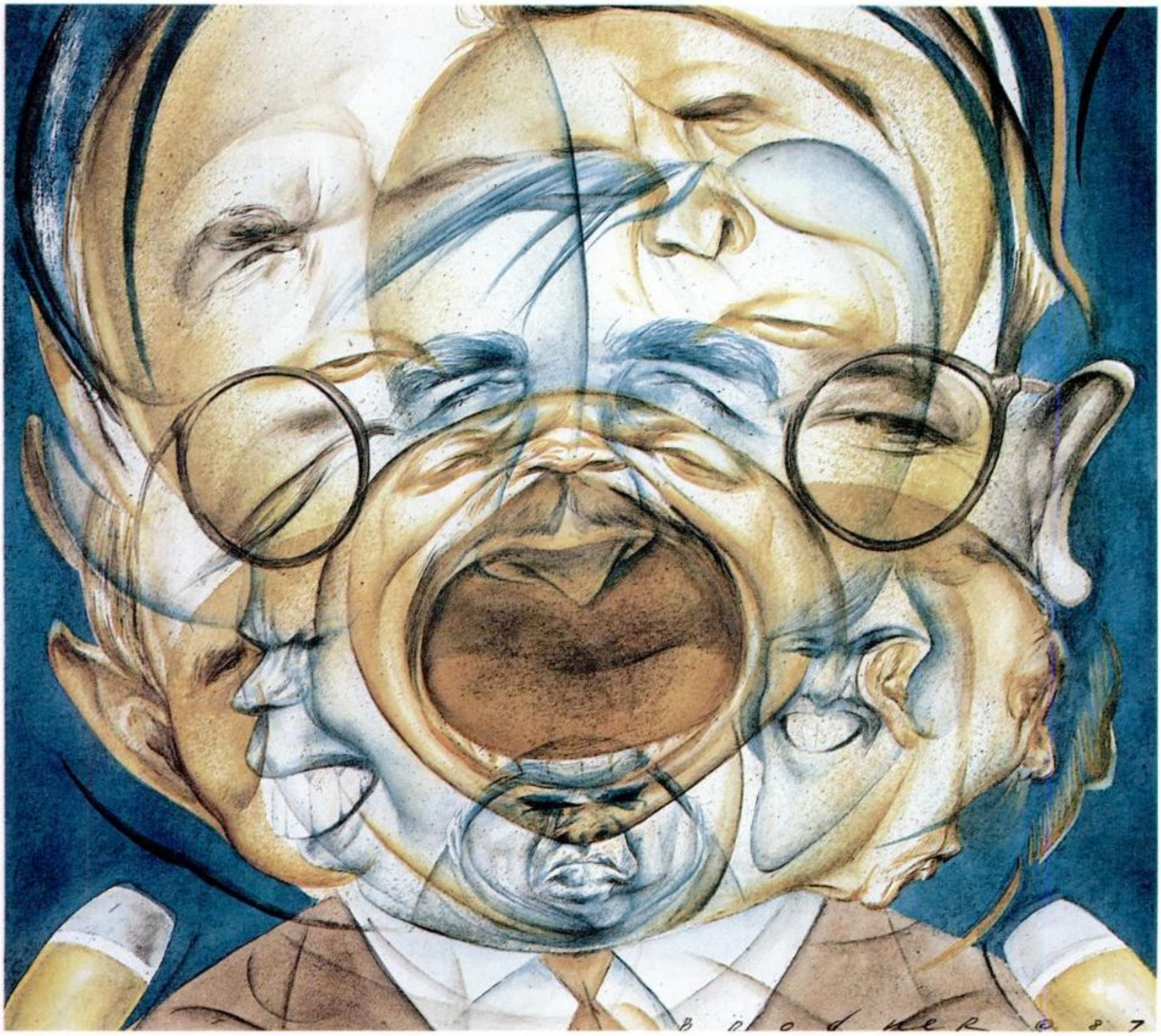


What Makes Bob &

Vice President George Bush *should remain at the top of everyone's list of Republican candidates—as long as these lists are arranged alphabetically. It would be overstating the case to say that Bush has captured the fancy of conservatives: even George Will has called him a lapdog. A former World War II pilot, Texas oilman and director of the CIA, Bush seems especially well prepared for his current job as outgoing vice president. Shrill (remember the debate with Geraldine Ferraro?) and older than he looks (see wife Barbara), Bush seems to have been a candidate forever. Maybe he'll make it this time—no less a luminary than Richard Nixon has picked him as the likely GOP nominee. But will even the $11 million he's raised so far be enough when he uses most of his energy figuring out just how close he should stand to his loose cannon of a boss?*

Bush's real competition would appear to be Bob Dole, *the Senate minority leader from Kansas (he was majority leader 1985–86). One of the few (relatively) funny people in Washington, Dole, another World War II veteran, is seen as surprisingly compassionate* for a Republican, *and this generosity of spirit angers right-wingers. He even wants to change his party's "upper-crust" image: "I'd like to see 50 wheelchairs in this audience," he has said, "50 black faces, 50 Hispanics." He would also like to see Asian-Americans—*

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Pat & Mike & Jack & Jesse & J&B Run?

guess how many? Dole is married to the prettiest darn former secretary of Transportation we've ever had, Elizabeth Dole. In 1976 he was the running mate of Gerald Ford, a president of the United States.

Pete du Pont *(né Pierre S. du Pont IV) is the conservative, wimpy former governor of Delaware. That's* Pete *du Pont—forget that French stuff, forget that he's one of the* Du Pont *Du Ponts, with a personal net worth of $7 million. While at college, Du Pont apparently had a blind date with Jane Fonda, but, charmingly, he says he can't remember what they did. His campaign slogan is faintly dadaist ("Pete du Pont. Tomorrow's leader. President") and he's condensed his entire message onto an index card he carries around with him. Du Pont has proposed mandatory, random drug testing of high school students; on the other hand, he favors sanctions against South Africa. Perhaps more telling, as one supporter put it, "he's tall and has a flat belly, and that's important."*

Alexander M. Haig Jr. claims *to be running for president. The former secretary of State under Reagan ("As of now,* I am in control here"*) and chief of staff under Nixon sends out a bio that describes him as a "distinguished. . . soldier, statesman, corporate executive and author." Then again, (a) his middle name is Meigs, and (b) anyone old enough to remember Haigian syntax will agree that Pat Robertson isn't the only Republican candidate capable of speaking in tongues.*

continued on page 6

The J&B Scotch Route '88 Question

ILLUSTRATIONS BY STEVE BRODNER

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BORN3 FULL-OUT
MOVIE POSTER PARODY

The sex appeal of PERFECT! The political intrigue of POWER!
The screwball hilarity of WHO'S THAT GIRL!
The jagged-edged suspense of HOWARD THE DUCK!

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ROUTE ★ 88

THE MOVIE!

"The road to the White House was never THIS Rocky*!"*



STARRING Kate Jackson as PAT SCHROEDER! Vic Tayback as AL HAIG! Billy Dee Williams as REV. JESSE JACKSON! Gary Sandy as RICHARD GEPHARDT!



Bruce Boxleitner as ALBERT GORE JR.! Richard Kiley as ROBERT DOLE! Tim Kazurinsky as PAUL SIMON! George Grizzard as PAT ROBERTSON! Stephen Collins as PETE DU PONT! Jon Lovitz as JOE BIDEN!



Ronny Cox as BRUCE BABBITT! Tony Musante as MICHAEL DUKAKIS! Richard Anderson as GEORGE BUSH! David Birney as GARY HART! With Danny DeVito as MARIO CUOMO!

Christopher Walken as DONALD TRUMP! And Roy Scheider as CAP WEINBERGER! George Kennedy as GEORGE SHULTZ!

AND FEATURING Canadian actor Christopher Plummer...as "MR. PRESIDENT"! *and* J&B Scotch as ITSELF!

GUEST STARS: James Franciscus, Martin Sheen, John Shea, William Devane, Cliff Robertson, Blair Brown, Jaclyn Smith, Jacqueline Bisset, Robert Pine, Nicholas Campbell, Craig T. Nelson, Susan Blakely, Chris Connolly and Michael Parks as THE KENNEDYS

PHOTOGRAPH BY JERALD FRAMPTON

THE OFFICIAL HUMOROUS PROMOTIONAL SUPPLEMENT
ELECTION 88

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CONTINUED



Jack F. Kemp's *campaign has not, thank God, taken off the way many people thought it would. The nine-term representative from New York was once closely identified with Reagan's policies, particularly his economic policies, which Kemp (a scrubbed-clean Carl Bernstein look-alike) helped develop. Now too close an association with Reagan is a liability, and Kemp has found that a little backpedaling (of the sort he perfected all those years taking the snap from center as a pro quarterback) can come in handy. But Kemp is still staunchly anti–tax increase and anti-abortion, pro–Strategic Defense Initiative and pro-hair-combed-down-over-the-forehead-like-Jack-Kennedy. Those positions aside, do we really want a president who uses words like* de-recognize *and* illiquidity*? And does this mean we have* three *GOP candidates who can speak in tongues?*

Even if it does, **Pat Robertson**, *the TV evangelist—sorry,* Christian broadcaster and businessman—*is the real thing. His qualifications to be president speak for themselves: miracle worker; founder of the Christian Broadcasting Network; former* 700 Club *host; author of a book called* Answers to 200 of Life's Most Probing Questions*; member, Hall of Fame, National Religious Broadcasters; Broadcaster of the Year, Religious Heritage of America; claims to a "heritage" of Benjamin Harrison, William Henry Harrison and "Winston Churchill, eloquent statesman and prime minister of England during World War II." He sees his candidacy this way: "There is only one factor I am concerned about: does God want me in the White House?" Many of us share his concern. Robertson says he's raised about $9.2 million, more than any other candidate of either party save George Bush.*

Bruce Babbitt—*or is it Dick Gephardt?—the former governor of Arizona, calls his candidacy the "darkest of dark horse" bids. One of the "neoliberals," Babbitt in some ways recalls Jimmy Carter, and not just because he has actually quoted his young son as saying, "Dad, you've really got to do something about colorization of classic films." In 1962, while doing fieldwork in Bolivia toward a graduate degree, he underwent a life-changing experience (something to do with starving children), which he enjoys talking about now.*

Mario Cuomo's reticence left open the one slot this country allows for a white ethnic candidate, and **Michael S. Dukakis** *filled it. As governor of Massachusetts, the smuggest state in the union, he's taking credit for his state's high proportion of computer nerds and the resulting economic boom. Seen as a raging, unrepentant straight-arrow, Dukakis is ill-equipped to supply much entertainment in the way of personal scandal during the rest of the campaign, now that his wife has already confessed to having been an amphetamine addict for 26 years. He is Greek, however, which could become an issue in states with those really important Turko-American constituencies.*

"Make America first again" is the campaign theme sounded by **Richard A. Gephardt**—*or is it Albert Gore?—the excessively wholesome congressman from Missouri. Well,* our *blood is racing—what's* your *problem? This former Eagle Scout and son of a milk truck driver was the first Democrat to announce his candidacy. Gephardt stresses economic issues and equivocates on abortion (he went from prolife to prochoice). He likes to invoke Harry Truman, a fellow Missourian, though, unlike Paul Simon (see below), he sensibly draws the line at actually* dressing *like Truman.*

Albert Gore Jr.—*or is it Bruce Babbitt?—the senator from Tennessee, is the first Vietnam veteran to run for president and, if elected,*

continued on page 8

What Will Happen When?

The J&B Scotch Day-by-Day Campaign Checklist

1987

October 28 Republican debate (*Firing Line*). Headmaster William F. Buckley Jr. puts them through their paces, whacks knuckles, if gently.

December 1 Democratic and Republican debate (Washington). Candidates form two rows and shake hands while the PA system plays "Getting to Know You."

December 15 Confessed adulterer Gary Hart reenters race "for the good of the nation."

December 21 Confessed adulterer Gary Hart withdraws, saying he wants to spend Christmas with his family.

1988

January 11 Mario Cuomo's coy professions of noncandidacy, a monthly event during 1987, become biweekly.

January 15 Democratic debate (Des Moines). Candidates blast Reagan and the Republicans and josh one another good-naturedly. Moment of tension when Babbitt says to Gephardt, "Well, Dick . . . I disagree."

January 29 Michigan Caucuses (Republicans).

January 30 Pat Robertson, after successes in Michigan, *really* looks like plausible candidate.

January 31 Millions of Americans, citing Pat Robertson's successes in Michigan and sudden plausibility of candidacy, renew passports just in case.

February 7 *New York Times Magazine* cover story on continuing lack of larger-than-life candidates.

February 8 Iowa Caucuses.

February 9 Babbitt withdraws.

February 16 New Hampshire Primary. This is the eighties, so *all* the candidates cry. Even Dukakis, the Democratic winner, who thereby shows emotion for the first time.

February 17 Simon withdraws.

February 18 Dole, after lopsided loss in New Hampshire, returns to old acerbic self, calls Kemp "the boy with the haircut" and says Bush "would make a fine president—of a tennis club."

February 22 Papers report Simon withdrawal.

February 24 Cuomo becomes less coy, more "concerned about the ability of the Democratic Party to select a nominee who can win."

February 25 Filing deadline for New York and Michigan primaries for everyone, including Mario Cuomo.

March 1 Vermont Primary.

March 2 Third Op-Ed piece in last three months by Richard Nixon appears in *Times*, causing some alarm.

March 4 Cuomo buys TV time.

March 5 Filing deadline for California primary for everyone, including Mario Cuomo.

March 8 Super Tuesday. (Confused football fans anxiously change channels, looking for the big game.) Primaries in Alabama, Alaska, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Massachusetts, Mississippi, Missouri, North Carolina, Oklahoma, Rhode Island, Tennessee,

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Texas, Virginia. Caucuses in Hawaii (Democrats), Idaho (Democrats), Nevada (Democrats) and Washington.

March 9 Haig announces he's withdrawing from race, finds people assumed he already had. Gore also drops out, and his poor showing in the South ignites talk of Nunn reentering.

March 10 "Draft Nunn" operation in full swing.

March 10 "Draft Nunn" operation is effectively finished.

March 11 After his extraordinary successes on Super Tuesday, Jesse Jackson abandons gimmick of speaking in rhymes, switches to alliteration.

March 11 Letter to the editor signed by Richard Nixon appears in *Times*.

March 15 Illinois and Ohio Primaries. Minnesota Caucuses.

March 16 Bush and Dukakis leading their respective parties. Robertson–God ticket a strong GOP possibility, however. Jackson actually has more delegates than Dukakis, but . . . after all, he's *Jesse Jackson*.

March 23 The "Nixon's still the one" scare passes when he succeeds Peter Ueberroth as baseball commissioner.

March 28 Jackson, having exhausted the possibilities of alliteration, begins experimenting with iambic pentameter and free verse.

March 29 Connecticut Primary.

April 5 New York and Wisconsin Primaries. Bush wins big, Jackson runs second to Dukakis.

April 13 Donald Trump takes out full-page ad in several newspapers to offer his observations on the grievances of separatist Basques in Spain.

April 26 Pennsylvania Primary.

May 1 Jackson delivers speech before the AFL-CIO entirely in haiku.

May 3 Washington, D.C., and Indiana Primaries. Jackson and Dukakis tie, Bush wins.

May 17 Oregon Primary. Bush and *Jackson*.

June 7 California, Montana, New Jersey, New Mexico Primaries. Jackson and Dukakis nearly tie in California.

July 18–21 Democratic Convention. Dukakis and Jackson far ahead in delegates, but Cuomo is drafted (Dukakis is dull, Jackson is . . . *Jackson*). Chooses Nunn as running mate.

August 15–18 Republican Convention. Bush is nominated but devoured by locusts. Robertson steals nomination, makes acceptance speech in tongues, with all TV networks providing closed-captioning for the deaf and the sane.

November 8 General election. No—we're just not going to give away the results.

1989

January 20 Reagan wheeled out for the inauguration (J&B Scotch for everyone!) festivities. Not a dry eye in the country.

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CONTINUED

would be the youngest president ever. A member of the Senate Armed Services Committee, he is regarded as an expert on nuclear arms control. Gore is the son of retired longtime senator Albert Sr. He is also the husband of Tipper Gore, the notorious advocate of censoring unseemly rock lyrics. Whether this last fact invites condemnation or pity is an entirely personal matter. Keep it to yourselves.

People seem to like Rev. Jesse Jackson*—charismatic and shrewd, he can really put it across in person. He was actually* first *in some polls, and despite his penchant for collar pins, his campaign this time around is attracting some followers outside the usual Jackson constituency—farmers and others with economic problems, for example. But would enough people actually vote for him? After all, he's* Jesse Jackson.

Paul Simon*, the liberal senator from Illinois, sports a bow tie and horn-rimmed glasses, just as Harry Truman did, and looks a lot like Floyd the barber from the old* Andy Griffith Show. *He is therefore, as we suggested above, a rival of Richard Gephardt's in co-opting people's affection for Truman (if not for Floyd the barber). Physically, anyhow; ideologically, he is in the tradition of dry-as-melba-toast Thinking Man's Liberals such as fellow Illinoisans Adlai Stevenson and John Anderson. Simon, a former newspaper publisher, espouses his party's "traditional values." He is the oldest Democrat running, still uses a manual typewriter*—give us a break—*and supports arms control, civil rights and jobs programs. Plus, only* one *of his eleven books is called* You Want to Change the World? So Change It!

Photo Credits for Movie Poster: (Jackson) Globe; (Schroeder) Jim Richardson; (Williams) Phototeque; (Jackson) AP/Wide World; (Grizzard) Phototeque; (Robertson) UPI/Bettmann Newsphotos; (Musante) Phototeque; (Dukakis) Richard Sobol; (Hart) UPI/Bettmann Newsphotos; (Devito) Vinnie Zuffante; (Cuomo) AP/Wide World Photos

A Pocket Guide to Where You *Stand on the Issues*

J&B Party Talk

How to Sound Informed (includes alternative answers in case you have to attend more than one fundraiser)

"Pat Robertson would make a good president because..."
- (a) he would push for a flat tax rate
- (b) he wouldn't let something as unconstitutional as the contra hearings ever happen again
- (c) he would make this a moral, Christian nation at last
- (d) the weather would be better

"George Bush has no chance of winning because..."
- (a) he's been vice president since 1981, and we're all tired of him
- (b) he's a toady
- (c) he's a wanker

"Pete du Pont won't get my vote for president because..."
- (a) I like him fine as a governor
- (b) I like him fine as an heir
- (c) his nickname is The Duper
- (d) I can't get this stain out of my Fortrel® pants

"Mike Dukakis seems okay, but I'm not sure I'd want a president whose..."
- (a) relatives may still dive for sponges
- (b) wife was a speed freak for a quarter century
- (c) height falls on the wrong side of five foot eight

"Paul Simon may surprise people and take it all because..."
- (a) he at least has name recognition
- (b) *Graceland* won a Grammy
- (c) he even has a brother named Arthur

"Bruce Babbitt may be fine on children's issues and on confidentiality for AIDS victims, but I couldn't bear a president who is..."
- (a) always hiking and backpacking
- (b) always cycling and climbing
- (c) always rafting and skiing

"So what if Pat Schroeder dropped out—if I want a president who went to Harvard Law, I can always vote for..."
- (a) Bruce Babbit
- (b) Mike Dukakis
- (c) Pete du Pont

"For Dick Gephardt to reach the Oval Office, he'll have to..."
- (a) win in Iowa
- (b) finish at least second in New Hampshire
- (c) slip away unobserved from a White House tour

If You Really Want to Impress...

A. Sharpen your knowledge with this short quiz, to be taken as you dress:

Which one of the following has *not* made a career out of trying to approximate a Kennedy?
- (a) Jack Kemp
- (b) Albert Gore
- (c) Ted Kennedy
- (d) Louis Farrakhan

B. Match the candidate with the quote:

1. Jesse Jackson — (a) "I come from a family of ranchers and frontier merchants."
2. Bruce Babbitt — (b) "Lord, if I cannot take authority over a hurricane, I have no business taking authority over a nation. If you want me in the White House, honor my authority over the storm."
3. Pat Robertson — (c) "Everything I've done in my life has equated with leadership."
4. Jack Kemp — (d) "Instead of merging corporations, purging workers and submerging the economy, we must have the four R's. . . ." etc.
5. George Bush — (e) "I am a provocateur. Some people find me pugnacious and tenacious and obnoxious."

ANSWERS: 1(d); 2 (a); 3 (b); 4 (e); 5 (c)

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OCTAGON

555 W. 33rd St. N.Y., N.Y. 10001
212-947-0400

"Let's meet on W. C. Handy's Place—you know, right on Swing Street between Avenue of the Americas and Fashion Avenue" RENAMED

THE SPY MAP of NEW YORK

Let's say poor, enfeebled billionaire Harry Helmsley decides that Fifth Avenue should be renamed Leona Helmsley Boulevard in honor of that extra-special lady in his life. How does he do it? ▶ First he asks his city councilman to submit a street-name change to the Parks, Recreation and Cultural Affairs Committee of the council, which then holds community hearings so that the Helmsleys' "friends," such as the cowering employees of the family real estate empire, can endorse the change and so that their enemies (everyone else) can oppose it. Next the committee *by Nell Scovell* makes a recommendation to the entire council and a vote is called. If a quorum approves, the bill is sent to the mayor, who has 30 days to sign it into law. ▶ Of course, the Helmsleys are, just now, variously suspected and accused of all sorts of accounting monkey business. But all is not lost. Leona could help her cause by becoming a war hero (one drive, one square, one plaza and one triangle), a jazz musician (one boulevard, one circle, one place, one square) or a superathlete (one corner, one plaza). We can't promise anything, but it's worth a shot.

Sources: The Topological Bureau of the Borough of Manhattan; the New York Public Library; Henry Moscow, The Street Book.

CRUSADERS

Blacks With a Dream

Martin Luther King Jr. Boulevard—freeway at last, freeway at last, thank God Almighty, freeway at last **(125th Street from the Hudson River to the East River)**

•

Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Boulevard—eleven-term high-living Harlem congressman **(Seventh Avenue from Central Park North to West 155th Street)**

•

Frederick Douglass Boulevard—runaway slave, orator **(Eighth Avenue from Frederick Douglass Circle to Harlem River Drive)**

•

Nelson and Winnie Mandela Corner—leaders of South African black-nationalist movement **(East 42nd Street and Second Avenue)**

•

Malcolm X Boulevard—black-power advocate **(Lenox Avenue from West 111th Street to West 145th Street)**

•

Marcus Garvey Avenue—organizer of Back-to-Africa movement **(previously Sumner Avenue from Broadway to Fulton Street)**

Puerto Ricans With a Dream

Luis Munoz Marin Boulevard—first elected governor of the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico **(East 116th Street from Second Avenue to Fifth Avenue)**

•

Loisaida Avenue—antigentrification name for Lower East Side **(Avenue C between East Houston and 14th Streets)**

Jews With a Dream

Shcharansky Steps—Anatoly, tiny Soviet dissident **(west side of First Avenue at East 43rd Street in Ralph J. Bunche Park)**

•

Sakharov-Bonner Corner—Andrei and Yelena, grave Soviet ex-dissidents **(intersection of East 67th Street and Third Avenue)**

•

David Ben-Gurion Place—first Israeli prime minister **(East 43rd Street between Madison and Vanderbilt Avenues)**

•

Golda Meir Square—former

Peretz Square—Isaac Loeb, Hebrew and Yiddish writer **(East Houston Street and First Avenue)**

•

Taras Shevchenko Place—Ukrainian writer **(previously Hall Place; between East 6th and East 7th Streets)**

•

Louise Nevelson Plaza—sculptor and cosmetics buff **(Maiden Lane between William and Liberty Streets)**

•

John Peter Zenger Square—courageous Colonial editor **(intersection of Nassau, Broad and Wall Streets)**

•

Steve Flanders Square—CBS newsman **(east side of Broadway at Murray Street)**

VICTIMS

Strawberry Fields—dedicated to John Lennon **(Central Park at 72nd Street)**

•

Allard K. Lowenstein Place—murdered civil-rights lawyer and former CIA dupe **(northwest corner of East 45th Street and UN Plaza)**

•

Ronald E. McNair Place—*Challenger* astronaut **(East 122nd Street from Lexington to Third Avenue)**

•

Freedom Place—dedicated to murdered civil-rights crusaders Goodman, Schwerner and Chaney **(West 66th Street to West 70th Street between West End Avenue and the West Side Highway)**

•

Martin R. Celic Plaza—fireman who died in line of duty **(southwest corner of Pitt and Delancey Streets)**

•

Hammarskjold Plaza—Dag, secretary-general of the UN who died in plane crash **(East 47th Street between Second and First Avenues)**

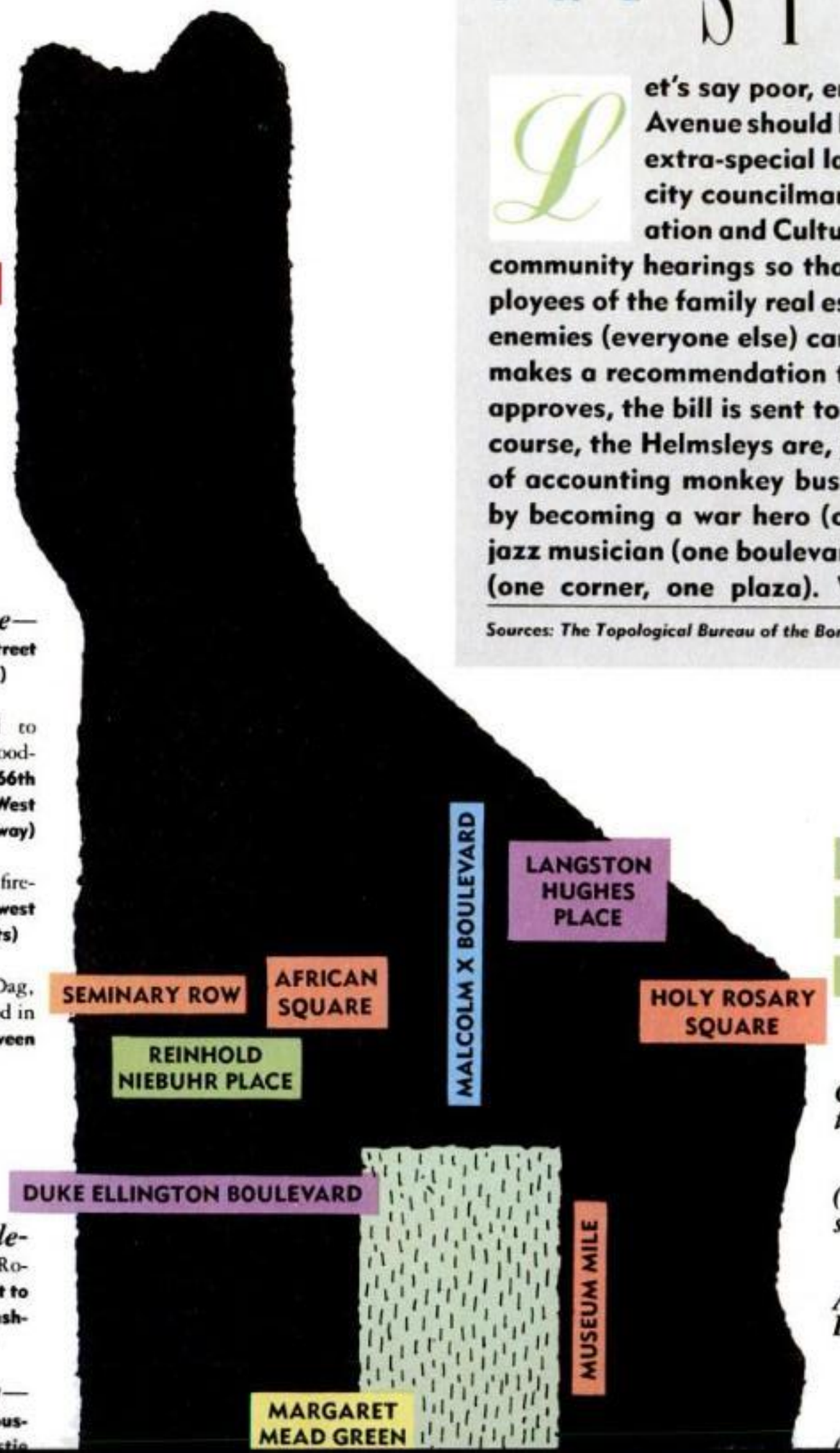
DO-GOODERS

Saints and Near Saints

(Mother) Cabrini Boulevard—first American to become a Roman Catholic saint **(West 180th Street to West 193rd Street between Fort Washington and Chittenden Avenues)**

•

Sara Roosevelt Parkway—FDR's mother **(from Canal to East Houston Street between Forsyth and Chrystie**



LEADERS OF RIGIDLY ORGANIZED SOCIAL INSTITUTIONS

Military Brass

General Douglas MacArthur Plaza **(FDR Drive and East 49th Street)**

•

(General John Joseph) Pershing Square **(East 42nd Street and Park Avenue)**

•

Admiral George Dewey Promenade **(southwest tip of Manhattan)**

War Heroes—a Selection

(Father Francis P.) Duffy Square—chaplain of 165th Infantry **(intersection of Seventh Avenue and Broadway at West 46th Street)**

Lodges

Ancient Order of Hibernius Place—Irish-American organization **(James Street between St. James Place and Madison Street)**

•

Elk Street—the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, New York Lodge #1 **(east of Broadway between Chambers and Duane Streets)**

POLITICIANS AND GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS

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Israeli prime minister **(39th Street and Broadway)**

•

Szold Place—Henrietta, founder of Hadassah **(East 10th Street to East 12th Street between Avenues C and D)**

•

Asser Levy Place—city's first kosher butcher **(East 23rd Street to East 25th Street between First Avenue and FDR Drive)**

ENTERTAINERS

Hep Musicians

Duke Ellington Boulevard—composer, bandleader **(West 106th Street between Riverside Drive and Central Park West)**

•

Thelonious Sphere Monk Circle—jazz composer, pianist **(West 63rd Street from West End Avenue to cul-de-sac)**

•

W. C. Handy's Place—"St. Louis Blues" composer **(52nd Street from Sixth Avenue to Seventh Avenue)**

•

Machito Square—Frank "Machito" Grillo, led Afro-Cuban dance orchestra **(East 111th Street and Third Avenue)**

Unhep Musicians

Fantasticks Lane—perpetual musical comedy **(Sullivan Street between West Houston and Bleecker Streets)**

Athletes

Jack Dempsey Corner—boxer, restaurateur **(northwest corner of West 49th Street and Broadway)**

•

Joe Louis Plaza—boxer **(West 31st Street to West 33rd Street between Seventh and Eighth Avenues)**

Writers and Artists

Herman Melville Square—author of *Moby Dick* **(Park Avenue South and East 26th Street)**

•

Edgar Allan Poe Street—author of "The Raven" **(West 84th Street between Broadway and Riverside Drive)**

•

Langston Hughes Place—poet **(East 127th Street between Fifth and Madison Avenues)**

Streets)

•

Iphigene's (Ochs Sulzberger) Walk—mother of *New York Times* publisher, parks zealot **(the Ramble, Central Park at East 78th Street)**

•

Raoul Wallenberg Walk—Swedish businessman who saved 200,000 Jews from the Nazis **(sidewalk on west side of First Avenue from East 42nd to East 49th Street)**

Anthropologists and Voyeurs

Margaret Mead Green—department curator emeritus of the American Museum of Natural History **(below West 81st Street and between Central Park West and Columbus Avenue)**

Nice Nobodies

Ruth E. Wittenberg Triangle—suffragette **(bounded by West 10th Street, Greenwich Avenue and Sixth Avenue)**

•

Rheba Liebowitz Square—community activist **(intersection of Grand, Henry, Abraham E. Kazan and Jackson Streets)**

•

Wesley Williams Place—former fire chief **(West 135th Street from Lenox Avenue to Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Boulevard)**

•

Samuel D. Leidesdorf Plaza—accountant **(east side of First Avenue from East 32nd Street to East 31st Street)**

Tenant-Rights Heroes

Abraham E. Kazan Street—helped set up Co-op City **(previously Columbia Street, bounded on the south by Grand Street, on the north by Delancey Street)**

•

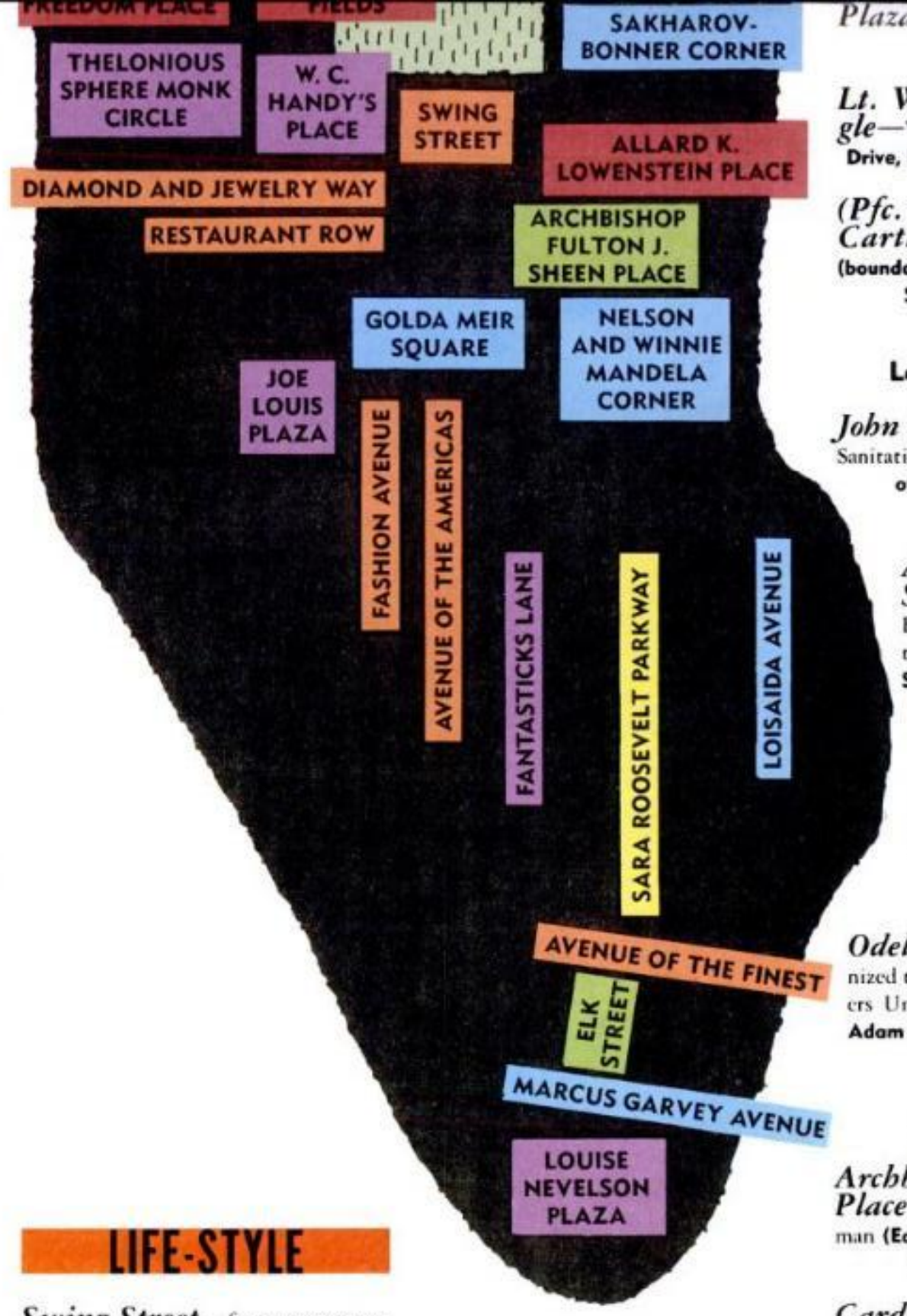
Samuel A. Spiegel Square—assemblyman who sponsored tenant-protection laws **(intersection of Grand and Madison Streets)**

•

John J. Lamula Square—assemblyman who introduced the first rent-control bill **(intersection of Market and Monroe Streets)**

•

Henry J. Browne Boulevard—activist priest who campaigned for public housing on the West Side **(West 90th Street between Columbus and Amsterdam Avenues)**



LIFE-STYLE

Swing Street—former concentration of jazz joints and speakeasies **(52nd Street between Sixth and Seventh Avenues)**

•

Fashion Avenue **(Seventh Avenue from 26th Street to 41st Street)**

•

Restaurant Row **(46th Street between Eighth and Ninth Avenues)**

•

Diamond and Jewelry Way **(47th Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues)**

•

African Square **(intersection of 125th Street and Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Boulevard)**

•

Museum Mile **(Fifth Avenue from 79th Street to 106th Street)**

Holy Rosary Square **(intersection of East 119th Street and Pleasant Avenue)**

•

Seminary Row—Union Theological Seminary and the Jewish Theological Seminary **(West 122nd Street between Amsterdam and Claremont Avenues)**

•

Avenue of the Finest—police headquarters location **(extension of Duane Street between Park Row and St. James Place)**

•

Avenue of the Americas—after the Organization of American States **(Sixth Avenue)**

Plaza—WW I **(Amsterdam Avenue and 181st Street)**

•

Lt. William Tighe Triangle—WW II **(intersection of Riverside Drive, Broadway and Dyckman Street)**

•

(Pfc. Bernard Joseph) McCarthy Square—Guadalcanal **(bounded by Seventh Avenue, Charles Street and Waverly Place)**

Labor Union Leaders

John DeLury, Sr. Plaza—Sanitation Workers Union **(intersection of Fulton and Gold Streets)**

•

A. Philip Randolph Square—first president of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters **(West 116th Street between Seventh and St. Nicholas Avenues)**

•

Alex Rose Place **(West 186th Street between Cabrini Boulevard and Chittenden Avenue)**

•

Odell M. Clark Place—organized the Amalgamated Laundry Workers Union **(West 138th Street between Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Boulevard and Lenox Avenue)**

Church Officials

Archbishop Fulton J. Sheen Place—secretly homosexual clergyman **(East 43rd Street between Lexington and Third Avenues)**

•

Cardinal Stepinac Place—cardinal **(West 41st Street and Tenth Avenue)**

•

Rev. John P. Ladson Place—Second Canaan Missionary Baptist Church **(Lenox Avenue between 110th and 111th Streets)**

•

Reinhold Niebuhr Place—Protestant theologian, Jimmy Carter's hero **(West 120th Street between Broadway and Riverside Drive)**

•

Cardinal Hayes Place—another cardinal **(Duane Street to Pearl Street, near Worth Street)**

•

Father Demo Square—Church of Our Lady of Pompeii **(Bleecker Street and Sixth Avenue)**

Former U.S. Senators

Robert F. Wagner Sr. Place **(extension of the Avenue of the Finest between St. James Place and South Street)**

•

(Chauncey Mitchell) Depew Place **(East 42nd to East 45th Street between Vanderbilt and Lexington Avenues)**

Former Mayors

(John Purroy) Mitchell Square **(Broadway and West 166th Street)**

•

(Daniel F.) Tiemann Place **(West 124th Street between Broadway and Riverside Drive)**

Municipal Officials

Harry Blumenstein Plaza—former deputy inspector, New York Police Department **(northwest corner of Broome and Pitt Streets)**

•

Frank D'Amico Plaza—former principal of J.H.S. 65 **(bounded by Hester Street, Canal Street, Sara Roosevelt Park and Forsyth Street)**

•

Doris C. Freedman Plaza—first director of the city's Department of Cultural Affairs **(in Central Park, north of Grand Army Plaza and west of Fifth Avenue)**

•

Nathan D. Perlman Place—four-term Manhattan congressman **(East 15th Street to East 17th Street between Second and First Avenues)**

•

Vincent F. Albano Square—chairman of New York Republican County Committee **(East 41st Street and Tudor City Place)**

•

Edwin M. Morgan Place—New York postmaster from 1897–1925 **(Broadway and West 158th Street)**

Tammany Hall Leaders

(Thomas F.) Foley Square—Al Smith's political godfather **(intersection of Centre and Pearl Streets)**

•

(Peter J.) Hamill Place—Foley's successor **(between Pearl and Worth Streets, off Centre Street)**

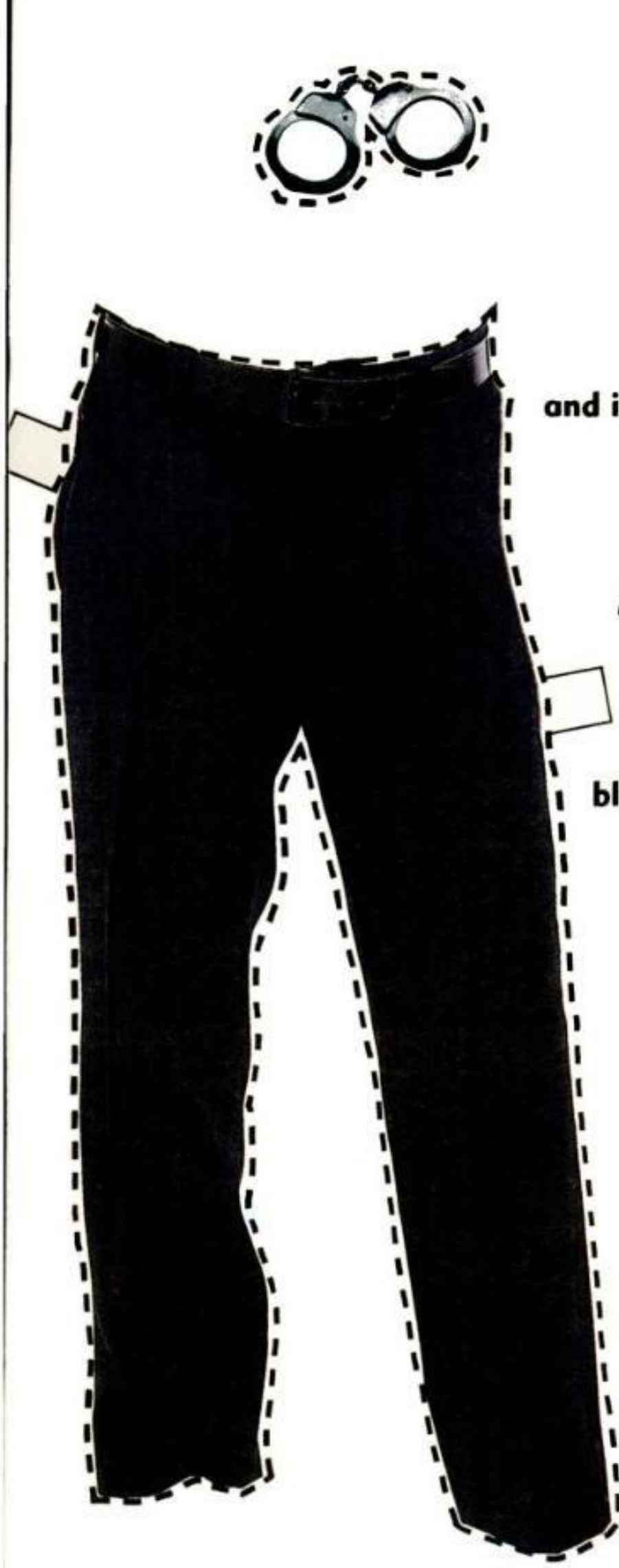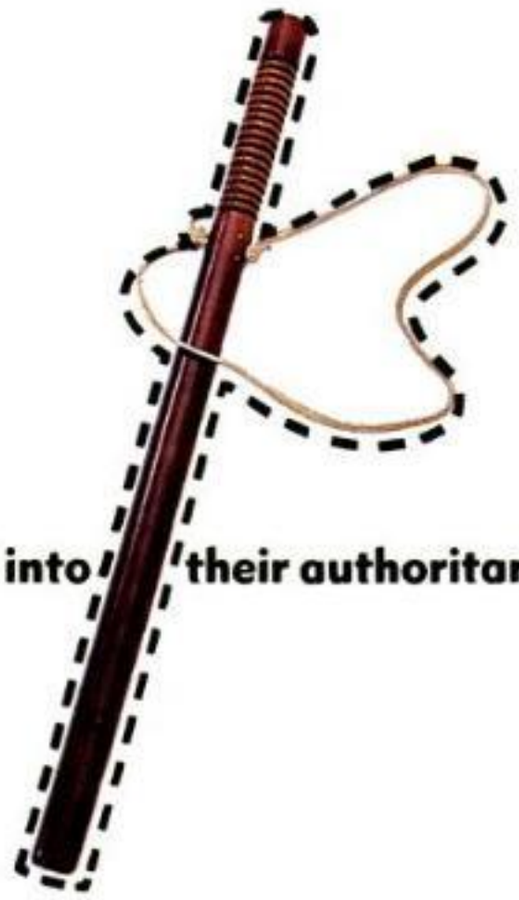
•

(James J.) Frawley Circle—leader of 17th District Assembly **(Central Park North and Fifth Avenue)**

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By day they're ordinary—*really* ordinary—civilians. But as soon as they slip out of their workaday duds and into their authoritarian blues, they begin their posturing and overreacting. They're make-believe crime fighters, they're *faux* police, they're the goofy tagalong kid brothers and sisters of New York's Finest, they're . . .

THE HOBBY COPS















BY
JAMES TRAUB

PHOTOGRAPHS
BY
ED EDAHL

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19:42 HOURS (or thereabouts), June 17. Officer Robin Riccio, in civilian garb, is brushing away the crumbs as Officer Nick Diomede, a genuine police officer, polishes off the last of his sandwich. A hubbub of greetings and well-worn gibes begins to rise as men file into the tiny room in the Central Park Precinct house. Captain Stephan Peskin arrives in his business suit, ducks into a little room and reemerges in the blue uniform with the crisp white shirt that signify his rank. Diomede tilts back in his creaky swivel chair and facetiously complains about raids on his Mr. Coffee machine. Riccio leafs through a battered file cabinet. And another officer shouts, "Fall in!" The men (and woman) stop talking and line up—all four of them—and listen to the evening's patrol assignments. For the next several hours these blue-clad volunteers will harm no one while enjoying a pleasant stroll up and down the well-lit main arteries of Central Park. Perhaps they'll give directions—it comes with the territory. Not much else does. The men exit into the warm summer's evening. And so begins another everyday episode of . . . *Hobby Cops!*

PERHAPS, WITHOUT REALIZING IT, YOU'VE seen some of these men and women marching vigilantly up and down your neighborhood avenues, preventing crimes of opportunity. They are the Auxiliary Police. They wear blue uniforms with shiny badges and shoulder patches, just like the real police, although if you look very closely you can see the word AUXILIARY on the badge and patch. Around their midsection they carry the usual clanking selection of police gear—nightstick, handcuffs, notepad, flashlight, everything *except* the service revolver, thank God. Some do carry bullet pouches, which look quite smart.

Who are the Auxiliaries? They're men and women just like you—lawyers and dentists, mailmen and schoolteachers. The difference



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Auxiliary Policeman Richard Lenchus

between them and you is that while you sit on your duff and grouse about how the neighborhood is going to hell, they show up at the precinct house and offer to spend several of their leisure hours patrolling the streets. Perhaps you've even jeered at these self-appointed do-gooders. It's a cynical age.

Say you decide to get off the dime and join the Auxiliary Police. Maybe you think you're too old, or too short, or too fat, or too lame. Don't worry: the AP can't afford to quibble. The force used to have minimal physical standards; no longer. And the minimum age has been lowered from 21 to 17, to take advantage of the large pool of eager young boys and girls who fantasize about being cops. *Anybody* can be an AP. "If you can walk and put on clothes," says an actual police detective in Queens, you're qualified. Even if you can't walk a beat, in fact, you may make it onto the force. Another real police officer recalls an Auxiliary in the 20th Precinct, on the Upper West Side, who "was deformed or something. The guy couldn't walk normally. People on West End Avenue who used to see him would call up and say that the cop on the post was drunk." One eager East Village AP walks with a pronounced, almost violent limp. An AP in Queens allegedly has epileptic seizures triggered by the flashing lights of police cars.

Anyway, you can graduate from walking. Once they get old and infirm, APs can sometimes wangle a promotion that allows them to ride around in a patrol car, supervising their inferiors in the rank structure.

Your first step in joining the APs is simply to show up at the local precinct house some evening and ask for the Auxiliary coordinator, generally a real cop in middle age who has been rewarded with the job of camp counselor. If you're lucky, he'll be in, shooting the breeze with some of the campers. You will be fingerprinted, and your identity will be checked. Unless you have a felony in your past, there's nothing to worry about. Misdemeanors are a judgment call. Among the sure disqualifiers, for example, is a conviction for drugs or child molesting. And Manhattan North turned down a stripper who had been booked a dozen times for lewd behavior.

Once you're over the initial hurdle, there's a once-a-week, 15-week course to pass. Instruction includes such basic police tactics as how to question people in a car (don't stand in front of the car); how to switch off the third rail in case you have to pursue a "perp" (that's police talk) down the subway tracks, which in any event you are not supposed to do; and how to make a valid citizen's arrest. APs, like any other civilians, can legally arrest a perpetrator in mid-act (*see box*). "If I have my pants down, and my penis is in my hand, and I've got a girl pinned down under me, there's a good chance I plan on rape," explains Auxiliary Captain Steven Wichik of the 19th Precinct—the Upper East Side—by way of illustration. Captain Wichik is a teacher at a public school that, perhaps wisely, he declines to name.

After you pass the exam, which has been made as difficult to fail as possible, you're ready to suit up and hit the streets. You're dreaming of making "collars" on some of those "perps," of dispersing angry crowds with a few well-chosen words, of making shoptalk with real live cops. Dream on, buster. "It's got nothing to do with *Miami Vice*," says dour Captain Wichik. "It's hard, it's boring, and it's dull." And tedious, too. APs are not supposed to get themselves in trouble. *Don't be a hero*—you learn that on the first day. In fact, *don't even be a make-believe cop*. You are merely the eyes and ears of the police force—you learn that on the first day too, and then you re-



Photographer Maury Englander



Auxiliary Policeman Maury Englander

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peat it as often as possible. If you stumble on an armed robbery, use your police radio. And duck.

Anyway, you're not likely to stumble on an armed robbery, or even a man with his penis in his hand. Patrols stop for the night at around 11:00 p.m., before things get too hairy. And you try to avoid dangerous areas. In Manhattan North, which stretches from 43rd to 59th Street on the West Side, Auxiliaries are not allowed to stray to lower Eighth Avenue or to Tenth Avenue between 47th and 48th Streets. On their once-a-week forays they tend to hover around Rockefeller Center. In Central Park nobody walks north of 86th Street. And because of a dwindling number of recruits, the squad ventures out only on Monday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings. You can see where this system might have its drawbacks as a law-enforcement strategy. "Every mugger in town knows when we're on patrol," says Ron Troy, a member of the Central Park squad. "It makes it easier for them."

The Auxiliaries, it must be said, are not universally appreciated. The Patrolmen's Benevolent Association has for years denounced the volunteer force as a source of free labor for the city, cheating cops out of overtime pay during parades and festivals and political demonstrations. APs and even many real cops consider this argument absurd (then again, no one's ever confused the PBA with a think tank). But even *the president of the Auxiliary Policemen's Benevolent Association*, John Hyland, says, "The APs do not know what they're doing." Hyland claims that the force—*his* force, nominally—is shot through with young hotheads running wild and middle-aged would-be careermen. Hyland is not all that popular with the rank and file.

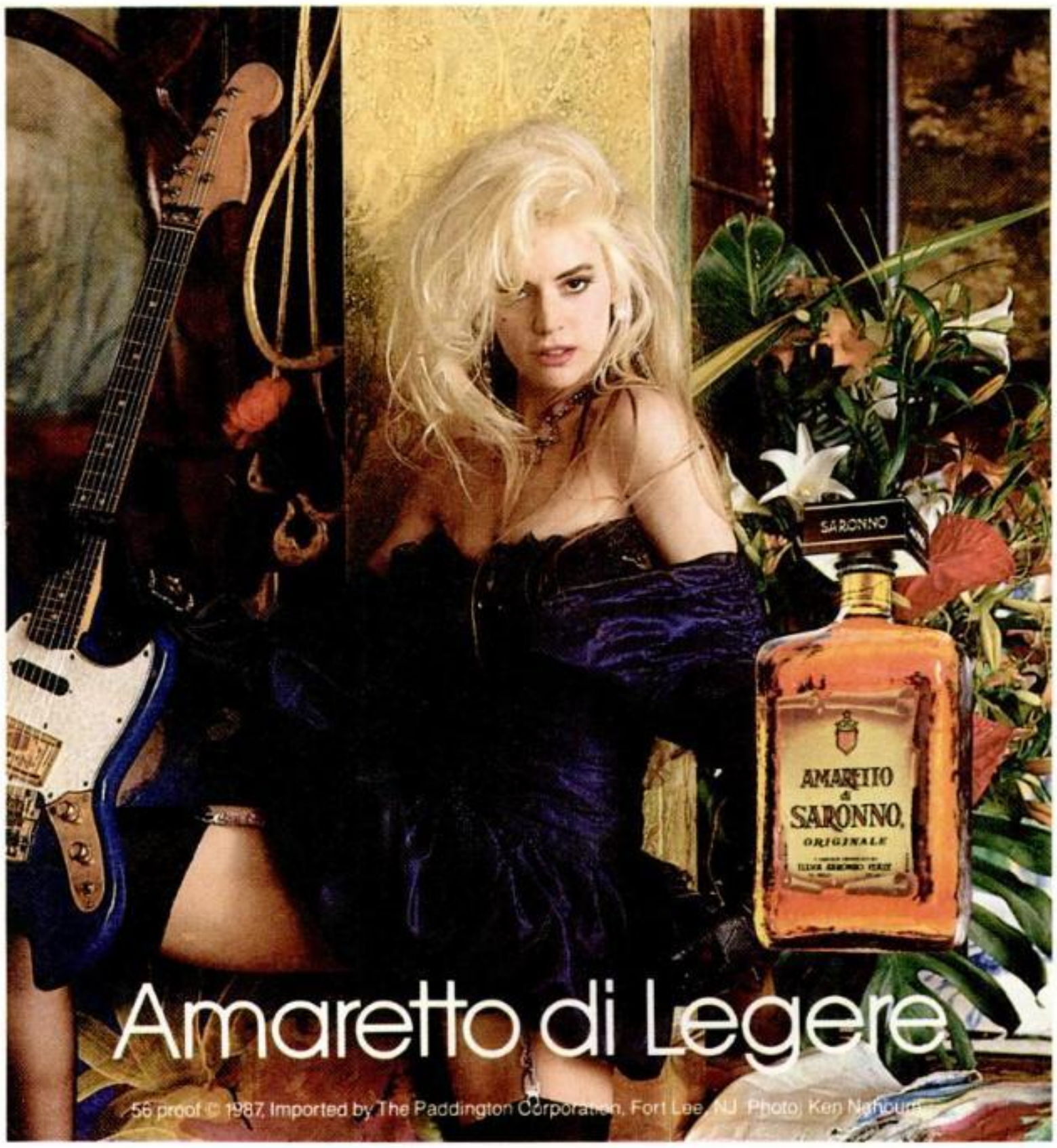
As for the opinion of the pros—well, they do not subscribe to the idea that it is better to say nothing if you can't say something nice. Young cops do tend to speak comparatively well of the APs, perhaps because they, like most Auxiliaries, are novices. But your veteran officer, your world-weary, streetwise cynic-in-blue, tends to view the Auxiliaries as a bunch of clowns. According to one 20-year man, a lieutenant, "Most cops feel that at best [APs] are useless and at worst they're a hindrance." The sight of the aged, the rheumy and the incompetent in uniform makes cops wince. Real police get especially steamed when an Auxiliary gets on the radio—thus cluttering up communication in the precinct—to report some nonevent. And when you get right down to it, not many cops can take seriously anyone who would pound a beat *for nothing*. "I don't buy this nonsense about helping people," says a prematurely hardened young patrolman standing watch in the jewelry district. "If they wanted to help people, they'd be candy stripers at the hospital or something."

And that's the way it is with the hobby cops. They don't get the pay *and* they don't get the respect. So if it's glory you're after, don't even bother. Remember that motto: "It's hard, it's boring, and it's dull."

Action

THE CENTRAL PARK SQUAD IS THE white-collar elite of the Auxiliary force. Ex-restaurateur Vincent Sardi, universally respected as a stand-up guy, is a veteran. Other former APs include talk show host Barry Gray and his former boss at WMCA, media baronet Peter Straus. Many of the swells were attracted by the squad's famous mounted unit, in which they rode resplendent in shiny boots, leather belts, tight pants and other highly attractive accessories. The unit, unfortunately, has been temporarily grounded by a shortage of horses. Lording it genially over the Central Parksters is beer-bellied, copper-faced Officer Diomede, obviously enjoying his declining years behind a desk.

This evening I have been committed to the care of Captain Peskin, a criminal lawyer and 20-year AP veteran. It is one of those sweet summer evenings, moonlit and soft, and as we saunter southward on East Drive it's hard to understand the park's ominous nighttime reputation. Joggers and bicyclists and even slow-moving citizens swim in and out of pools of light. I ask Captain Peskin if he's seen much dramatic action in his day. Well, there was the moment when he and a partner discovered the ice skater Dick Button after Button and a friend had their skulls cracked by a gang of bat-wielding gay-bashers; but that's about it. Peskin, who generally looks merely well dressed and quiet but acquires a fine paramilitary air once he dons the pressed white shirt and



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blue uniform, recalls the good old days when he served on the mounted unit and picked up girls "left and right." They'd come over to coo at the horse and then stay to coo at the rider. Peskin met his wife this way. Of course, she didn't like cops, but—the police radio at his side crackles. "*Attempted rape*."

"That's one of *my men*," snaps a suddenly stern Captain Peskin. "Jack, give me your location."

"East 60th, near the Dairy."

And we're off—not at a run, but at a brisk, commanding pace. At the scene of the crime we find Jack Hershcopf and his partner, Ed Morton. Jack, a dealer of precious metals, is short and plump and pushing 70 and, with his tightly knotted tie, looks like a Mitteleuropa bourgeois out for a stroll. Ed, a mailroom clerk in a city government office, is tall and gawky and timid, and he keeps his cap pulled down over his eyes as if he were traveling incognito. Though afraid of the dark and of dogs, Ed is very loyal. "If I were to ask Ed to count every brick in this sidewalk, he'd do it," says Captain Peskin. "And a week later he'd remember how many bricks there were. *That's the kind of guy Ed is*."

Meanwhile, Captain Peskin takes charge. "Folks, out of the way. Ed, you go down the hill that way." The would-be rapist has disappeared, and the captain does not expect to find him. "You know he's gone to ground, if he's smart," he says to some ASPCA officers, who first found the victim. I ask him what the official-sounding phrase *go to ground* means. Police lingo, says Captain Peskin, for lying on the ground until everyone goes away. Later, I couldn't find a real policeman who'd ever heard the expression.

Now Captain Peskin turns his eye on the young black man who chased the perpetrator. He goes over the usual questions—height, clothing, identifying features. But it's not much use. "He goes to ground," the wily old vet concludes, "and they'll never find him." The streetwise teenager cherishes this piece of authentic police insight. "*Yeah*," he says, obviously impressed. Captain Peskin lightens up, chats amiably for a few moments and dismisses the young man and his girlfriend.

Our duty done, we swagger off to our beat. "You put on the uniform," Captain Peskin had told me, "and you walk differently. You become impervious. You feel like you can leap tall buildings in a single bound." Another black teenager suddenly heaves into view, asking for "the exit" from the park.

"Where you going?" asks the captain, with only the faintest hint of a challenge.

"I'm just trying to get out."

Captain Peskin, still on a mild high from the evening's atypical excitement, slips into his cross-examination mode. "Just tell me where you're going, kid."

"Hey, I do something wrong or something?"

The man in blue meets him and raises him ten. "Why—are you carrying a knife?"

The kid is incredulous. "*Hey*, I'm just trying to get *out* of here."

Captain Peskin relaxes his vigilance, chuckles and waves a benevolent hand toward a nearby exit onto Fifth Avenue. As the kid leaves, Peskin explains that a radio bulletin earlier in the evening had warned of an armed youth in a blue shirt. The kid's T-shirt had looked more or less blue. Can't leave anything to chance. About two minutes later the bulletin is repeated. The armed young man was white.



Dog Walker
Robin Riccio



Mounted Auxiliary Policewoman
Robin Riccio

Inaction

19:38 HOURS, JULY 21. CEASAR ANderson, Andre Rodriguez, Eddie Guzman and I are slowly tooling up First Avenue in the 23rd Precinct's Auxiliary patrol car. After seven years with the East Harlem squad, Ceasar, a doorman at Mount Sinai Medical Center, has reached an age, girth and seniority where riding, rather than walking, is a treasured privilege. Andre, a 17-year-old who has just finished his Auxiliary training, has been paired with the slow-moving Ceasar to learn the virtues of watchfulness and restraint. When Andre waves to his pals, Ceasar tells him to cut it out; it's unprofessional. Not that Andre needs much training. Teetering on the brink of ghetto oblivion at 14, Andre swore off girls, reefer and hanging out and became the second Hispanic in East Harlem ever to be made an Eagle Scout. Andre's ears-and-eyes-of-the-police are no joke; there may not be a cop in the precinct who knows the streets better than he does.

It's raining hard, the sewers have backed up and the streets are flooding—a typical Harlem mess. What's worse, the

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hydrants are open all over the neighborhood. Shutting off the hydrants is the principal AP summer occupation in the 23rd. "You got a wrench underneath the seat there," says Eddie Guzman, sitting in the back with me. Eddie is a member of the precinct's large corps of cop buffs. He took the police exam, failed and became a mailman instead. After work he often heads for the precinct house, where he mans the phones, runs errands and generally makes himself useful to the real policemen. It may be as close as he'll ever get to his life's ambition.

Nobody can find the wrench.

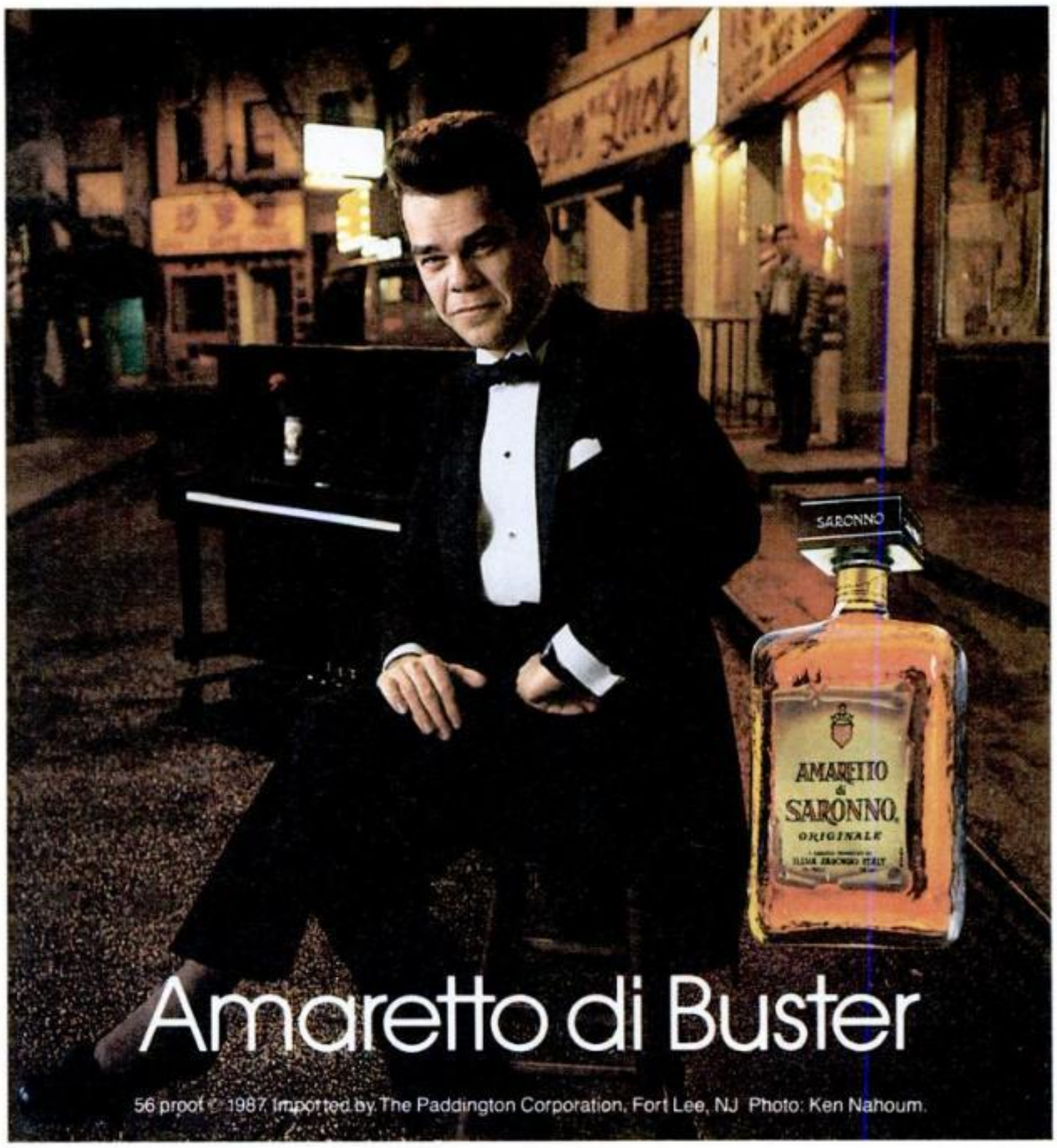
19:40 HOURS. We find the wrench. Eddie tightens the nut on a hydrant near an entrance ramp to the FDR Drive.

19:42 HOURS. Blue Toyota Celica flooded out on the same entrance ramp. We pile out and gather around the car. The driver starts it by himself. Mission accomplished.

19:53 HOURS. Andre has been pointing out the sights. Now he's on crack houses. "See that apartment building, No. 214? [We are above 100th Street.] Go up to the second floor, turn right, knock on the door. . . . In the alley over there, you got all these guys crowding up, needles all over the place." Drugs are sold along Lexington Avenue at 103rd, 106th, 110th. Andre knows this the way a suburban kid knows where you can climb through the fence to get to the baseball field.

As we head up Third Avenue, past shuttered stores, past men lounging in undershirts in front of bodegas, past Chinese restaurants where take-out orders are pushed through a slot, we are stopped by another Auxiliary. He tells Ceasar that he's going to return to the precinct to write up a report on the flooding at the corner where he's standing. Though this Auxiliary is obviously slow-witted, Ceasar is amazed at the special stupidity of the idea. Half the street corners in Harlem are flooded, and this officer is going to retire to the precinct house to write up a report on *one* of them. If Ceasar had any rank, he might have stopped him. But, lacking the ambition to order people around, he's never taken Auxiliary officer training.

20:41 HOURS. We are flagged down at 108th and Second by a woman whose car





Retiree and ex-Marine Jerry Jansen



Deputy Inspector Jerry Jansen

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According to the law—that is, Criminal Procedure Law Section 140.30, Arrest Without a Warrant; By any Person; When and Where Authorized—any citizen who witnesses a breach of law can make an arrest. The arresting citizen must simply restrain the offender and escort him to a police officer; the officer will take him into custody and then file an arrest warrant. This is the statutory provision covering the Guardian Angels when they put a mugger up against the side of a subway car.

If the accused lawbreaker did not, in fact, commit the offense, the arresting private citizen is liable for damages—unlike a police officer, who is liable only if the arrest was made without probable cause.

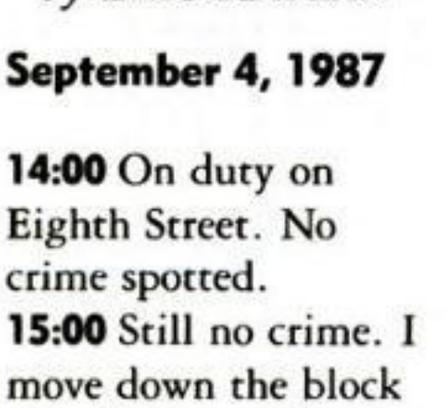
Nevertheless, I decided that, as a citizen, I would try to do my bit for a more law-abiding New York.

CITIZEN'S ARREST!

A True-Life Criminal-Justice Adventure
by ERIC KAPLAN

September 4, 1987

14:00 On duty on Eighth Street. No crime spotted.
15:00 Still no crime. I move down the block to stake out a pizzeria.
15:14 Observe a suspect, middle-aged Caucasian female, using our city streets as a litter bin for her cigarette butt. She ducks into a shoe store to escape apprehension, and I follow her in. The


15:15

following exchange ensues:

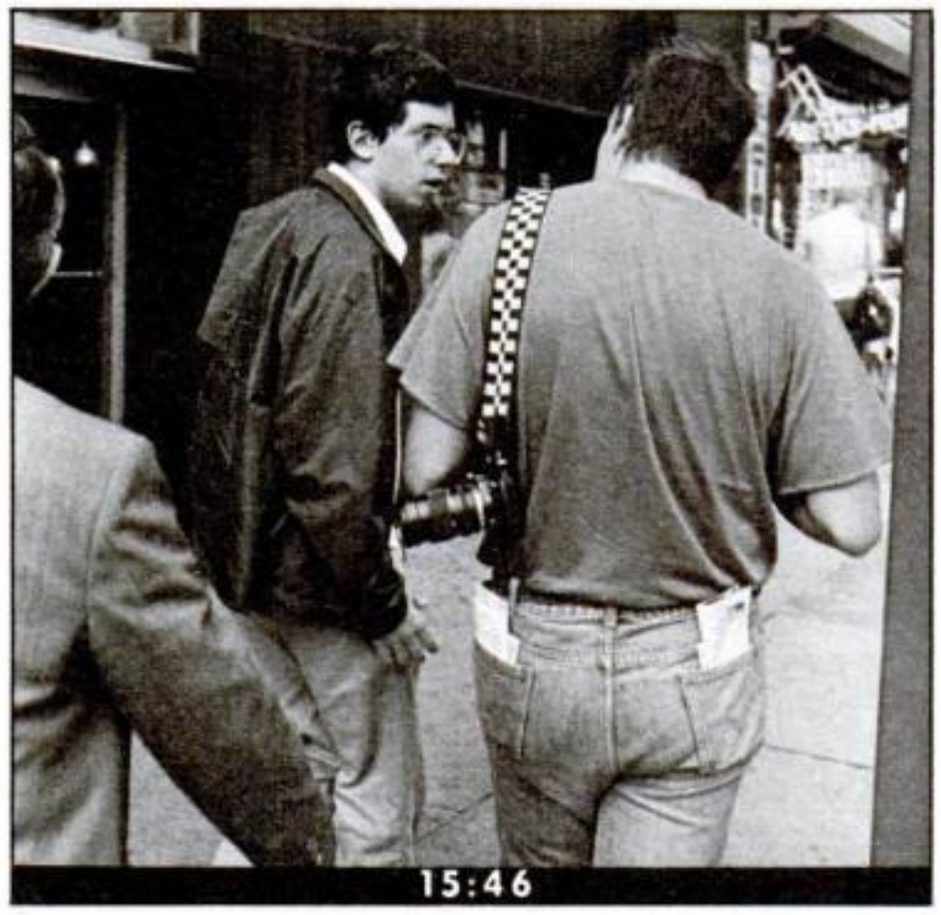
"*You just broke the law.*"
"How?"
"*You threw that cigarette butt onto the street. I'm not going to physically restrain you, but I'm placing you under arrest.*"
"Fine." Suspect walks away from me and tries to resist arrest by buying shoes.
"*Come back. You're under arrest.*"
"Show me some ID."
"*I don't need to show you ID—I'm a private citizen.*"
"Fine. Go away."
Suspect continues attempt to ignore me and to buy shoes.
"*Any citizen can arrest someone. Look right here.*"
I show suspect a copy of the relevant section of the Criminal Procedure Law.
"Go away, or I'll call the police."
"*You don't understand. I'm going to call the police.*"
"Go right ahead."

I leave. Suspect is too belligerent.

15:20 In search of more crime, I travel up to the Times Square area, where a corpulent individual is distributing Dianetics leaflets to passersby. No littering observed.


15:30

15:45 Observe a middle-aged Caucasian male, foreign accent, eating peanuts and treating New York's streets as a garbage pail for the shells.


15:46

"*You're under arrest.*"
"What for?"
"*You were littering with those peanut shells. I'm not going to touch you, but come with me.*"


15:47

"Everyone does it."
"*That's no excuse. You're under arrest.*"
"Show me some ID."
"*I'm not claiming to be a policeman. I'm placing you under arrest as a private citizen. It says I can right here.*" I show him the relevant statute.
"Fuck off!"


15:48

Ask suspect to accompany me to a police officer. Suspect declines. Decide to let him go with a warning. Suspect tells me friends "back home" warned him to beware of people like me in Times Square.

16:05 Sometime later I spot a woman smoking. On a hunch, I shadow her down Seventh Avenue between 42nd and 43rd. My hunch pays off. When she has smoked the usable portion of the cigarette, she treats Seventh Avenue like a big ashtray.

"*Do you know that you just broke the law?*"
"Yeah." I expect her to turn herself in, but she continues walking.
"*I'm placing you under arrest.*"
"Okay." She continues walking.
"*Come with me.*"
"I don't have time."
"*That doesn't matter. You're under arrest.*"
"You're going to have to come with me to Matawan, New Jersey, then."
"*You don't understand. You have to come with me.*"
"Make me."
"*I'm serious.*"
"So am I."

Suspect becomes a fugitive.


16:07

We citizens must either exercise our right to arrest more forcefully than I did or allow ourselves to be arrested by private citizens more easily. Otherwise, our rights as citizens to arrest one another may well wither away. As Sergeant Peter Sweeney, a spokesman for the New York Police Department, would apparently prefer. "We recommend [would-be arresters] go to the police," Sergeant Sweeney says. "That's why we have the Block Watchers Program, that's why we have the Auxiliary program, the eyes and ears. If they have to, they have to, but we recommend they go to the police."

Photographs by Anthony Savalich

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has broken down. We gather around and offer ineffectual advice. Ceasar, who never claimed to be an auto mechanic, rambles off to the Pizza & Taco across the street. By the time I join him, he is consuming a remarkable concoction—a slice of pizza with a single lump in the center, a piece of cheese having been draped over the lump and melted. Later Ceasar explains: he likes to have one big sausage on his pizza, instead of scattered slices. "You want to make sure that there's *meat* there."

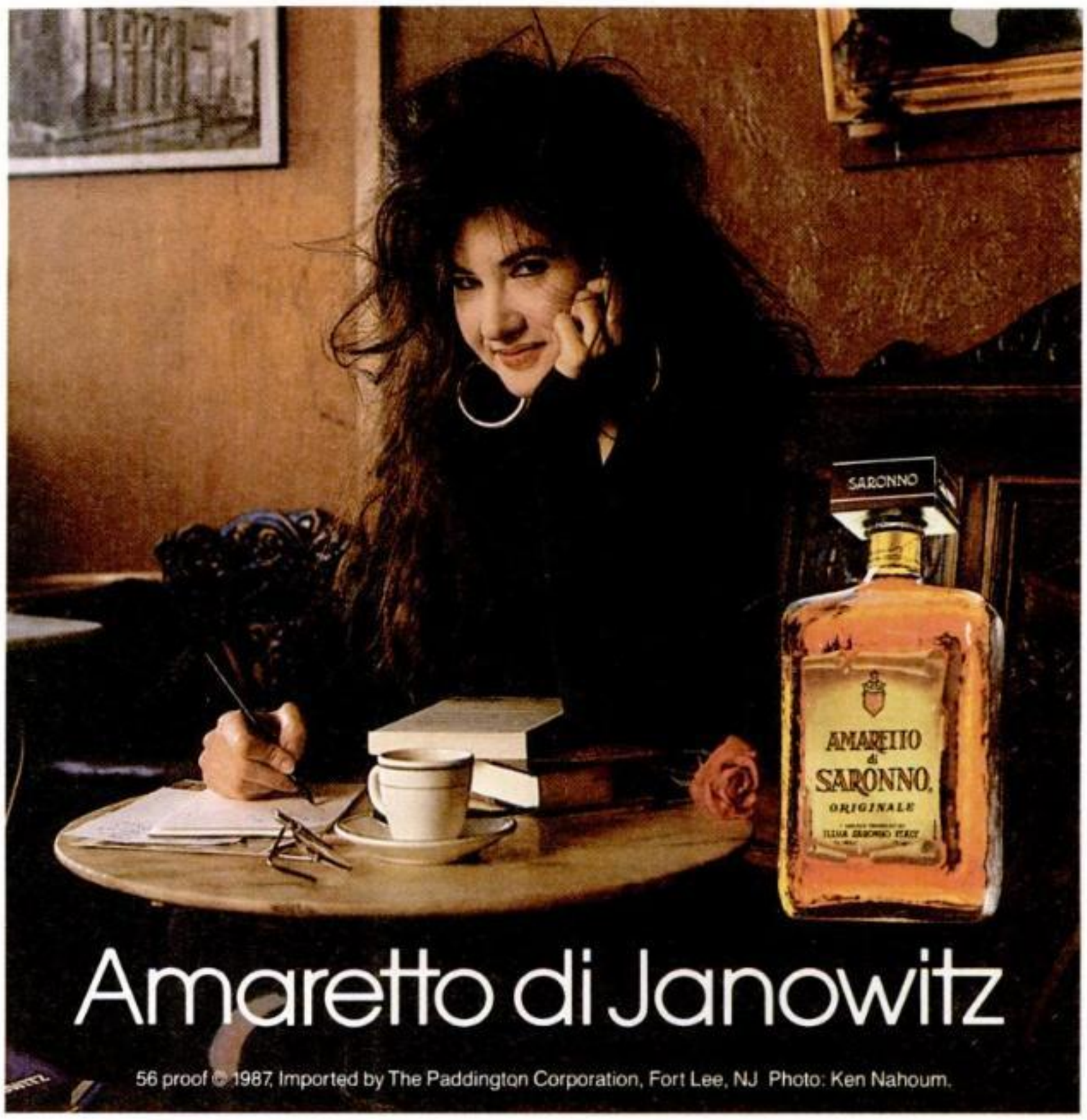
THEREAFTER. Ceasar says, "We're going to have some burglaries on Park Avenue. I can feel it." We cruise up and down Park, looking for the usual car battery thefts. Nothing doing. Harlem, at least the Harlem we can see, is quiet. I fall asleep.

——*Village Vigilance*——

AUXILIARY SQUADS NATURALLY TAKE ON the character of their precincts. Up in the 41st (Fort Apache, the Bronx), high-school-age APs run after armed muggers, according to a cop who had her first assignment there. Chinatown has, of course, a virtually all-Chinese force, whose radio messages in Cantonese confuse real officers in the neighborhood. And the 6th—Greenwich Village—is the cool precinct. The night I dropped by, the patrol included black-belt karate champion Richard Lenchus and the beauteous, red-haired Stephanie Phelan, a magazine art director and uncrowned Miss Auxiliary. Missing, unfortunately, was the notorious Jerry Jansen, widely considered the epitome of the ludicrously stern authoritarian type who climbs up the Auxiliary rank structure.

A few days after my visit, Jansen called to grill me: "Exactly what kind of magazine do you represent, and exactly what kind of article do you have in mind?" He said he had "got enough publicity" and was pleased that I was writing about others. He praised the squad: "Anyone'll tell you we're one of the best-run, best-disciplined, best-looking squads around." He said that he was an inspector—the highest AP rank. I had thought that the only inspector was at AP headquarters, in Queens. "I beg your pardon," said Jansen. "I'm a *deputy* inspector." Just a slip of the tongue.

A lot of strange things happen in the 6th. John Hyland of the APBA recalls an incident in which a local AP was picked up by the Transit Police for having oral sex on the subway. "I don't know if it was with nine guys or whatever." It's a colorful life for the 6th Precinct volunteers. As we crossed Sheridan Square, Lieutenant Blase Adinolfi, my partner for the evening, recalled the time he saw a guy bashing his girlfriend's head in at the phone booth next to the busy subway station. Adinolfi likes breaking up fights; as a family counselor with New York City's Human Resources Administration, he more or less does it for a living as well as a hobby.



SOME HOTHEAD RAMBO FLASHED HIS SHIELD AT A KID HURDLING A TURNSTILE, GOT INTO A FIGHT, CALLED OUT A "COP IN TROUBLE" OVER THE RADIO—AND STARTED A RIOT IN WHICH FIVE COPS WERE HURT

——*Dull Interlude*——

SOMETIMES THE AUXILIARY FORCE LOOKS better on paper than in living blue. Headquarters puts the force at 4,000 men and women (and boys and girls). The APBA insists that only 2,500 of that figure are active. The city is reimbursed for the program by the state and federal governments according to the size of the force and the number of hours served, and until a few years ago Auxiliary coordinators were encouraged to keep those figures high—artificially, if need be. That practice has

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supposedly been abandoned, and coordinators are now encouraged to get rid of the deadwood left from that period. Apparently there's a lot left. The night I visited the 17th, on the East Side, the coordinator wasn't even around, but the ranking Auxiliary, Lieutenant Bill Thomas, told me that the squad had been whittled down to 25. Of those, maybe two-thirds were active, reducing patrols to twice a week.

An air of disconsolate decline, of middle-aged male desuetude, hung over the 17th's cubbyhole office that evening. The few men inside were very old or very short or both. They mumbled greetings, then fell silent. They could have used a Stephanie Phelan. I was taken out onto Third Avenue and introduced to two of the three or four APs walking a beat that night. We ordered a car to stop to let us cross the street. We pushed a stalled taxi. And that was the night. It's no wonder they're having recruiting problems in the 17th.

More Havoc Up in Harlem

DWAYNE WILLIAMSON AND CARLOS Melendez are "doing a vertical" at 116th and Lexington—swooping down into the subway to scare away fare beaters and give the clerk a chance to collect tokens from the turnstiles. A teenager ambles down the stairs, takes one look at us and ambles right on out of the station, as if he just came down for a breath of stale air. Across the tracks about half a dozen kids are lounging near the turnstiles, giving us the eyeball. We could, in theory, scoot up, out and down again on their side. We could, but we won't. It's too hot, and it's not worth the provocation. Dwayne remembers when some hothead Rambo AP flashed his shield at a kid hurdling a turn-

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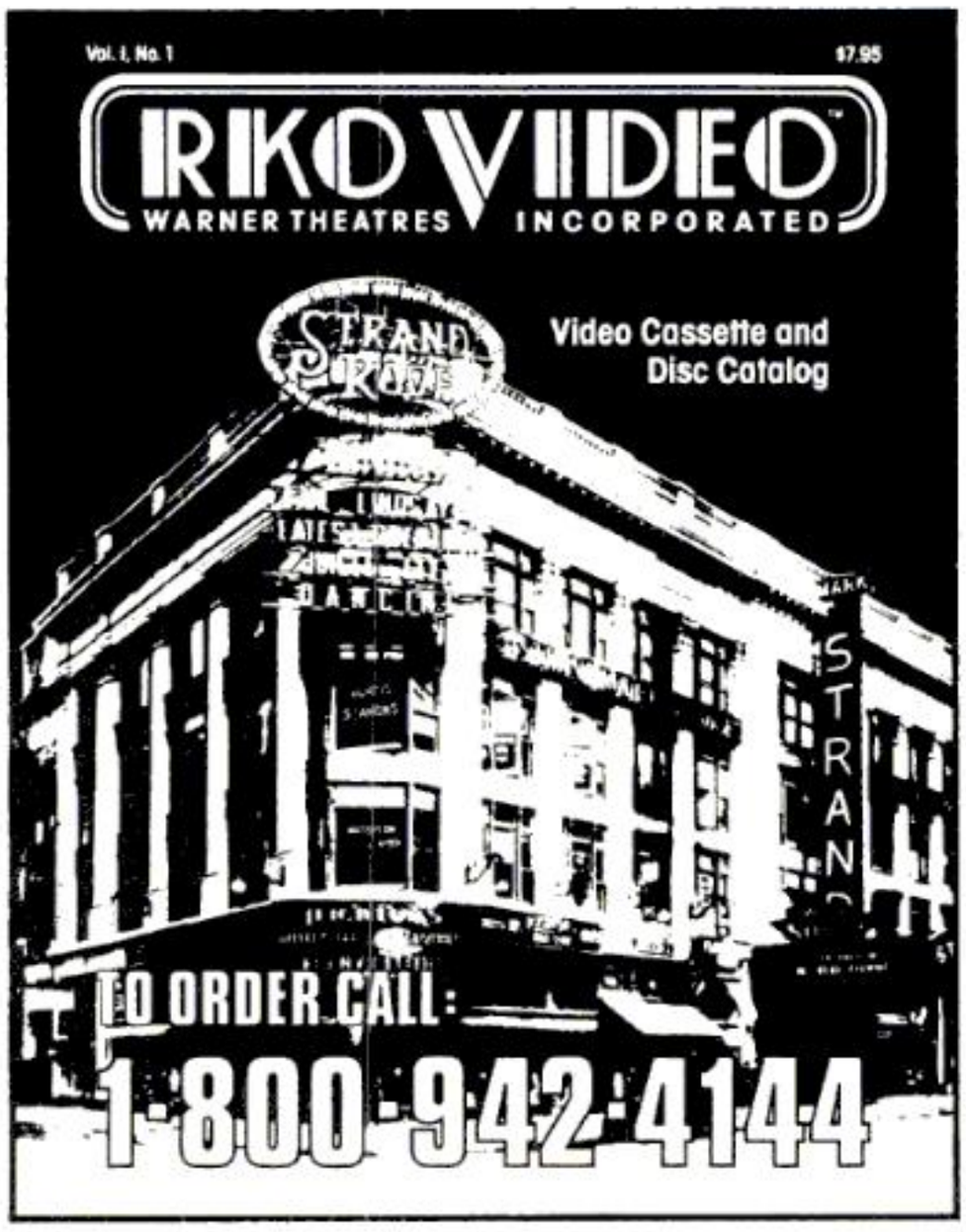


	THE POLICE	AUXILIARY POLICE	GUARDIAN ANGELS	BERNIE GOETZ
Median Age	30	38	19	39
Uniform	blue polyester-cotton blend	blue polyester-cotton blend	T-shirt and red beret studded with pins	windbreaker, aviator glasses
Favorite Toy	walkie-talkie	uniform	sneakers	gun
1970s Media Embodiment	*Kojak*	Barney Fife	Curtis Sliwa	*Death Wish*
1980s Media Embodiment	*Hill Street Blues*	Barney Fife	Lisa Sliwa	*Revenge of the Nerds*
Ethnicity	Italian, Irish	WASP, Jewish, Hispanic	black, Hispanic	Middle European
Scariest to	black graffiti artists	real cops	yuppie subway riders	sane people
Method of Apprehending Suspects	gun	calling the police	a forceful citizen's arrest	shooting in the back
Lingo	*apprehend, individual, altercation, perpetrator, vehicle, at this time*	*go to ground; What time you got?*	*Crooklyn, coolacious*	FORTRAN
Coolness Rating	moderate	low	high	moderate
Career Goal	a desk	chance to say, "*All right, buddy, it's a bust!*"	coolaciousness	calibrating electrical devices, ridding New York of lowlife scum who don't deserve to live
Secret Life	treasurer of Richmond Hill's Elks	high school assistant principal	high school student	lives down the street from Nell's
What Guardian Angel Lisa Sliwa Thinks	"There's this ridiculous blue wall. They just have this tremendous insecurity that they feel they're the only ones who can deal with crime. If anyone else tries, they get very uptight."	"The police hate the Auxiliary Police more than they hate the Guardian Angels. The police think, *We'll allow them to be out there, but we'll use them on some parade in Queens or some golf course.*"	"The Guardian Angels are in better shape than the police, more concerned about their community, and more in touch with changing patterns of crime."	"He was a victim who fought back."

—E.K.

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stile, got into a fight, called out a 1013 over the radio—"Cop in trouble"—and started a riot in which five policemen were injured, two critically. A train pulls in; when it pulls out, the kids are gone—over, under, around and through the turnstiles.

The key to survival in the 25th Precinct is forbearance.

Dwayne and Carlos used to be big interventionists. "When I started out," says Dwayne, "it was always like, 'I want to get some action.' " Dwayne got his chance when he heard a police call for assistance at the Wagner Houses, up at 120th Street. He and Carlos sprinted into the projects, where they confronted hundreds of enraged residents spoiling for a fight. "We thought we were gonna bust heads, and you get there, and it's like, 'Oh shit, what are we going to *do*?' " It was the last time Dwayne and Carlos sprinted anywhere.

It's getting excruciatingly hot in the subway, though we have just seen two men exit a train with Christmas trees slung over their shoulders. When we hear the sounds of a fight coming from the top of the stairs, we decide to check it out. A woman is screaming at a man from a distance of two or three inches. We linger at the corner. Carlos says that as long as the man keeps his hands by his sides, we should leave them be. Dwayne has a different concern. "I tell you," he says, "these women see us here and they get bold. We stand here any longer, she'll get too bold and hit him. But when we leave, I guarantee, he'll flatten her." We leave.

Patrolling the 25th is not a job for which many people would volunteer if they had something better to do. But if you're a young man in the projects, there may not *be* anything better to do within the color of the law. "Believe it or not," says Mike Perez, a former AP who is now the precinct's coordinator, "for a lot of people here this is one of the main sources of relaxation." Perez points out that you can't comfortably take an evening stroll in the neighborhood *without* a uniform.

Not that wearing a uniform guarantees much safety. A number of people in the 25th have problems with the idea of authority—and the ersatz authority of Auxiliary Police *really* gets them going. A few years back Dwayne went racing off—a mistake, as ever—to catch a mugger, leaving his partner alone on Park between 117th and 118th. "That's a very tough block," he says. "Leo got hit in the nuts with a bottle." In the 25th they don't call the APs hobby cops. They call them toy cops.

One of the cardinal AP rules is, Don't hassle drug dealers. Local dealers simply ignore the APs, as they often do the police; APs, in turn, are careful not to linger on druggy street corners in a way that might deter customers. Two former APs, Herman and Raul, used to do just that. Known variously as Starsky and Hutch, Simon and Simon, and Hekyll and Jekyll, Herman and Raul used to walk the 116th Street post every day, looking for trouble. They got into the habit of standing on the northeastern corner of 116th and Park, disrupting the business of dealers at the southwest corner. One evening the dealers, outraged at this violation of the rules, fired several shots across the street—not at Herman and Raul but at two other APs, including poor, bottle-in-the-groin Leo. Herman and Raul were told to cut it out.

I had heard about this pair from Andre, and had been hoping to meet them. Herman used to wear his handcuffs to high school and could be seen lounging around at parties in his police pants. By an amazing coincidence, Herman popped out of the subway just as we were walking by. "You got to meet this guy," Carlos whispered. "He thinks he's a supercop." Carlos introduced me, implausibly, as an AP aspirant, and Herman went into his rap. He had left the placid 25th a few months earlier to work on the Emergency Services Unit in the truly dangerous 30th, headquartered on West 151st Street. Herman was having the time of his life. "We get to go out on raids, we go with the anticrime [squad]." (A ludicrous claim, Carlos and Dwayne told me later.) We said we'd visit sometime. "If you come," said Herman with a big grin, "you better bring a fuckin' .38."

By now we had been out for all of about two hours, and the streets were extremely hot and extremely quiet. The entire Auxiliary detachment—all four of them—were standing at the corner of 116th and Third, greeting former APs who had returned to a life of hanging around, bitching about the precinct and about life in general. The official knock-off time is 10:30 to 11:00 p.m., but although it was only 9:15, it seemed clear that Harlem had no further need of the toy cops. We straggled back to the precinct house, where Captain Ernan Vega, a 15-year AP veteran, was vigilantly watching *Miss Teen USA*. It was tough work; but somebody had to do it.

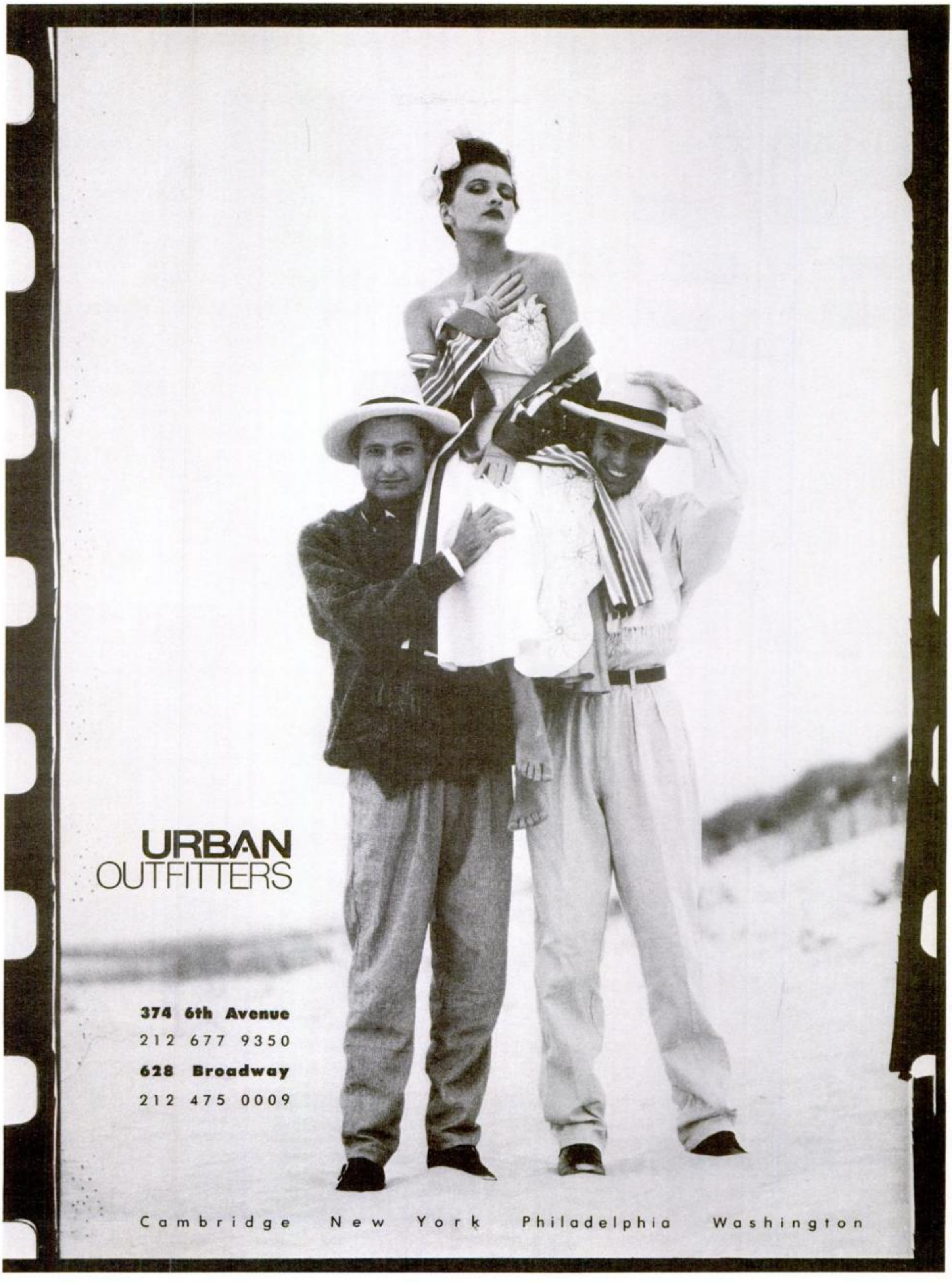


Art director Stephanie Phelan



Auxiliary Policewoman Stephanie Phelan

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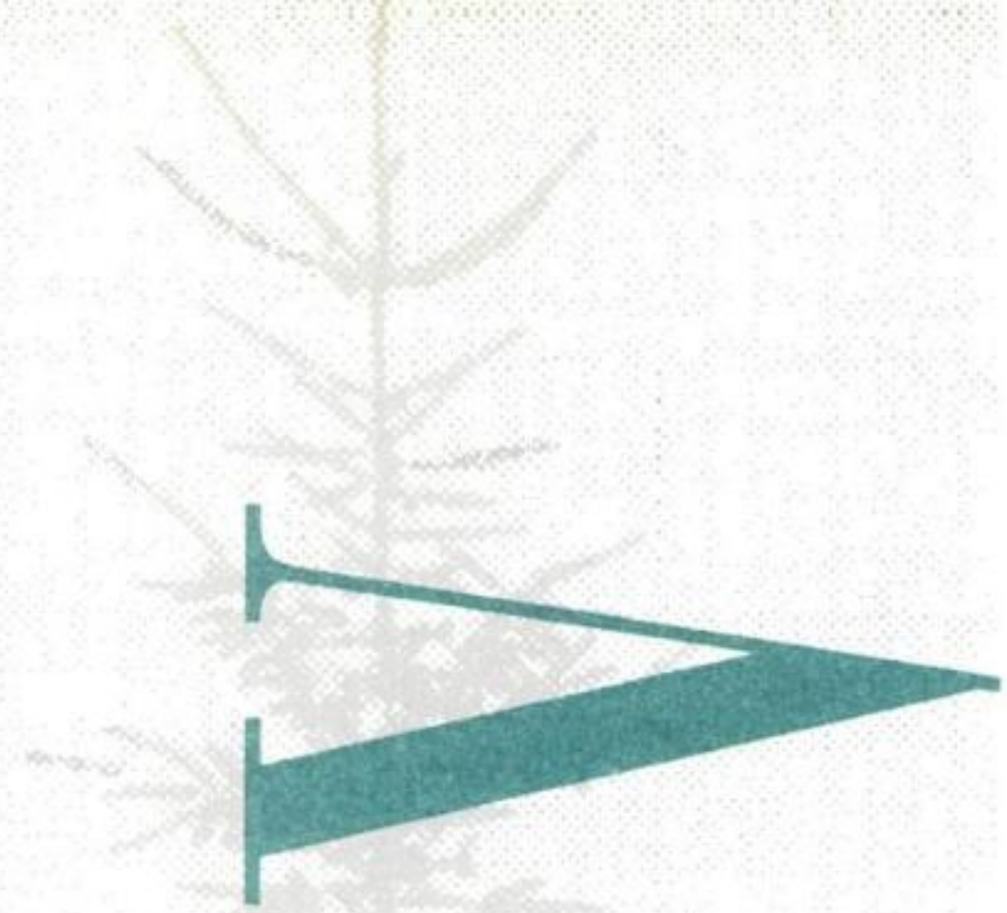
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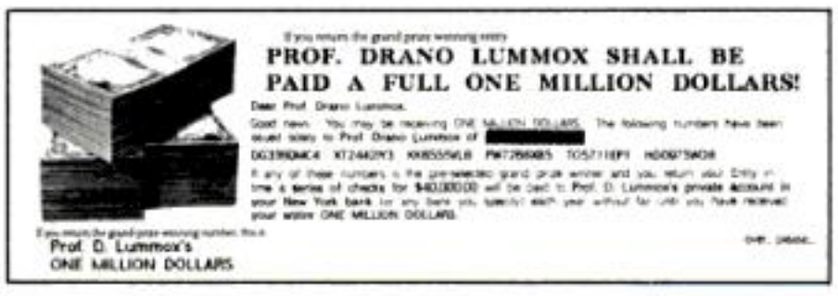
THE SNOOTY AND THE NARROW-MINDED *refer to it disparagingly as "junk mail"—that welcome flood of unsolicited magazine subscriptions, garden furniture catalogs and pre-approved credit card applications that are stuffed into New York mailboxes along with the photocopied baby-sitting notices and Cuban-Chinese take-out menus. But there are those of us for whom the thrill of the bulging mailbox lives; who see each and every "friendly reminder" and "money-back guarantee" for the genuine,* personal *opportunity it really is; who have plenty of correspondents but wouldn't mind having just a few more.* ROY HARLEY *is such a man. Follow the adventures of Roy and some of his 350 noms de plume (Oovus Oosfuz, Vermin Dweeney and Swami Goiter, among others employed over the past two and a half years) as they hobnob with some of the biggest names in the direct-mail business, receive some very special offers and very great savings, and wind up on a few hundred of the country's most special, most exclusive mailing lists.* **DETAILS INSIDE!** ☞

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FOREMOST AMONG THE UNSUNG JOYS OF New York is the extraordinary performance of the U.S. Postal Service. Not only does it correctly deliver a statistically significant portion of the mail addressed to me, but it also drops off, every day, letters for people who haven't lived in my house for at least a decade, for individuals whose addresses are similar to mine, and for a wide variety of citizens, businesses and government agencies within a 120-block radius of my apartment.

Taking control of the situation and turning it to one's advantage is what separates us from the animals, many of whom don't get any mail at all. I decided to see if I could get some mail I wanted, addressed to people who didn't exist. This project had, in addition to its merit as conceptual art, the advantage of fulfilling my personal political agenda: (1) to test to the breaking point the patience and gullibility of major corporations; (2) to learn which firms sell their mailing lists, and to whom; (3) to harden the nation's postal arteries with cholesterol-like wads of junk mail; (4) to thus hasten the promised collapse of Western civilization; and (5) in the words of materialist philosopher Theodore Cleaver, to "get lots of neat junk, Wally."

Reader service cards, which I had regarded as a pestilence, were revealed to be postpaid passports to a whole world full of companies eager to the point of desperation to send out promotional literature, club memberships, free subscriptions, unique invitations and an array of unforeseen opportunities. All they wanted was a name. *Any name.*

It started with a six-month subscription to *Time* for Professor Drano Lummox (see Fig. 1). What pleased the professor more than the magazine itself (or the free *Time* 35mm camera and *Time* sports watch) was that his good name was soon smeared across enough mailing lists to ensure a lifetime supply of magazine renewal forms, book club solicitations, credit card applications, brochures, catalogs and sweepstakes notifications, one of which (through the miracle of computerized personalization) invited him to contemplate the thrill of driving the grand prize, the "Prof. Drano Lummox Dream Mercedes."

Anyone who answered all 50 questions on a consumer survey form included in a package of discount coupons sent out by a coupon distributor called Carol Wright was guaranteed that his name would be

SCORPIO

Mr Guy Inagorillasuit
[redacted]
New York, NY 10003

Dear Mr Inagorillasuit:

Thank you for requesting the Scorpio Preview Collection.

This is the first half of your Scorpio Preview Collection. It includes our Catalog, Engineering Notes and a booklet called The Merkur Story.

The Catalog gives you a detailed look at Scorpio, from standard anti-lock brakes to power-adjustable rear passenger seatbacks. Open the large fold-out picture inside the book for an excellent look at Scorpio's interior. The Engineering Notes show you some of the design criteria that shaped Scorpio, from the viewpoint of the Chief of Design, Hans G. Gaffke. The Merkur Story tells you about the Merkur brand -- its Ford of Germany heritage and the automobiles that make it a name you'll be hearing more about.

Soon, you'll receive additional literature about the unique benefits that go along with Scorpio ownership. The Scorpio Quality Commitment book[illegible] about Scorpio's Guaranteed Resale Value (pegged to Mercedes 190E resa RoadCare program (with benefits that protect you on the road), the Fr Service Loaner Program, and more.

We'll also send the Scorpio Driving Review, to help you familiar yourself with Scorpio before your road test, and a complete driving e that can help you tell us what you think of Scorpio.

We know that the Preview Collection isn't the same as seeing the person. But we hope it communicates some of the excitement that Scorp to offer. Call your nearest Merkur dealer to arrange a road test, an experience the excitement firsthand.

Sincerely,

P.S. Scorpio is being imported to the United States in limited number Please contact your local Merkur dealer and make an appointment before to the dealership to ensure yourself a road test opportunity.

PO Box 7041 [illegible] Michigan 48048-9990

March 4, 1987

Romulon Malapingi
Executive Editor
Popular Grave Robber
[redacted]
New York, NY 10003

Dear Romulon,

Thank you for your interest in ARGI's Subscription Fulfillment Syst[illegible]

ARGI SFS/3000 represents the most advanced subscription fulfillment system in the industry. This complete turnkey system is tailor-made for publishers whose product combinations range from a single magazine to publications numbering in the hundreds -- whether they're magazines, newsletters or other periodicals, one-shot book offers or supplemented services.

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With SFS/3000, you will have all the vital data at your fingertips that you need for detailed response analysis and future sales projections.

The enclosed booklet briefly describes some of SFS/3000's features. This system is so versatile and definition-driven, that even the most complex publishing requirements can be fulfilled without technical personnel.

Its capabilities both on a subscription level as well as its management reporting must be seen to be appreciated. I look forward to further discussion with you at your earliest convenience.

Sincerely,

Alice Berlin
Vice President, Product Development

AB/dc
Enclosure

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AT&T

July 21, 198

[redacted]
Mr. Malvolio Hotchickenpaste
Waldos Rent A Spouse
[redacted]
New York, NY 10003

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Dear Mr. Hotchickenpaste,

You'll discover that can be the beginning of a whole new
story for your business with your copy of Telecommunications Ideas To Grow On.

Equipped with more knowledge about how telecommunications and AT&T can help you keep customers happy, expand markets, improve sales, or manage cash flow, you'll be able to start building on the strengths your business already has.

Once you read the enclosed material, you'll no doubt want to take immediate advantage of all that AT&T can offer.

Our AT&T Representatives are standing by to help you do just that. Working closely with you, they'll help design a communications package to suit your specific needs.

In addition to the consultative services of our AT&T representatives you can, as always, depend on AT&T to provide you with reliable, quality products and services.

If you have questions or would like information on specific AT&T products and services, return the enclosed card. Or simply call 1 800 222-0400, Ext. 703.

Sincerely,

Rachele Rosenberg
Marketing Manager
RR/61567

P.S. If you're ready to let telecommunications and AT&T work for your business now, call your AT&T representative today
see how AT&T comes through.

TheTravelers

December 2, 1985

[redacted]
Hybrid Mutant
Clutch Cargo Spas Inc.
[redacted]
New York, NY 10003

Dear Mr. Hybrid Mutant:

I was pleased to receive your request for information on The Travelers Business Capital T account. I have enclosed a current prospectus and support material for your review.

The Business Capital T account was designed specifically for the small to medium sized business. It is a flexible and comprehensive cash management service, which provides you with features that may allow you to better manage your business, now and in the future.

The Business Capital T account continuously works for you while offering you immediate access to your cash. It pays money market rates and has unlimited no-minimum check writing privileges. The comprehensive monthly statement may actually save you time by helping to reduce paperwork.

In about ten days one of our account representatives will call you to further discuss Business Capital T. In the meantime, if you need additional information or if I can answer any questions, please call me at 1-800-423-3031.

Sincerely,

C. Kent O'Shea
Capital T Customer Center

CKO:ee
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RE: DRAMATIC NEW DEVELOPMENT IN EARLAMPS WINNING POTENTIAL

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sold to demographically appropriate merchants. Soon Lummox's peers—Trylon Squidguin-Fou, Lanolin R. Fruitbat, Ralph von Spuktute, Rasputin Pianothrower and Pigmeat Spuzzum—were receiving mailings geared to *their* consumer profiles. And when a charity sent printed return address labels to Pope and Mrs. John Paul II, a small donation assured an ever wider circulation of the couple's name.

The TWA Frequent Flight Bonus program now counts among its distinguished business travelers Swami Goiter, Colonel Adenoid P. Doodah and Dr. Anubis Atomsmasher, each of whom has been provided with printed identification stickers for his tickets. South African Airways has just sent the late black comedian Mantan Moreland (d. 1973) his second handsomely embossed annual membership card.

Magazines such as *Professional Office Design*, *Interiors* and *Electronic Products* count on the loyal readership of Dr. Doxley Daft of Kingdom Gums, M(ohair) Euthsolution of Assa-9 Design, and C/M Schnipes of Peeled Eyeball Planetarium, Science Circle, respectively. Likewise, *Philip Morris* magazine (with which the tobacco giant hopes to build a grass-roots prosmoking coalition by periodically urging the 5 million subscribers to write their congressmen on smoking-related issues) depends on the civic-mindedness of such subscribers of self-evident probity as Professor Sick Egg, Monsignor Inky Penumbra, Prince Duralum Bingospin, Coco Zom Lugnuts, Morlock Gumbo and Norma J(ean) Stunningbimbo.

Some publications are noteworthy for their extreme courtesy. After *Chevy Outdoors* gave readers the chance to send a gift subscription to a friend, they thoughtfully informed lucky recipient Oovus Oosfuz that his copy was "a Gift from Frankloyd Dogsexer." And a "Privileged Invitation" to become a subscriber was sent by *Connoisseur* to Mr. Hugo Scuminasuit.

Inc. congratulated *Popular Graverobber Magazine* (Romulon Malapingi, executive editor) on its nomination to possibly join the *Inc. 500*, a listing of the fastest-growing companies in America. Phillips Gallery, on the other hand, doubtless impressed by academic credentials, sent Dr. C(ardiff) Ambicuisinarius, Dean of Students, Cachet Junior College, a glossy picture book reviewing the 1986 auction season (for which he would have had to fork over ten bucks if he had shown up at its establishment on East 79th Street).

Walt Disney Home Video found the buying potential of such new customers as Ostris Triceratops, Mocotzuma Tontine, Ahab Trocadero Jr., R. Bopeep, Otis Flobby, Vermin Dweeney, George Morbid and Larue Wombat impressive enough to pass each of their names along to the CBS Video Club.

L. L. Bean enjoys the patronage of Drusilla Spamflange, Edison Cheezwhiz and Nero Batvomit. Good fortune seems presaged by the fact that The Sharper Image *and* American Family Publishers have taken an interest in S(pangler) Phwum, White Hunter, T(hribben) Earlamps, Small Print International and S(cipio) Parvenu. When Ed McMahon and his sweepstakes pals at American Family Publishers send computerized entry forms headlined DRAMATIC NEW DEVELOPMENT IN PARVENU WINNING POTENTIAL, can the whole $10 million be far behind?

Dale Carnegie and Associates won friends and influenced Ms. Typhanine Schmeegus of Ed's Ego Jungle, John J. Storkfizz of the Grammerley Ectoplasm Festival, Corfee Helix of the Kabul Cable Cabal, Mrs. Kitty Litre of the Reptile Aid Society, and Grommet Mogul of Metro Rent A Druid. Not to be outdone in the self-improvement/self-promotion department, Success Motivation International sent a Napoleon Hill "Think and Grow Rich" audiocassette to Caladonia Parsec.

Trump Parc, the apartment building on Central Park South, shelled out $2.40 to send a lavish prospectus touting its condominiums to Mr. W(hip) Blah Jr. of the National Endowment for the Inhumanities.

It is beyond dispute that international relations have been strengthened by foreign correspondence between the following parties:

- the Takenaka Komuten Company (Tokyo) and Esne, Lord Pismire, chairman of Anglo-Magradome Investment;
- Saudia Airlines (Jedda) and Cromagnon LaRynx Jr., department manager for Miasmatronic Technologies;
- the Panda United Corporation (Riyadh and Al Khobar; its postal meter reminds us, CLEAR AND LEGIBLE ADDRESS IS IMPORTANT) and Theramin Weasel, Ph.D., director of advertisement for Bolus Consumer Food Group;
- Italtel Societa Italiana Telecomunicazioni (Milan) and Bunni O'Hottub, Starlette, Producer's Girlfriend Motion Pictures, Studio 8.

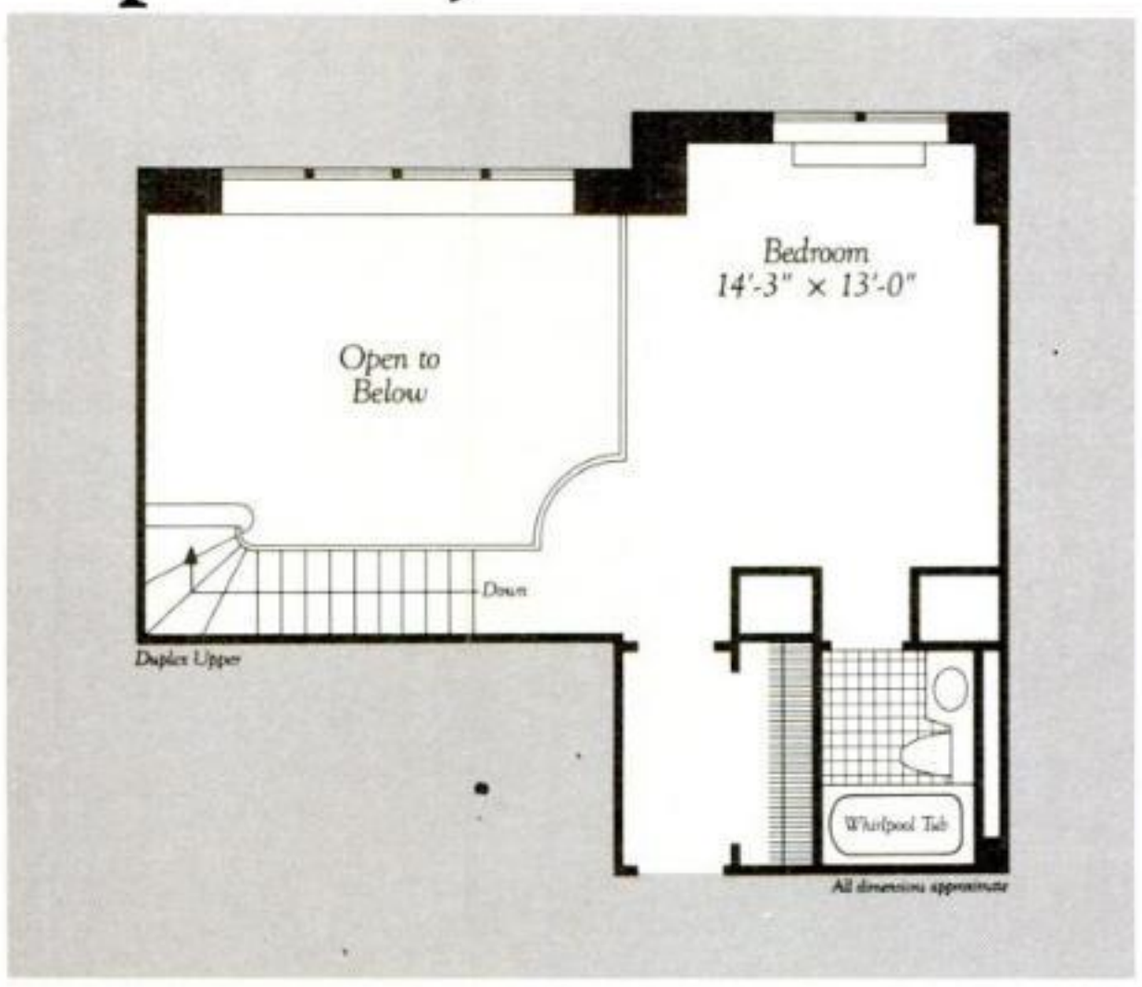
Finally, mindful that funding is where you find it, the Whitney Museum extended an invitation to become a corporate member to Monty Tongue, Teen Idol, Roy Cohn Memorial Stadium. For a donation of only $2,500, the museum will lend the stadium a work of art from its collection. Monty is currently considering getting all his friends together to contribute the amount with a request that the Whitney send over the Calder *Circus*.

JUNK MAIL JAMBOREE

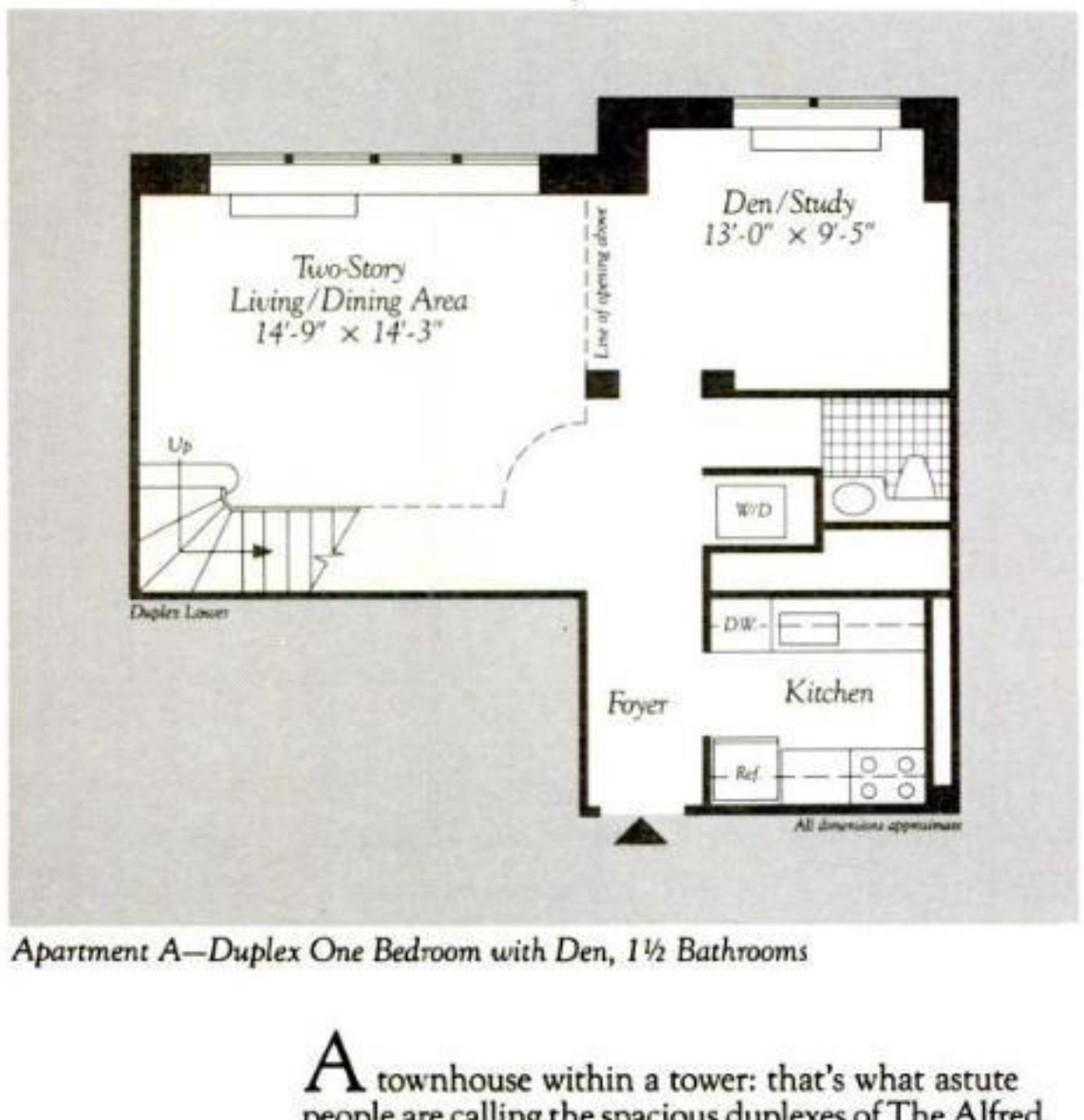
THE AVERAGE AMERICAN got 614 pieces of mail in 1986, 230 pieces of which were complimentary, pre-approved direct-mail items—junk mail. (The rest, of course, was bills, and the occasional battered postcard from Santa Monica.) Volume has gone up from 30.4 billion pieces in 1980 to 55.05 billion last year—yet fully 10 percent of that, shockingly, is *not* being delivered. And just *why not*? Are our sweepstakes offers and life insurance applications being secretly shipped off to *foreign* consumers, offering *them* the deals of a lifetime, the free subscriptions, the chance to ORDER NOW WHILE SUPPLY LASTS? If you're worried, as we're sure you are, that you may not be receiving your full entitlement of direct-mail opportunities, write to the "I Like Mail" Club, P.O. Box 391, Huntington Station, New York 11746.

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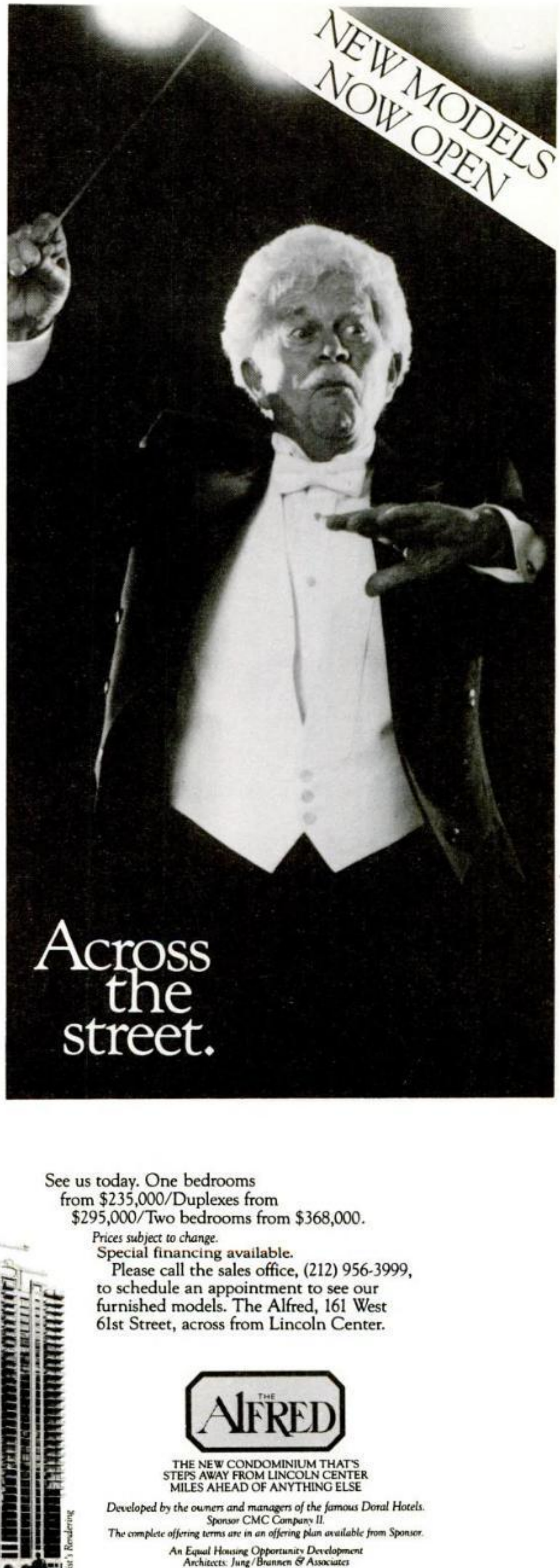
Upstairs,



Downstairs,



Apartment A—Duplex One Bedroom with Den, 1½ Bathrooms

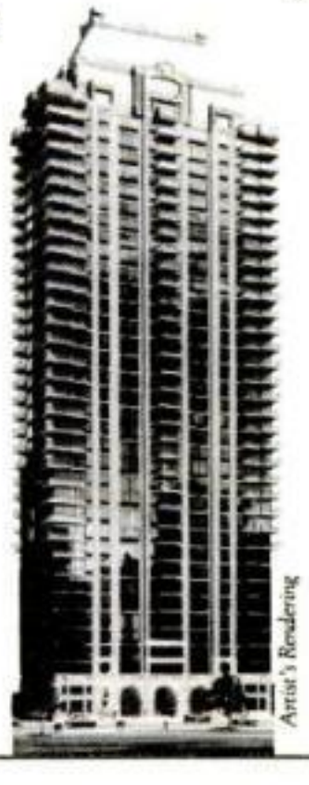


A townhouse within a tower: that's what astute people are calling the spacious duplexes of The Alfred.

They're right, of course. While the master bedroom enjoys the seclusion of its own floor, your entire first floor is an entertainment center. Spectacular two-story windows face sparkling southern exposures.

By itself, your Alfred duplex is a remarkable value. But it's not by itself. That's the real beauty of this new 38-story condominium tower. Your Alfred duplex is served by a restrained wood-and-leather lobby and a remarkable array of recreational facilities. They include a 75 ft. U.S. records length indoor pool and a racquetball court and outstandingly reassuring security.

The Alfred is only "out of this world" figuratively. Literally, it's in the heart of Manhattan's most sophisticated, culturally acclaimed location—right across the street from Lincoln Center. And that elevates your duplex to another level of refinement.


Artist's Rendering

See us today. One bedrooms from $235,000/Duplexes from $295,000/Two bedrooms from $368,000.

Prices subject to change.

Special financing available.

Please call the sales office, (212) 956-3999, to schedule an appointment to see our furnished models. The Alfred, 161 West 61st Street, across from Lincoln Center.

THE ALFRED

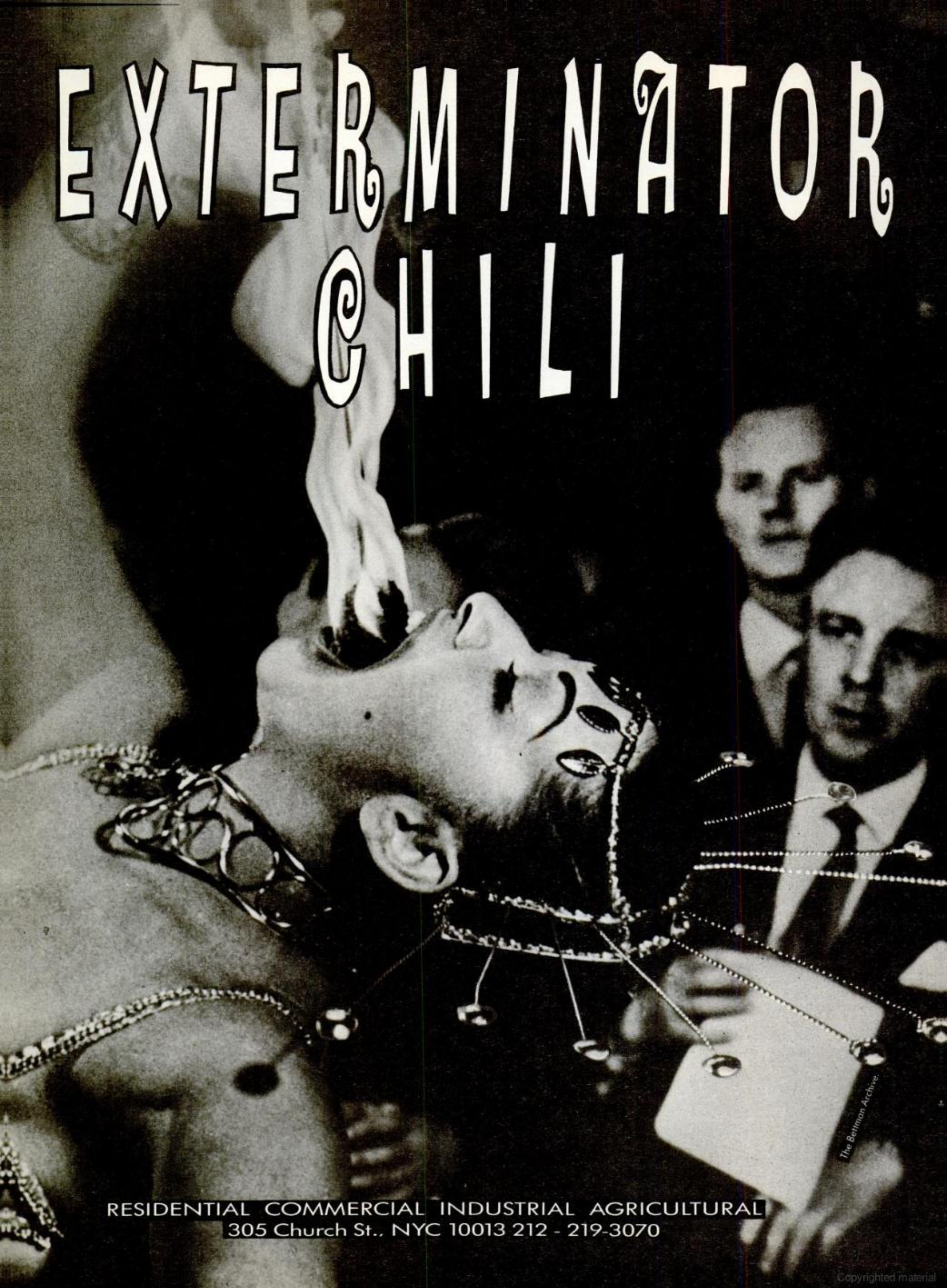
THE NEW CONDOMINIUM THAT'S
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No. 2

?

? What ARE THEY WAITING FOR?

Shifting from side to side, folding and unfolding our arms, remembering the Marshall McLuhan scene in *Annie Hall* and worrying whether our small talk is too loud—only New Yorkers would endure standing in a movie line. That's right: elsewhere in America, *there is no queuing up for movies*. Why don't we wait for the movie to come to cable? Or stay home and read a book? Because movies, even bad ones, permit New Yorkers to escape from the gritty hell of urban life. And tiny apartments. Movies give us a chance to unwind and experience new vistas, to forget about how miserable it is to live in a city where everyone works too hard, pays too much and has to wait in line to see a movie.

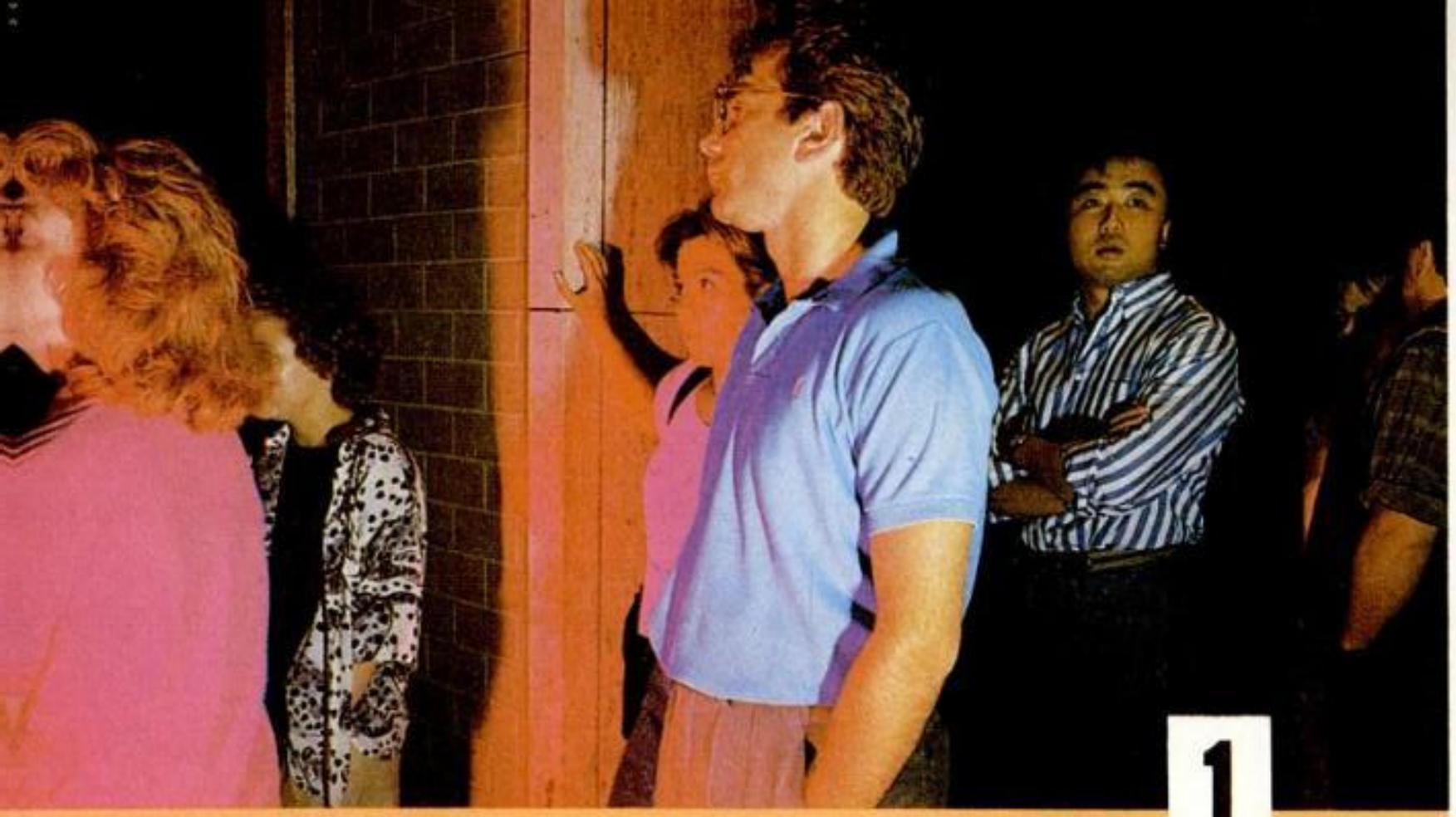
As a singular New York institution, the movie line is at once a great equalizer and—depending on which movie you line up for—yet another opportunity for cultural caste distinctions. Indeed, photographer CHIP SIMONS and reporter NELL SCOVELL discovered that a given film's line has its own character—a style of dress or a bundle of tics and conversational gambits that reflect the particular sort of person who would wait in line to see that particular sort of film. And though SPY loathes the idea of reinforcing cultural stereotypes in *any* way, if you wish to do so, be our guests. You might start by trying to match the lines on the next page with their films. In other words, gather your wits and friends about you to have a crack at



?

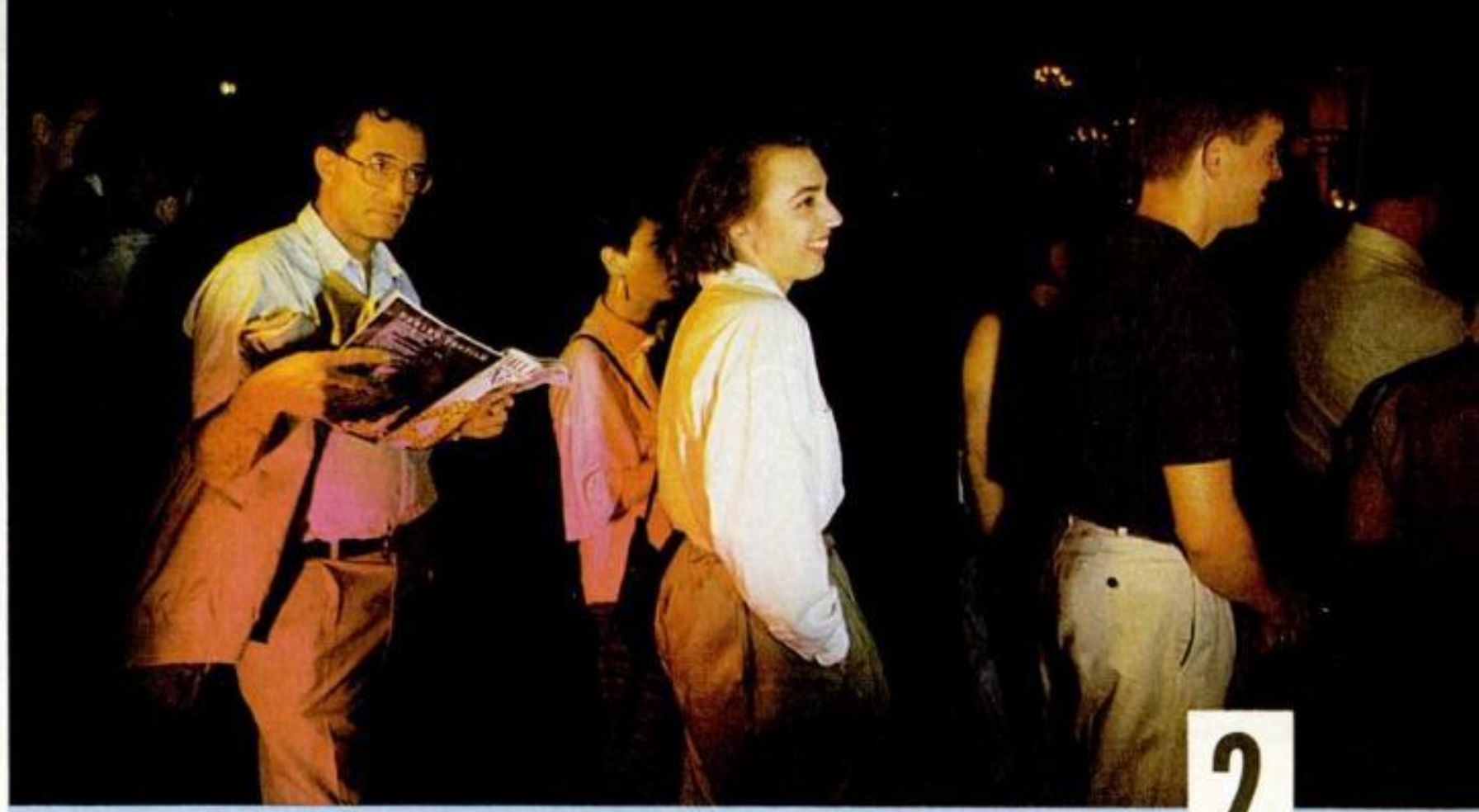
THE SPY MOVIE LINE QUIZ

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Actual conversational fragments from line at movie no. **1**

"... I found *Wish You Were Here* to be very upsetting. I couldn't sit through it again ..."
"Do you know anything about this movie?" "*The reviews were good.*"
"What language is it in?" "*I don't know—I don't read reviews ...*"
"Excuse me, I'm trying to read."



Actual conversational fragments from line at movie no. **2**

"One must try to be sympathetic, but one can't always."
"... So my friend called me from New Mexico and told me I *had* to see this film ..."
"*Où allons-nous dîner ce soir?*"



Actual conversational fragments from line at movie no. **3**

"... I told him that. I told him I'd go out with him. But I didn't tell him about Avi ..."
"... Whatever you want—Indian sounds fine to me ..."
"... I think he's cute and has an earnest quality ..."



Actual conversational fragments from line at movie no. **4**

"... No, I hate cilantro ..."
"Can you believe how hideous that new building is? It ruins my view."
"But can you get fresh pasta there?"



5

Actual conversational fragments from line at movie no.

"I think the quarter-inch drill bit will work better, don't you?"
". . . It was like some weird hybrid of *The Nutty Professor* and 8½ . . ."

WHO'S WHO *at the* MOVIES

Just Match the Filmgoers With the Films—Five or More Correct and *You Win*!

___ **a.** *No Way Out*

___ **b.** *It Started in Naples* **(at the Regency)**

___ **c.** *Jean de Florette*

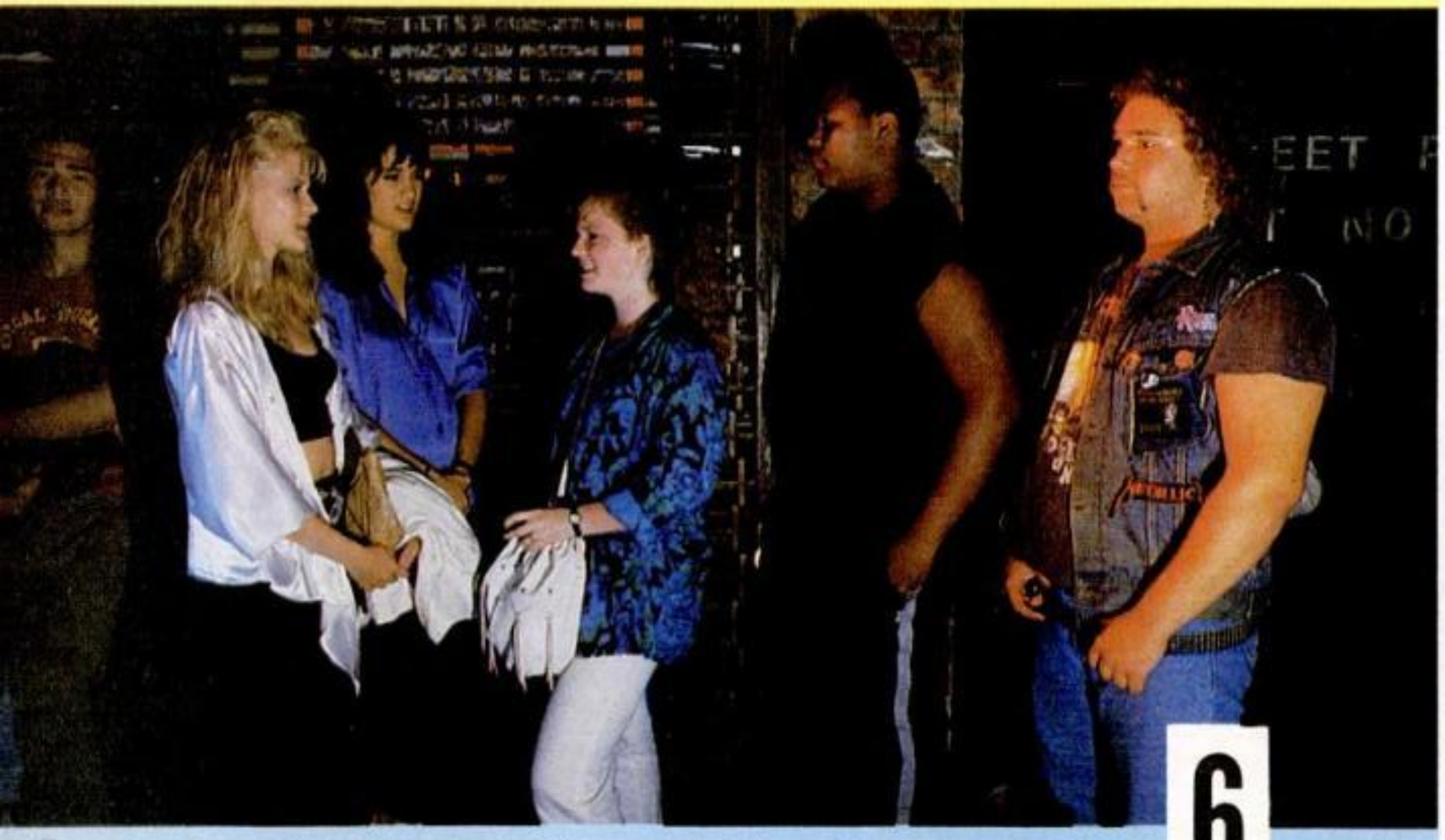
___ **d.** *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*

___ **e.** *Where the Heart Roams* **(documentary about women who write romance novels; at the Film Forum)**

___ **f.** *Living on Tokyo Time* **(at Lincoln Plaza)**

___ **g.** *Ishtar*

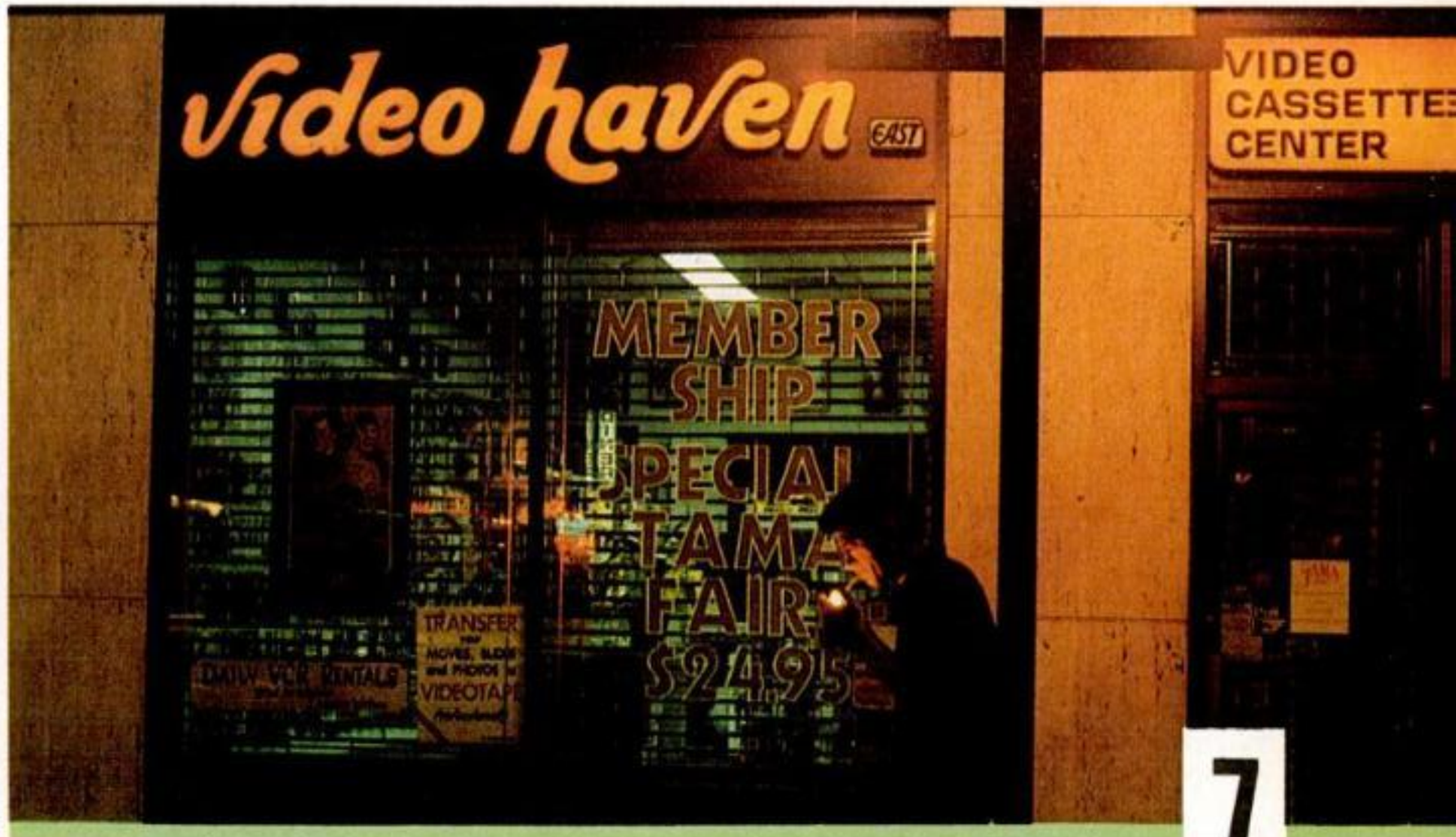
ANSWERS: 1(f); 2(c); 3(a); 4(b); 5(e); 6(d); 7(g)



6

Actual conversational fragments from line at movie no.

"Are we gonna make the last train?"
". . . Yeah, it's smudgeproof . . ."



7

Actual conversational fragments from line at movie no.

". . ."

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Review of Reviewers

Movies

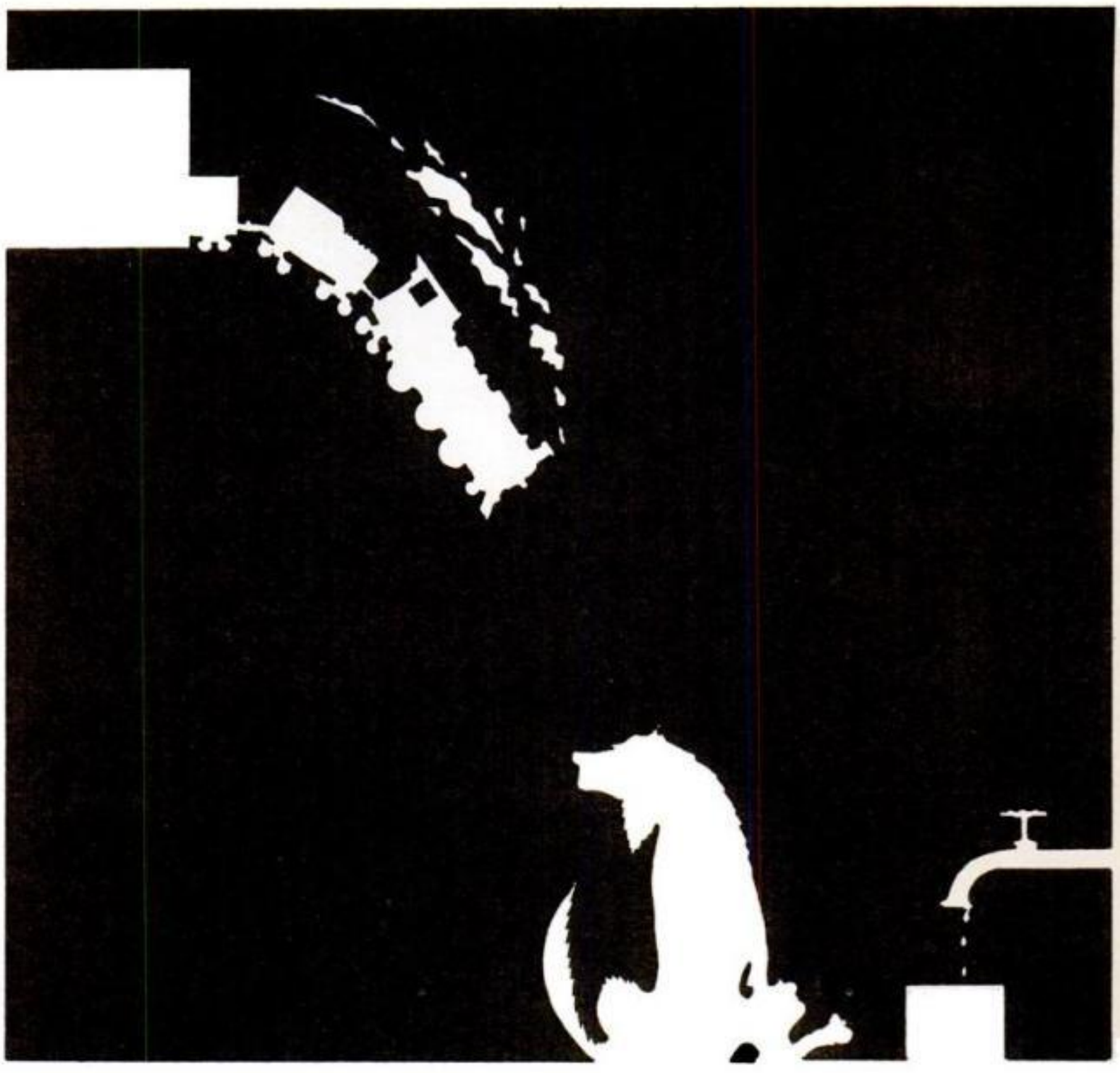
Topic A

Science and You

How to Be a Grown-up

Education

Business



Drivel and DROOL

BY MICHÈLE BENNETT

REVIEW OF REVIEWERS

I HAVE AN APOLOGY TO MAKE TO Stephen "Short" Schiff, *Vanity Fair*'s critic-at-large, whom I took to task last month for drooling. Compared with Michael Shnayerson's hots for *V.F.*'s 41-year-old centerfold, Diane Sawyer, Schiff's tendency to drool looks more like a mere case of critical dribble.

"How she *moves*!" the besotted Shnayerson, flowers in hand, begins his sycophantic profile of Sawyer. She's as "graceful as a basketball player." Her basketball charms are not to be confused, however, with her "honey-rich" voice that "modulates as smoothly as a Rolls-Royce on a country road." "America is in love," announces Shnayerson, though not with his prose. The nation is in love with the "more than beautiful," the "brainy blonde with the cool blue eyes and sensual lips," the "dizzyingly demure," the "modern American classic," "the American Woman" radiating "intellect, modesty, charm," the "absolute, heartbreaking" Diane (*whodat*, Shnayerson?) Sawyer.

Let's keep a sense of critical perspective, though. It takes all kinds to dribble, drivel and drool. For example: critiquing social climber Cecil Beaton's adoring photographs of Britain's royal family, *The New York Times*'s Andy Grundberg joined right in: "To see Princess Margaret as a slim, elegant young woman of 18, or her mother as a mature prewar beauty, is enough to start one singing 'Rule Britannia.' " All together, now...!

On the other hand, the *Times*'s Frank "Butcher of Broadway" Rich returned to duty with a prequel of the slaughter to come this fall. Seeing off *Sherlock's Last Case*, starring Frank Langella, the Butcher wrote, "I will not give away the plot—the author is more than capable of

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RODRIGO SHOPIS

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doing so on his own—but one can report that the 'perfect crime' at hand is so convoluted that its perpetrators bore the audience to death well before they get around to murdering their prey." But the real twist came in the review itself, when, presumably out of boredom, the Butcher turned wine critic. "Not once but twice does Sherlock suavely serve a prized wine—identified as 'Chateauneuf du Pape 1794'—that would be vinegar in 1897 even if its ostensibly enophilic owner did not uncork the bottle prior to storing it."

Class always shows, oenophilic or otherwise. "Of course, it's awful to say that the death of [Joan] Rivers' beloved husband was the best thing that could happen to her career at this point, but it's true," wrote the *Daily News*'s sensitive and very classy Ryan Murphy. And over at the *Post*, Cindy Adams sympathized: "A psychologist told me that the spouse of one who commits suicide always feels some guilt, feels somehow they let their partner down. Joan, in your case, it's not true. Don't you get yourself tangled up in blame." "Was it Freud who said that inside every nerd there's a ballsy jock wrestling to get out?" asked *Cosmo*'s erudite movie critic, Guy Flatley, in reference to the movie *Innerspace*. And *People* magazine movie reviewer Ralph Novak surpassed himself in his description of Joanna Cassidy in *The Fourth Protocol*: "She is impressively solemn in a limited role, but she is upstaged by her own left breast."

A friend from Virginia writes, "Dear Michèle: Do you make this stuff up or what?" And the answer is, my southern friend, I wish I could. Who could invent Joan Acocella's *Village Voice* review of the Lesbian and Gay Bands of America Twirlers? "They weren't too good at baton-twirling either," wrote the fair-minded Acocella. "I'm no expert, but I can count. When they threw the baton up in the air, they caught it maybe three out of four times, and this repeated dropping and retrieving—particularly when, as in the cowboy dance, it was accompanied by low moans of frustration on the part of the soloist—broke your concentration. Baton-twirling is certainly one of the sweeter achievements of the human imagination, but it should be done well."

Quite right, too! And the *Voice*'s resident gay-baton-twirling critic was on the scene to witness it all, which, you may think, was the least she could do. That's what the readers of the *San Francisco Chronicle* thought about their culture critic, Mr. Heuwell Tircuit, who wrote a review of a San Francisco Ballet performance that, alas, had been canceled. Under the dramatic headline S.F. BALLET MISSES A STEP AT STERN GROVE, Tircuit's negative review of *Bizet pas de Deux* referred to principal dancer Ludmila Lopukhova as "Lumpy" (though he kindly added that Lumpy's "potato-drenched Russian training seemed less heavy than in the past"). Unfortunately, "Lumpy" Ludmila wasn't dancing that night; *Ballet d'Isoline*, for five male dancers, had been substituted for the ballet that was panned, and Mr. Tircuit was fired. Well, you had to be there.

There's nothing to beat a good plug, as my critical friend David "Wangdoodle" Edelstein would put it. "As you read this," wrote *Vogue* food reviewer Barbara Kafka with an unexpected sense of urgency, "my new book, *Microwave Gourmet* (Morrow), is appearing in the stores." With metaphoric brilliance, Kafka plugged on: "Writing a large book is like giving birth to an elephant: it takes a long time, you think it's never going to be over, and you cannot believe what a huge thing you have produced." Actually, elephants do not think this way, but that's not the point. Just in case you missed it the first time—that's the must-read *Microwave Gourmet* (Morrow), the huge thing that was like giving birth to an elephant, in your stores now, by Kafka.

Yet another example of the burgeoning Gael Greene school of food-writing-with-a-distinctly-hormonal-slant appeared in *People*, in an article about special desexed oysters that can be eaten all summer. "Adult oysters, uncloistered, boisterously roister," crowed the magazine. The piece had no byline.

Cookie Mueller, *Details*'s philosophical art critic, is at it again: "New York is the rough tough tinsel jungle. What a hard life we lead!" Of course we do, Cookie. It's a war zone out there! The magazine's team of oddball movie reviewers is still going strong, though: "A disturbingly heartfelt valentine to coal" (Michael Musto on John Sayles's *Matewan*); "Try to imagine *Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice* minus a male, and the rest of them resembling less hairy Elliot [*sic*] Goulds" (Hal Rubenstein on *Rita, Sue and Bob Too*).

An Andy Meisler of *The New York Times* knows the meaning of hard sell: "Fred Astaire had it. Cary Grant had it. . . . For the past decade or so, Hollywood insiders have suspected that a man named John Ritter—primarily a commercial TV actor, of all things—has more than his share of it, too." That's right: Astaire. Grant. *Ritter*.

What are we to do about dorky David Denby? In his *New York* magazine sermon on the hit teen movie *Dirty Dancing*, he took his usual high-moral stance—this time with a dash of would-be feminism thrown in. He not only patronized female viewers but also lashed the *Times* for disagreeing with him: "That the *Times* should treat this female wet dream (what else could one call it?) as an event of profound cultural significance completes the fantasy. To women I'd say, You may enjoy *Dirty Dancing*, but you'll hate yourself in the morning." To Denby I'd say, I've been enjoying dirty dancing since finishing school in Switzerland, and the only thing I ever felt in the morning was great.

Meanwhile, novelist-wrestler John Irving flipped his beanie and turned critic. Outraged by what he called the "sophomoric ranting" of Anatole Broyard in the *Times* Book Review, Irving wrote a long—very long—letter of rebuke that went in for a little sophomoric ranting itself. The usually bromidic Broyard had asked, "Who wants to read a compassionate book? Integrity is a quality I want in my plumber or in the mechanic who fixes my car, not in a novelist." "Irresponsible silliness!" cried Irving on behalf of all feeling, caring novelists like himself. "Is there no one at The Book Review to see this writing for what it is: simple logorrhea?"

Oooh. I don't like the sound of that. But as Irving ranted on and on about Broyard's logorrhea (in the process delivering a freshman lecture on the great moral tradition of Tolstoy, Conrad and Hardy), he proved how right Broyard was to make his mischievous plea for a little irresponsible fun from our more high-minded novelists. Irving turns out to possess no sense of irony, and Broyard is loopy, not stupid. Broyard, we assume, *has* heard of Tolstoy and Conrad, and even Hardy. But he has his own important critical concerns. "Whatever happened to squalor?" he subsequently asked in another of his About Books columns, called "To Squalor, With Love." And that seems a reasonable enough question to me. So long. ❸

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BY BRUCE HANDY

MOVIES

THERE'S SOMETHING SO INHERently dumb about remaking foreign movies for American audiences that it seems almost silly to point it out. But here goes: The reason people like foreign movies in the first place is because they're foreign. How stimulating it is to spend two hours vicariously wandering the streets of Paris, or tending sheep in the Yugoslav countryside. How charming it is to hear the urgency of spoken Italian or the shrill schmaltz of Japanese pop music. How surprising it is to see pubic hair. And American audiences will accept things in a foreign film that they would otherwise find incredible. For instance, Americans *expect* Frenchmen to be romantically and annoyingly self-indulgent. If an American audience watches a movie Frenchman throw his life away on a leggy woman he sees standing seductively on an air vent, it will accept his behavior as comically plausible, possessing a certain jaunty charm. But put Gene Wilder through the same midlife histrionics, change the film's name from the cheeky *Pardon Mon Affaire* to the leaden *The Woman in Red*, and you've got a real dog. No American wants to see one of our own humiliating himself by imitating a Gallic Lothario. It is embarrassing in the same way that catching your tipsy dad leering down a cocktail waitress's bodice is: you'd really rather not know. And besides, American men cannot look charming standing on window ledges in bikini briefs.

That's an aesthetic reason Hollywood shouldn't remake foreign movies. Some economic reasons are the bombs released over the past few years: *The Man With One Red Shoe* (a lame Tom Hanks remake of France's *The Tall Blond Man With One Black Shoe*), *The Man Who Loved Women* (the Burt Reynolds–Blake Edwards knockoff of Truffaut), *Crackers* (*Big Deal on Madonna Street*), Billy Wilder's *Buddy Buddy* (*A Pain in the A . . .*), *Sorcerer* (William Friedkin's *The Wages of Fear* adaptation), *Blame It On Rio* (*One Wild Moment*), *Willie and Phil* (*Jules et Jim*), *Breathless* (Richard Gere, not Godard) and the above-mentioned *Woman in Red*—which, incidentally, scored big in Paris with French subtitles.

To be fair, there are exceptions. Some remakes have done well: *The Toy* (*Le Jouet*), with Jackie Gleason and Richard Pryor, and Paul Mazursky's *Down and Out in Beverly Hills* (Jean Renoir's *Boudu Saved From Drowning*).

Pushy, trend-grubbing journalists may be tempted to compare "Americanization" to the shame of colorization, but that would also entail comparing the likes of *Pardon Mon Affaire* to *The Maltese Falcon*. The majority of Americanized films have been based on France's relatively recent string of *faux*-screwball comedies, which should serve as a rebuke to anybody who still claims that Paris is the quality capital of world cinema. Had *Le Jouet*, wherein a rich man gives his son a poor man as a plaything, been originally conceived in America, it wouldn't have lasted five weeks as a Fox network sitcom.

Who knows why French audiences turned the insipid *Three Men and a Cradle* into a monster hit in that country (*Un bébé! Ah! C'est drôle!*). In this country, the film serviced the kind of audiences that would turn up their noses at *Three's Company* yet apparently crave entertainments in which loutish, oversexed bachelors wear aprons and make fools of themselves when confronted with simple domestic tasks. The fact that this movie played in art houses instead of on ABC gave it legitimacy. In box office terms, *Three Men and a Cradle*'s Frenchiness was its raison d'être; it had, in *Variety*-ese, frog legs.

But strip the film of its Vespa scooters and subtitles, make its characters a tad more stolid to suit American tastes, and the movie is robbed of the one thing it had going for it: wan, rueful Gallic charm. Which is why Touchstone's decision to Americanize the film—casting Steve (*Police Academy*) Guttenberg, Ted (*Cheers*) Danson and Tom (*Magnum, P.I.*) Selleck as the femmified bachelors—is so monumentally unappealing (of course, it's no coincidence that two of the stars are best known to TV audiences).

Consider some of the other films currently under consideration for remake in America: *Les Compères*, *La Chèvre* and *Les Fugitifs*, a trilogy of goofy buddy films written and directed by Francis Veber, who wrote both *La Cage aux Folles* and *The Tall Blond Man With One Black Shoe* (oddly, Touchstone is planning to release the original French version of *Les Fugitifs* as well as have Veber remake it in America, with Nick Nolte); *Men*, the German comedy about a husband who surreptitiously moves in with his wife's lover, to which Lorimar bought remake rights; and *My New Partner*, a young cop–old cop mismatch, also written and directed by Veber, which is rumored to have attracted the interest of Sean Penn, a notorious criminal-justice buff. Paramount was considering an English-language version of *The Decline of the American Empire*, a French Canadian *Big Chill*, but thanks to



Hollywood's hysterical new "AIDS awareness," the remake is considered unlikely because of the original's straightforward presentation of its characters' untidy sex lives.

Are these movies that anybody needs to see *again*? Why remake a cheesy, uninspired French comedy when there are already more than enough cheesy, uninspired American comedies to go around? Hollywood is in such a timorous state that any extant property, unless it's proven box office poison, is considered a better risk than an untried and potentially original idea—witness recent sequels to such nonblockbusters as *House* and *King Solomon's Mines*.

Victor Drai, a French-fashion-designer turned southern-California-real-estate-speculator turned Mr. Kelly LeBrock

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turned producer of *The Woman in Red* (starring Kelly LeBrock) turned ex–Mr. Kelly LeBrock, has made a career out of lame Americanizations. His next candidate is a French romantic comedy, not released here, entitled *César et Rosalie*. He summed up his oeuvre in an interview with *The New York Times*: "It was more easy to sell [a studio on a preexisting] film than an idea"—which perhaps explains why Drai's American-made *The Man With One Red Shoe* was virtually a scene-by-scene regurgitation of the French original. Added Billy Wilder in the same article, "It's easier for the power guys in the front offices to look at a picture that's already made, even if they have to have someone explain it to them."

"Remaking a foreign movie is the same as having a book or play translated," Drai recently told SPY. He complains that the existing method of conversion—adding subtitles—is distracting: "In comedy, vision [meaning what you see on the screen, not artistic coherence] is as important as words." And Drai, unlike slavish translators of Proust, feels that major changes are sometimes necessary. "The French, some say, are much more sophisticated, although sometimes they are much more silly. The American public likes to have everything laid out. You give them something, you tell them what it is, you make them laugh." Is there a more specific difference? "Americans do not like to see a husband fucking somebody else's wife."

But gee whiz, why remake existing movies? What's wrong with making new movies? It's simple, says Drai: "There aren't that many great ideas around."

Of course, a Hollywood producer lacking originality is as unexpected as gravity. The disheartening thing is that so many of the *foreign* foreign films reaching American theaters are so blandly mainstream. Thirty years ago, the European films that made it here were provocative alternatives to Hollywood: no studio would have clamored for an American *La Dolce Vita* (Peter Lawford, say, starring in *How Sweet It Is*), and a Victor Drai couldn't have sold anybody on a carbon copy of *The Exterminating Angel*. Since then, by turning out such a spate of lightweight movies, a large proportion of the world's filmmakers have preemptively Americanized themselves—to remake these films over here is simply redundant. And our hacks need work every bit as much as France's do. ❸



WORKOUT WITH THE STARS

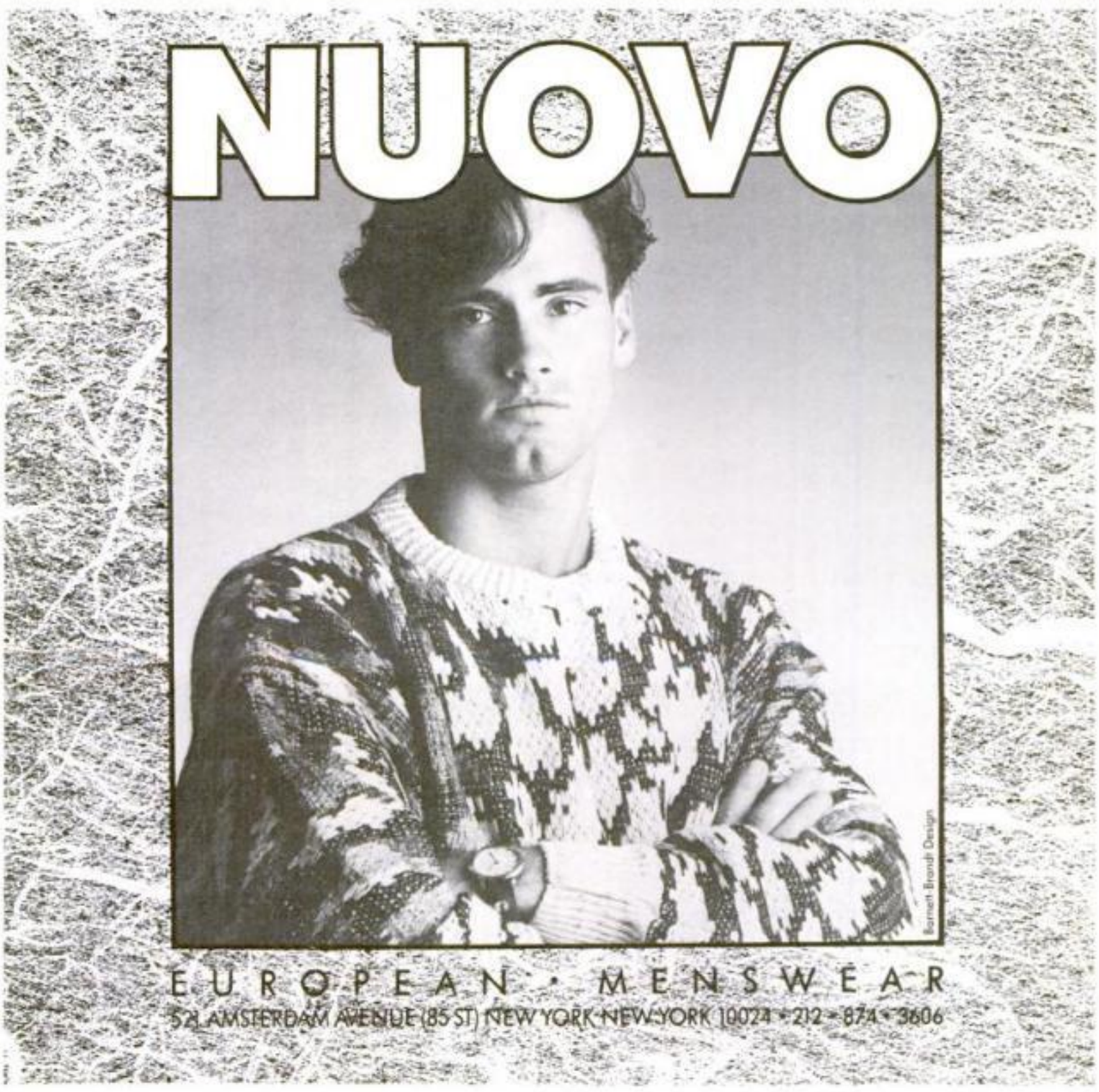
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Aboy: River ROMANCE

BY STEVE RADLAUER

IF YOU HAVEN'T SPENT MUCH time afloat, you may suppose that swapping your current residence for a live-aboard boat—a conventional houseboat or a Sausalito-style, jerry-built shack-on-a-barge—will dramatically increase the level of romance in your life. It's a common misconception. Every time I admit to having once lived (in 1979) on a boat, someone immediately says, "*Oooob*, that sounds romantic."

TOPIC A

Understand: the quest for a manufactured joie de vivre had nothing to do with my decision to live aboard. Rather, it was the tedious, unending quest for a place to live somewhere in the vicinity of Manhattan that brought me, in final desperation, to the Hudson River waterfront.

There, at the 79th Street Marina, I bribed a guy whom I'll call Luke, bought a 35-foot fiberglass houseboat for $10,500, shoehorned in a few possessions, popped the top of a cold beer and, with the sun setting spectacularly behind the high rises of Jersey, waited for *the romance* to begin.

Here's why it never did:

(1) It is not romantic, first thing in the morning, to gaze out your bedroom window at an unidentifiable (canine? ursine? hircine?) bloated, bobbing quadruped decomposing against your home.

(2) Highly unromantic shoals of upturned Coney Island whitefish are plentiful off the west coast of Manhattan.

(3) Neither the smell nor the sound of methane gas percolating up from the muck at low tide warms even the most sentimental heart.

(4) Despite the token presence of seaworthy sailing vessels and motor cruisers moored at 79th Street—most of them visitors—this marina is home not so much to "boats" as to floating Winnebagos.

(5) Regard the names painted across the transoms of the mangy, blistering hulks: DIVOR-SEA. NEW BEGINNING. HOT 'N' HUMID. PISCES.

(6) Regard the furry, fattened men in tiny swimsuits, standing on their fiberglass decks and making rude gestures at the women strolling by on the Riverside Park promenade.

(7) Hepatitis.

In fairness to the urban-nautical life, I did get five months out of the place, which is more than I got out of my previous home (a smoke-filled miniloft one flight up from the kitchen of a dangerous Chinese restaurant). I did get to bask in the glow of several lovely sunsets. I did recover from the hepatitis. I even unloaded the boat (my man Luke took it off my hands and sold it, at an exorbitant profit, which he kept) and found an apartment, and then another, and then the one in which I reside to this day.

I understand that since my departure, the berthing fees at the Boat Basin have gone up (to about $206 a month for a 40-foot boat), the place has come under new, improved management, the new sewage-treatment plant at West 142nd Street promises to reduce the Hudson's used-condom population, and strongman Luke has been deposed. It's even theoretically possible that some of the hairy-knuckled midlife-crisis types have sold their heaps to risk arbitrageurs and junk bond peddlers who are too consumed by their fiendish work for unsightly, half-naked public prancing.

Which still leaves one insurmountable problem. The outlet of a standard-issue marine head, or toilet, with which virtually every boat at 79th Street is equipped, is a simple valve poked through the hull. SPY's fastidious editorial policy prohibits me from describing in detail the effects of raw effluents pouring out of a colony of a hundred or so boats, day after day, week after week, generation after generation. Instead I will simply say this: If you plan to have a romantic time, or even a good time, in the vicinity of the 79th Street Marina, gaze across the Hudson. Admire the sunset. *Just don't look down.*

THERAPY *a-Go-Go*

BY POPE BROCK

YOU DIG FUTURISTIC. YOU LIKE to party. But you're not really on the cutting edge of what's hip. That's why you're here at 4D, on West 55th Street, the place where slightly out-of-it New Yorkers go to drink, dance and dissociate in a Jetsonian atmosphere. In this vast, pulsing space cave, you can fill the inner void with holograms, crackling neon, multiple video screens, gawking visitors from outer boroughs, loud technorock and extremely lurid intergalactic paintings by a French artist and psychology buff named Patrice Breteau.

SCIENCE AND YOU

Ringing the dance floor, those 17 paintings, measuring between 8 feet square and 12 feet square, are painstakingly detailed evocations of outer space—or, more precisely, of the inside of a lava lamp. They feature Breteau's signature space lances and space balls drifting through a landscape of crumpled tunnels. The paintings are popular (more so than the club, which recently filed for Chapter 11 bankruptcy); Breteau has sold similar artwork to such noted tastemakers as the Pentagon, Adnan Khashoggi, NASA and Prince Albert of Monaco. And now he's moving on, making the natural step from nightclub decorator to designer-of-spaces-for-psychiatric-patients. Using the most advanced audio-visual-olfactory technology, Breteau has devised a treatment room for New York's mentally disturbed that he hopes to build in the East Village. According to Breteau's sales prospectus, the room "coaxes, shocks and in general de-sensitizes the patient." It sounds a lot like 4D.

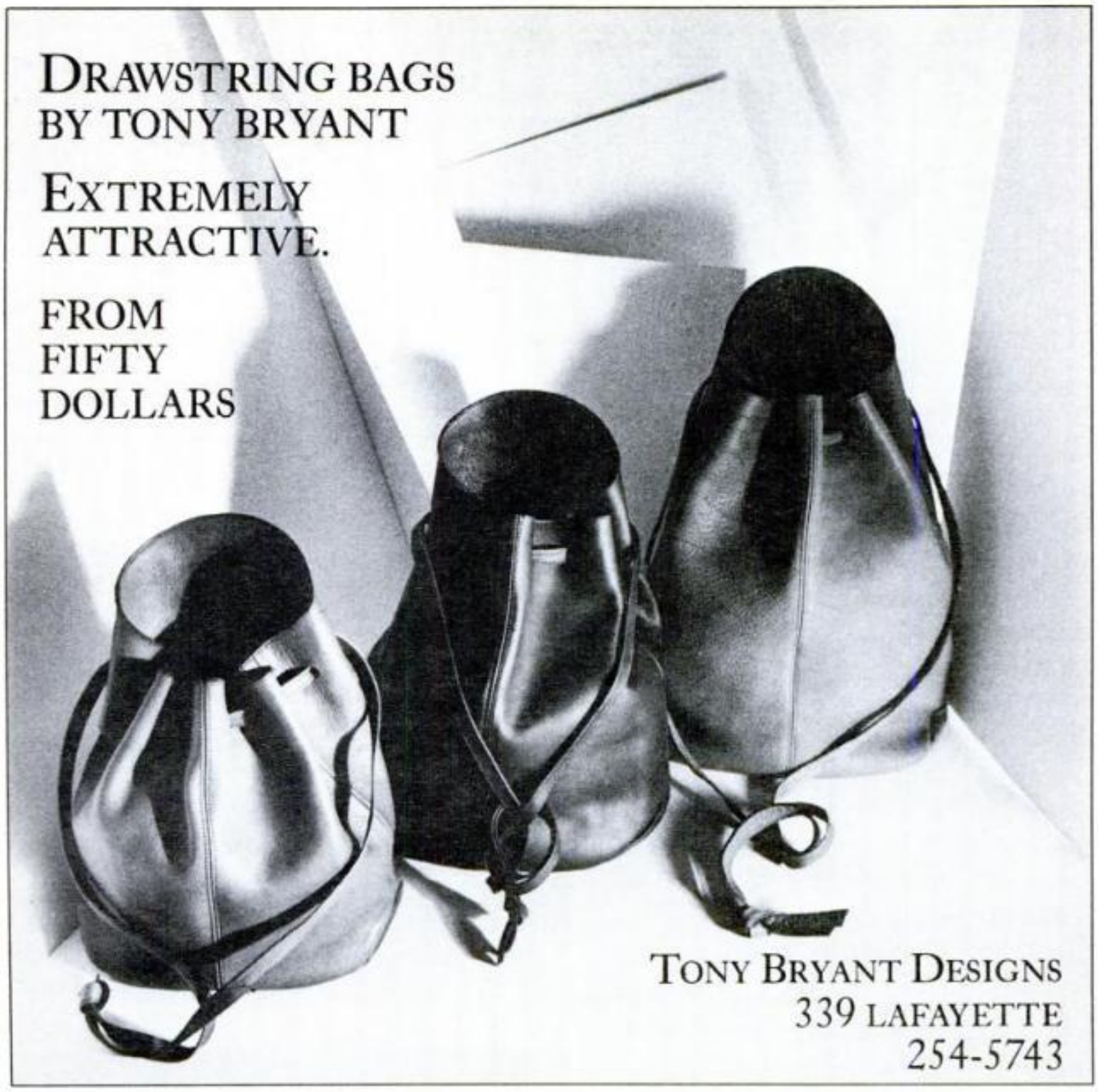
Breteau's proposed treatment room, which he calls a "changing ambiental embryo," is a big white sphere equipped

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with something like Sensurround. The patient reclines in a high-tech chaise lounge that has electrodes embedded in the armrests to monitor pulse, temperature, galvanic skin response and perspiration. An ultrasensitive microphone inside the upholstery measures the patient's heartbeat, and the headrest transmits brain wave frequencies and conceals special speakers. The therapist sits at what Breteau calls "a kind of great big computerized spaceship desk" and tests the patient's responses to as many as 1,500 simulated environments. He can engulf the patient in oceans of projected color and can coordinate these with sounds ranging from a Sousa march to the patient's own heartbeat to the cry of a dolphin. Various smells can be introduced into the mix as well ("like food, or eucalyptus," Breteau suggests), emanating in little puffs from under the electronic armrests of the patient's chair. Film clips—such as "women in China planting rice in water . . . two swans making love . . . cherries on tree . . . climactic scene from Sergei Eisenstein's movie *The Steps of Odessa*"—are projected on the walls. Didn't we see something much like this at the World's Fair in Flushing Meadow in 1964?

"It is all completely a collaboration," says Breteau. "At the first meeting, the therapist has to experiment, to find out what kind of sound the patient likes, what kind of color and scent. Also what the patient dislikes. When he is bullshitting." As Breteau's prospectus points out, "A choice of the color red, coupled with Gregorian chants, the smell of ammonia, thunder, and scenes of Auschwitz, indicates the patient's state of mind!" To deliberately shake up a passive subject, the doctor might introduce an irritating sound, say, or harsh colors, or a film of a slaughterhouse or thousands of snakes. But whether the doctor spends the session combining the gentlest elements or whaling away at the console like E. Power Biggs, "after one hour, he will know what kind of patient he has."

Unfortunately, hockey fans can't be helped. Breteau says the treatments are designed for the mildly disturbed, not for "crazy, crazy, completely crazy, crazy people who are vegetables." However, Dr. Roman Pabis, director of the St. Mark's Place Institute for Mental Health, believes the treatment room might aid those suffering from anxiety, depression and





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phobias—in other words, most New Yorkers. An acrophobic, for example, could be immersed in soothing colors while the therapist gradually introduces sounds and films of bridges.

"The therapist could even change his voice," suggests Dr. Pabis. "If the patient is fixated on his mother, the therapist could imitate the mother electronically. A woman's voice, at least, maybe the mother. Or a child's voice." One foresees a bizarre sort of *This Is Your Life* therapy for those with enough cash and idiot courage.

Breteau admits he has no background in behavioral science and has never been in therapy. "I know human behavior," he says. "I designed the room through my experience of *life*." Now 44 years old, he has been a frogman, an army nurse, a secretary to a Greek shipping magnate (where he socialized with the likes of Jacqueline Onassis and Winston Churchill) and a real estate developer. He tried raising goats in the south of France, but they all died. Then he emigrated and took up art ("I came to America because I was pissed off about the whole thing with the goats").

His venture into the mental health field began in 1982, by accident, when a St. Louis psychologist named Philip L. Kapnick bought several six-by-six-foot paintings and 40 slides from Breteau to use as aids in inducing hypnosis. According to Kapnick, "[Breteau's] use of color, form and universal symbols facilitates states of deep relaxation, trust, and comfort."

By 1985, the artist had designed his first therapeutic space—a waiting room that he calls the Waiting Womb. "I never see a waiting room where you feel comfortable," he explains. "They make you feel more pain. The colors, the shape of the furniture. The whole thing is a catastrophe." So he devised a waiting room to be constructed and painted "like the inside of a snail shell," a sort of cosmic uterus meant to encourage relaxation. The proposed waiting room has 12 elevated chairs that are tilted backward. A wash of blue light along the carpet casts the patients' faces in shadow. He envisions tinkling synthesizer music or Indian flutes, and a soothing scent wafting in—probably lavender or verbena. Overhead there would be a re-creation of a night sky thick with stars. To avoid the irritating intrusion of nurses' voices, each patient would wear a special electronic bracelet that vibrates when the doctor is ready for him.

Usually Breteau's astral inventions are money in the bank. In addition to regular painting commissions from NASA, he recently did a 135-by-14-foot painting for Photon, a new space-age amusement park on Long Island. "You put on helmet, you put on shield, you put on your gun, you go inside, like a machine in an arcade," he explains. "It was on *Rich and Famous*."

Nonetheless, the spiral waiting room remains unbuilt. The concept has been shelved for a while, says Breteau, because when he shopped it around to doctors, he found more interest expressed in an environmental diagnosis-and-treatment room for psychotherapy. Several weeks later, he had designed one.

Having accumulated 25 letters of support from the medical profession, Breteau has been given $100,000 by a backer ("a banker, very wealthy, like Trump") to construct a working model of the therapy room. If that proves successful, the



Trump-like backer will supposedly provide $1 million to build the real thing next year. Dr. Pabis has already committed two stories of air rights over his East Village Medicaid clinic for the rooms. And Breteau has already talked to the people at *Donahue*.

"I would like to design also a nursing home for old people," says Breteau, sounding an awful lot like inventor–designer–artist–Kennedy husband Ed Schlossberg. "They spend a long time during the day playing cards, watching TV, waiting to die, really. Why not give them an environment that's—I have to say *cosmic*, where they feel they're already there?"

HAPPIER

Than You

BY ELLIS WEINER

NOVEMBER: ENCROACHING DESPAIR. Soon winter's icy lash will flay the bone-bare limbs of lonely, sad trees; and, worse, there have been no Iran-contra hearings for months. I loved the Hearings.

HOW TO BE A GROWN-UP

Granted, they were meandering, dull, redundant and redundant, largely incomprehensible and often infuriating.

Q: Colonel North, did Admiral Poindexter tell Mr. Casey that Mr. Hakim and General Secord paid Mr. Green to transship Mr. Calero from Country 3 to Mr. MacFarlane in the basement?

A: Senator, you can go to hell.

Q: Thank you very much, Colonel. I'd just like to add my own note of appreciation for your taking time from your busy schedule to testify here with such admirable candor.

I miss the Hearings, and wish they would come back. Despite the tedium, despite the bogus air of indignation and tough-talking thoroughness, despite all the bloodcurdling performances (the elegant, folksy-horrible Henry Hyde; the doe-eyed, saddened chidings of Orrin Hatch, the very embodiment of a civics teacher at an all-girls school), it was in part thanks to the Hearings that we were granted surcease from the Best Cant Catchphrase of the eighties: "America is feeling *good* about itself again."

We haven't heard that America is feeling good about itself for a while now. Presumably America has gone back to feeling bad about itself—news that cannot fail to cheer all Americans regardless of race, creed or country of origin. Because you needn't know how to pronounce *schadenfreude* to acknowledge the considerable consolation to be derived from the unhappiness, or relatively less happiness, of others. That is, America's feeling bad about itself offers each of us a chance to

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feel that much better about *ourselves*.

Such comparisons—how I feel vs. how someone else feels, and how the resulting tally makes me feel—are, of course, arbitrary and absurd, an attempt to objectify and compute what is probably the essence of incalculable subjectivity. When the grown-up puts on his pants or his dress in the morning, he knows that happiness is a purely relative thing, untranslatable into universal terms, the net result of a complex interaction of each person's unique psyche, soma, soul and surroundings. No, comparing the inner state of, say, Michael J. Fox with that of, say, us is out of the question. *Yet it is all we have*: a thin, fragile bulwark against the incessant beating of the tide of other people's greater success, fame, bucks, girls, guys, real estate, cars, contracts, raises, partnerships, nightclub admissions, three-picture deals, kids' schools, health, clothes, orgasms, vacations, perks, reviews, parties and jobs.

Let no one speak here of intolerance. We—providing we are a grown-up—do not begrudge the other his or her life. We *want* the other to live, to thrive, to get down and get fonky with his or her own personal life-groove thang. Besides, other people are the public, and are therefore indispensable to our vital, creative life-style. Without the public, writers would have only themselves to write for, and would have only themselves to pay for their work—which, considering what most of them make, they simply couldn't afford.

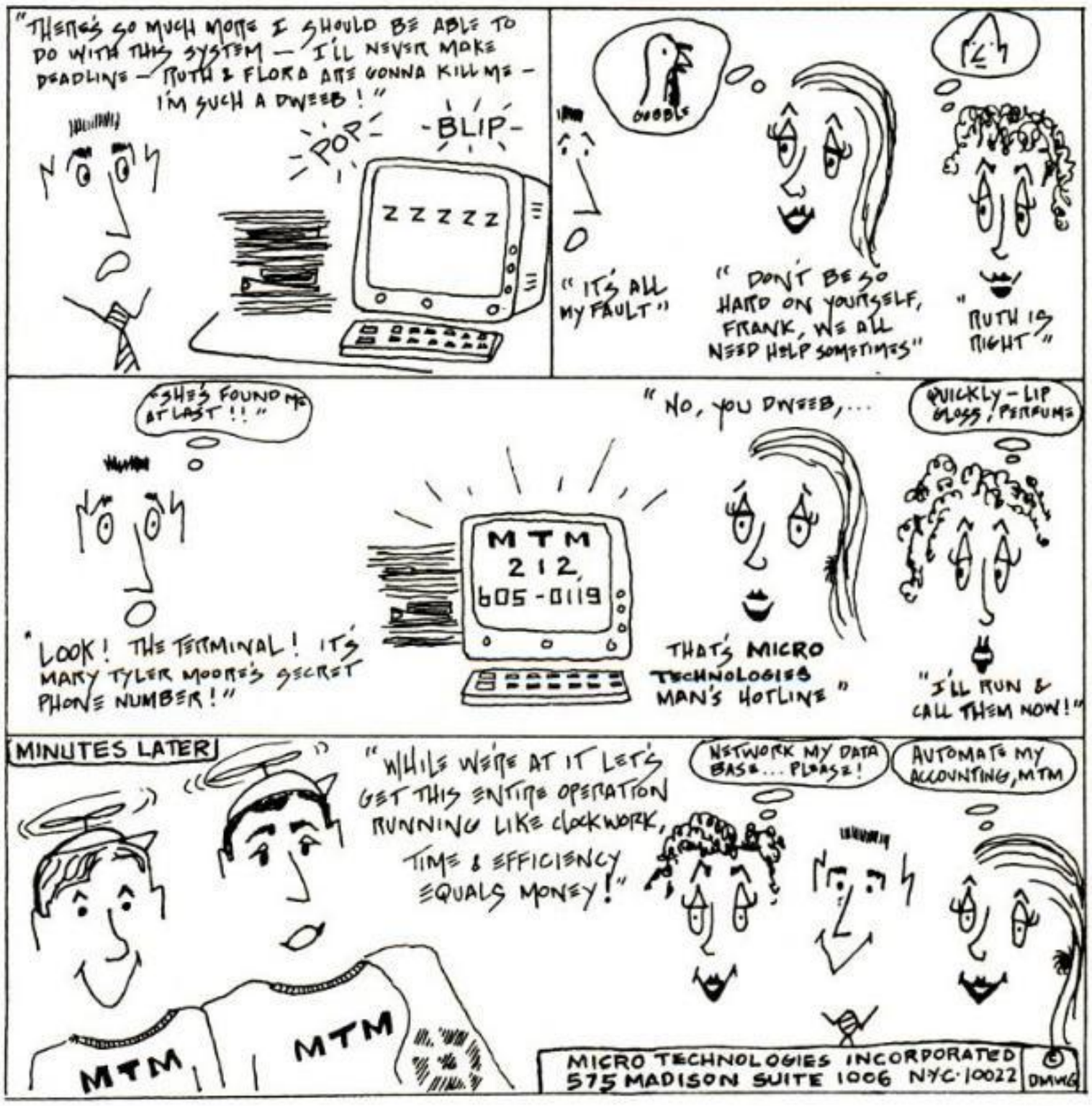
Therefore, let there be other people. But please, let them not be more successful than we, and if they are, let them not enjoy it. What is a person to feel and think when confronted with, say, the spectacle of tax cuts for the rich, Oscars for the mediocre, Ollie for president and TV movies for Fawn? In fact, a person is to feel terrible, and to think this: *Yes, they've got their tax cuts, their Oscars, their public praise, their TV movies—but are they happy?*

This desperate question, sprayed like chemical foam on one's inner fires of envy, is the basis for most of what shopping-mall America reads, from scandal sheets (HOW BRIGITTE IS MAKING SLY'S LIFE A LIVING HELL) to escapist fiction (*"Lord Trevor smiled wistfully. Amanda sensed that within his breast lay a sadness mere luxury could not assuage..."*). Popular nonfiction pursues the same mission: first, to convince shopping-mall America that the rich and glamorous are in fact miserable and, second, to pro-



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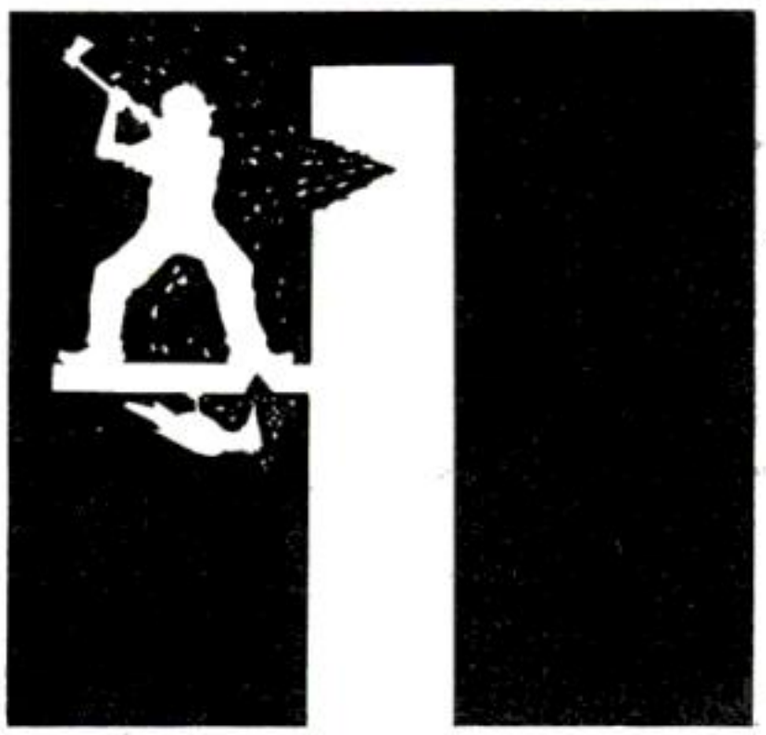
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vide tips and pep talks on how the reader can herself become rich and glamorous.

The grown-up, of course, is above such bathetic, dingbat stuff. He or she knows quite well that Malcolm Forbes and Charo are happy. The grown-up issues a bathetic, dingbat challenge all his or her own: they're happy, yes—*but are they happier than me?*

Surely not, the grown-up concludes. Why? Because the possibility is intolerable. If Michael J. Fox is happier than me (oh, all right: than I), then I am forced to wish that I were he. And, really, how many times in my life am I going to get to be Michael J. Fox? Almost none. Therefore, I concoct niggling comparisons: I *grew up in more challenging times*. I *have firmer political values and standards*. I *have my own delicious recipe for chili*.

And so forth, mutatis mutandis, for whoever sufficiently stimulates my envy or insecurity. Bruce Springsteen, David Mamet, Ron Darling, Rajiv Gandhi: there's always something they have, haven't, are or aren't, that I haven't, have, am not or am. Yes, this whole yes-but exercise is petty, demeaning and even



perhaps a little neurotic. But how else can one get through the day? By eschewing all comparisons in the calm, mature knowledge that each life has meaning strictly on its own terms? By learning to view the world not as an arena of competing displays of happiness, but as a drama in which each individual pursues his or her own unique destiny?

Maybe there are people able to view themselves and the world with such equanimity. Maybe they're happily self-sufficient, immune to envy. But, really, aren't they also just a little humorless and sort of . . . *boring?* So who wants to be *them?*

School SMARMS

BY ERIC KAPLAN

EDUCATION

THE LEARNING ANNEX MARKETS itself through a giveaway pseudomagazine with a picture of a pretty girl on the cover and the slogan "School was never like this." Inside is an oddly eclectic curriculum, ranging over such outposts of human knowledge as flirting, playing the stock market and beer tasting. Every day, thousands of New Yorkers wonder briefly, before throwing the cheap circulars away, just what sort of person would pay $36 to "Take a Psychic Journey" or has sunk so low as to look for a lover at "Finding a Lover for Men & Women."

At the beginning of a typical class, the students introduce themselves in what usually takes the form of a little confession. "My name is Davie. I used to be into drugs. I'm off that. I do believe in other realms." The classes take place in eerily deserted city high schools decorated with lines down the center of the hallways and papered with the residue of forced-labor projects such as "We Learned About Greek Mythology." Pathetically, despite the slogan, school *was* something like this. Teacher's pets and show-offs are common, and in "How to Flirt" an old shoeshine man raised his hand to ask if he could go to the bathroom.

The cheesiness of many of the instructors serves as an index of just how far-gone the people in their classes are. The Learning Annex's dim glimmer of prestige can lead certain people to take advice from characters they would change cars to get away from on the subway late at night. Gruesome writer Dan Greenburg is a case in point. Though the catalog invited us to find out "how . . . one man [could] be so full of fun and farce and incisive wit," Greenburg adopted the persona of an iron-jawed humor industrialist. Striding back and forth, he awed his audience of aspiring cat-hate authors and "Lighter Side of Life" columnists with stories of agents and advances and his own brilliant career. They, in return, lionized him, causing him to call forth writer clichés (Greenburg, you'll be interested to know, *keeps a little book* with him at all times—to write down *ideas*).

Eight or nine steps down the evolutionary scale is the instructor-audience relationship in "Take a Psychic Journey." Laura Bankoff, an overfed blond, nattered on in a single, endless sentence about ghosts and auras and spirit guardians. In the front row a woman with long yellow socks shook back and forth and moaned when Laura talked about how the souls of people in the Waldorf-Astoria were more "spiritually organized" than those elsewhere. When the class was going on a psychic journey to the Sea of Tranquillity (a field trip!), Laura told us to call on our guardians. The woman in yellow socks bellowed, "Guardians!" "*Mentally* call on them," Laura chastised.

Almost every Learning Annex pedant has magic-crystal shards or autographed books or posters or consultations to hawk. It seems that the more ethereal the course, the more earthly the true motives. I first began to suspect this at "The Power and Beauty of Crystals and Gemstones." The instructor, Richard Berger, a hunched bear who owns a magic-crystal business, explained to us that there were two ways to relate to crystals: *being* and *doing*. To understand this, we were each supposed to pick a partner and introduce ourselves, speaking first for a few minutes in our *doing* mode and then for a few minutes in our *being* mode.

Partnering Up is one of two main pedagogical tools–cum–dating rituals at the Learning Annex. Students partner up with members of the opposite sex to complete sentences about success in "Success—If You're Not Ready For It Now, When Will You Be?" and to gaze intuitively and silently into each other's eyes in "How to Flirt." In "Success" students make signs with their names at the top of a pyramid and their two paragons of success at the bottom, then walk around the classroom and introduce themselves.

There is an explicit curriculum (which the catalog coyly calls The Meet Market) to help the advanced student (who has already conquered fear and achieved success

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through the Annex's other courses) find a helpmate with whom to share it all. The diligent scholar can study how to flirt and, having found a lover, *how to have ultra-orgasmic Chinese sex with him/her.*

"Sexual Secrets of the Orient" is taught by a middle-aged husband-and-wife team, aptly named Alex and Ilene Gross. He wears pants yanked up to his navel and thick black glasses and a jacket that looks like the carpet from somebody's Buick. He conducts much of the class in a carnival barker's shout. "*Ultra-orgasmic sex!* In the past *month*, how many of your orgasms were incredible, magnificent, super-duper, stupendously magnificent? Made you say, 'Wow! Magnificent!' This is what sex is all about, this is what life is all about, this is what making love is all about!" His liveliness is cheering in comparison with his cadaverous, stupefied wife, who sits through most of the class with her jaw sagging open.

Alex and Ilene learned the Sexual Secrets of the Orient from Alex's acupuncturist. Since then they have been able to have three-hour sexual encounters. If you are interested in trying the Sexual Secrets of the Orient, keep in mind the three laws of ultra-orgasmics: (1) Never block an orgasm. (2) Never force an orgasm. (3) Every person has a particular number of orgasms he should allow himself in a month.

Learning the dry substance of it is nothing compared with getting the whole learning experience. Alex and Ilene have a flair for metaphor. Alex refers to the process leading up to the male orgasm as "the catsup bottle analogy," and Ilene says that Tantric sex techniques suck up semen "like a giant vacuum cleaner." They also perform teaching demonstrations—with their clothes on, on top of their desk and locked in the "Two Cranes Position," rocking back and forth with accompanying commentary. Ilene didn't say much during class but mimed various actions. When Alex was talking about how tense they used to be, Ilene silently began to chew her fingernails. Later she played a "sedate" pet and then an "angry pussycat" when Alex stroked her in different directions to show how yin and yang work. Each student got a bag of raisins, symbolizing orgasms, and was instructed on how to select one and eat it. Most disconcerting, Alex explained a genital exercise that consisted of contracting the muscles in the pubo-coccygeus region and said it was convenient because it could be done in public. "You could be doing it right now," Alex said. "*I'm* doing it." "I'm doing it," added Ilene. Alex explained that no one would ever know it. "Even if we got undressed," Ilene added. "It's not *down* there—it's *in* there." "The point is made," Alex told her. "You're belaboring it."

Beneath the baubled surface of Chinese mysticism and energy fields and crystals and the duality of being and doing, there is a core of beliefs about the human situation common to many of the courses in the Learning Annex. It seems to descend equally from Dianetics, Norman Vincent Peale and pop Eastern religion.

The philosophy is articulated in the most surprising places. At "How to Flirt," Shellie Fraddin, a "behavioral trainer" who specializes in "relationships," told her students that they had to remember that the unconscious mind is like a computer that says yes to *everything*. As a result, anything we have ever been told, we unconsciously believe. Fraddin told her class to forget about watching the news before they went to sleep, because the bad news would infiltrate their unconsciouses. Along with the instructor for "Feel the Fear and Do It Anyway" and psychic journeyer Laura Bankoff, Fraddin sees hanging around with friends who gripe about life as a major error, and recommends that students replace these friends with upbeat ones.

The *conscious* mind, however, seems to be doing little better. Called "the chatterbox" by many instructors at the Annex, it inevitably drags us down with self-doubt. Fraddin told her class about a friend who, whenever her conscious mind said something to her, would say to herself, "Thank you for sharing."

The Learning Annex tells its students that they are right to see themselves as failures—but that it isn't their fault because it comes from past negative thinking, and that positive thinking is an easy way out. If we have failed because people have told our unconscious mind bad things, we will succeed by telling it good things. The embodiment of this worldview is not a pretty sight. It is an auditorium full of Upper East Side matrons and singles attending "Feel the Fear and Do It Anyway" and chanting, "*I am powerful and I am loving. I am powerful and I am loved. I am powerful and I love it.*"

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Takeovers Made EASY

BY JOE QUEENAN

ALL NEW YORKERS SHARE A dream of one day being in a position to undertake a leveraged buyout of a father-in-law's $35 million corporation that makes semi-acrylic underpadding for the walls of mental institutions and prisons. And how fortunate we New Yorkers are to have at our disposal a wide selection of law firms that can effortlessly handle all the negotiations and paperwork involved in such a complex deal—and at a dirt-cheap price.

BUSINESS

Though my own father-in-law is already dead, the lingering threat of unexploded World War II land mines on the rural French roads my wife often travels in the summertime leaves open the possibility that I may one day remarry and find myself in a position to buy out a future father-in-law's $35 million geomatrixing fiber empire. Anxious to be prepared to spring into action should the unthinkable occur, I recently decided to visit one of the offices of Jacoby & Meyers to develop a buyout contingency plan. I called their East 42nd Street office three times and was told by three different people:

Yes, we can do leveraged buyouts.

No, we can't do leveraged buyouts.

Yes, we can do leveraged buyouts, but the 72nd Street office can do them better.

So I called the 72nd Street office and was told to come in for a 9:30 a.m. appointment the following day.

On first inspection, the 200 West 72nd Street office of Jacoby & Meyers didn't look like the sort of place you would go to pull off a $35 million deal. It's a shabby little space in one of those buildings with a single elevator, the kind that always makes audiences holler out to women in horror movies, *"Don't get in!"* When I walked into the office—paint job needed, stacks of unfiled papers, carpet disintegrating—four crones who looked like the world's two least pleasant bridge teams were walking out, perhaps after arranging a quartet of inexpensive divorces. There was no secretary to greet me; the lawyer who would be handling the $35 million leveraged buyout was the only person in the office. When I arrived, he was on the phone—as he was during much of my consultation—so I paged through the magazines. There were no *Architectural Digests* or *New Yorkers*, only stacks of periodicals deploring Princess Di's shenanigans. I had just got to the part about Fergie's bad influence when Don Panush came out and said hello, handed me an application form, asked for the $25 consultation fee, answered two phone calls and showed me into his office.

Panush quickly got down to brass tacks. I told him that my father-in-law was a scientist who owned a White Plains firm called Geomatrix Inc. that sold an unusual type of fibrous underpadding used on the walls in mental institutions and prisons to keep inmates from bashing their brains in. I said that this wondrous substance redistributed the force of the impact of the forehead on the wall, reducing damage to the head. I explained that it was a very lucrative business, because there were so many insane people and criminals in the United States. I told him that the material could also be used as an underpadding for Astroturf. I said that the company also made a self-expanding fiber component used in macadam on Delaware highways, and that this explained why there are so few potholes in Delaware. Panush listened attentively to my lies, occasionally taking a phone call. I explained that my brothers and I saw big potential in the institutional applications of the geomatrixing fiber but wanted to dump the Delaware operation and use the proceeds to buy out the rest of the company. I estimated that the company, in its present state, was worth about $35 million.

Panush seemed to think the deal would be a snap, provided my father-in-law was willing to talk.

"Generally, the lawyers get together and negotiate these things," he explained, noting that my father-in-law would probably not accept 100 percent of our opening offer. "There are certain tax implications to consider; he may want to sell you some of the shares and retain the rest, or maybe all the stock will be held in escrow until the last payment is made."

Then he took a call.

I told Panush that my brothers and I were a bit short on cash and wanted to buy the company for as little as possible. He said that once we had a contract, even before the closing, we could start carving up the company and raise cash that way. Then he took another couple of calls.

I asked how much the buyout would cost me. "Around $1,750," he said. "That covers the first ten hours of work. After that we charge $125 an hour, but I can't imagine it costing more than $1,000 extra, unless we have to have a meeting of the minds and 20 meetings. We can probably do this with two or three."

Panush, taking a couple more calls—he'd take eight during our 20-minute tête-à-tête—did indicate that there would be other fees (a tax lien search, bank fees, etc.) but didn't think they would be substantial. I asked him if he'd done many deals like this in the past; he shrugged and said, "Yeah." Then I asked if he'd done many in the $35 million range and he said, "No, I've done a few for two or three million, but most are a couple of hundred thousand." He thought a moment, then added, "But when you're closing a deal on a house, you have to do the same forms whether it's a $10,000 house or a $1 million house." How true.

Just then the exterminator came in and asked me if he could spray the office. Panush took a final call, and I said thanks. As I was walking out he said, "If you have any other questions, you can call for free. That's part of the $25 consultation fee."

When I got home, my present wife, who is a certified public accountant, expressed astonishment that no one at Jacoby & Meyers had asked me anything concrete about the financial health of the company—profit-and-loss statements, existing inventory or any of the rest of that technical stuff. I told her that at Jacoby & Meyers they know how to cut through all the muck John Q. Public doesn't want to hear about and get right down to nuts and bolts. That night, I went to bed secure in the knowledge that for just $1,750 I could go out tomorrow and buy out Pop's $35 million company. Now I have to track down a father-in-law with $35 million. Maybe Panush can do a quickie divorce as part of a package deal.

But then, flushed with my brilliant success at Jacoby & Meyers, I began to think

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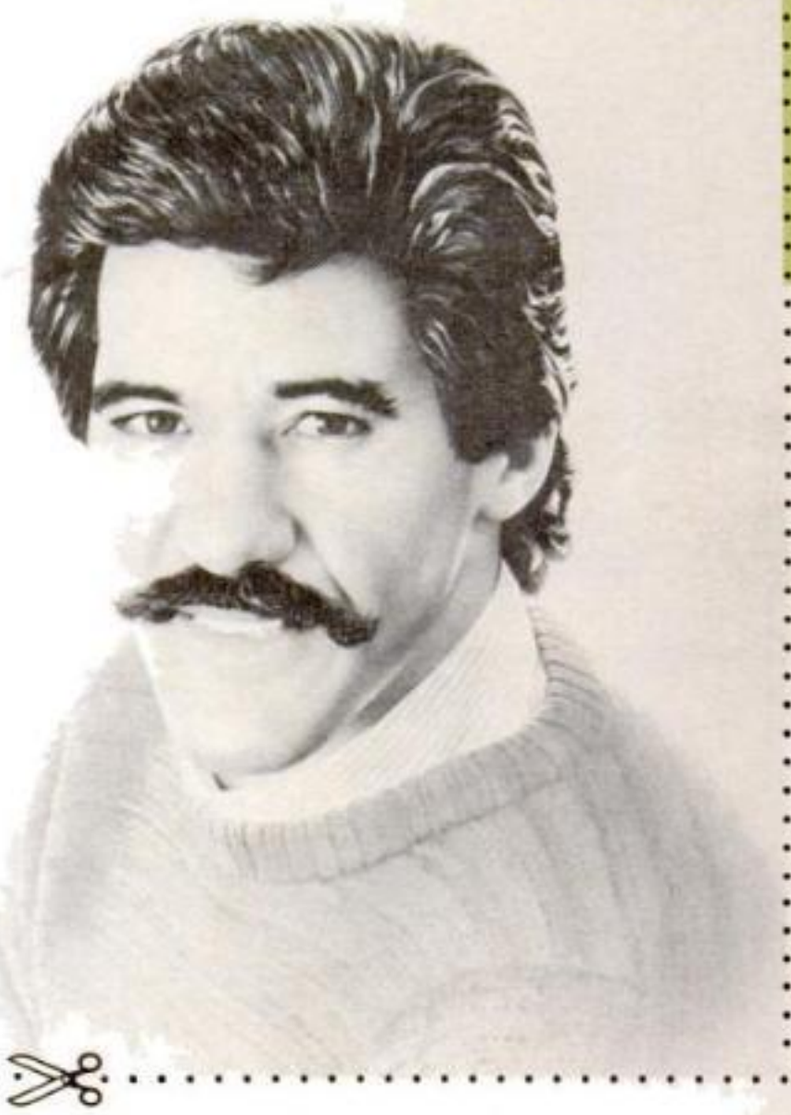


▲ **A LITTLE DAB'LL DO YA Rakish fashion-world hanger-on Boaz Mazor tells Mercedes Kellogg a hilarious anecdote concerning an Instamatic camera and a farmer's daughter, or sign language in a brothel, or something.**



Man dressed like a banana prepares to enter the Tunnel.

When SPY received a single invitation to the gala celebration to honor Geraldo Rivera and his new TV show, a squabble immediately erupted over who would attend. The argument became so embittered that we decided, Solomon-like, that *no one* would go; instead we would preserve the handsome invitation (*below*) in the SPY Scrapbook. (You can do the same—just cut out along dotted lines.) We missed the champagne, the schmoozing, the white-hot anticipation of Geraldo's exciting new



daily talk show. We missed the wall-to-wall celebrities—the John (*Eyewitness News*) Johnsons; the David (Manhattan borough president) Dinkinses; Howard Stern's straight woman, Robin; and that actress from *As the World Turns*. We missed Geraldo's brother Craig Rivera running around shouting, "What, you mean there's no *beer*?" We missed Dinkins giving Geraldo an impressive plaque bearing the official proclamation that August 31, 1987, was "Geraldo Rivera Day" (*left*). Most of all, we missed the man (and Emmy-winning journalist) himself—Geraldo.



▲ **When shameless social climber and dirty-book writer Shirley Lord tried to introduce shameless social climber and Queens-born casino operator Donald Trump to her new husband, the whiny-voiced shameless social climber and formerly important *New York Times* employee Abe Rosenthal, Trump seemed confused. "Weren't you on *At the Movies*?" Trump is rumored to have said.**



◀ **EVEN THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE HAVE DREARY KITCHENS Terribly, terribly bored night crawlers Janis Savitt, some guy and Tawn Stein (wife of Howard, the man responsible for Xenon) discover that soupspoons make handy mirrors.**



▶ **New York is so cosmopolitan. Where else could you have your wedding, as Adam Bomb and Claire O'Connor did, at a nightclub that actually used to be a church? With Billy Idol and his lovely girlfriend Perri Lister (not the one arrested for cocaine possession) performing a very special, very moving version of Billy's hit "White Wedding"?**

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DO THEY HAVE *CLIFFS NOTES* FOR GINSBERG? What a slippery chameleon that Judd Nelson is. Here he is in his habitué-of-Waldenbooks guise, having given a powerful reading of *Howl* to benefit the Poetry Project at the Public Theater. A far cry from his more familiar insufferably smug yuppie look, soon to be beamed *directly into your home, whether you want it or not*, in the TV movie *Billionaire Boys Club*, in which Nelson plays murderer Joe Hunt.

Poop



1



2



3

4

HAIR TODAY We're all used to seeing extravagant hairdos south of 14th Street (see John Sex, *above*), but evidently mousse knows no geographic limits. As early as 1975 Jacqueline Kennedy was into high hair (1), and now the other ladies who lunch are catching on: (2) *Vogue* life-styles writer Chessy Rayner, (3) self-merchandiser Elizabeth Taylor and (4) the reigning queen of the Bride of Frankenstein look, Judy Peabody.

like a real corporate raider. I entertained grander and grander schemes. What about undertaking a hostile takeover of a company with which one had no family connection? Was there a budget legal service in New York that could handle my takeover of, say, Nike?

Well, I didn't need to go back to Jacoby & Meyers, because I already knew that these guys were in the big leagues. Instead, I phoned L-A-W-Y-E-R-S, another one of those legal services that advertise on late-night TV. Bad news. L-A-W-Y-E-R-S said, *N-O, we can't handle buyouts, leveraged or otherwise.*

Next I called the Do-It-Yourself Legal Service (242-2840). I had some trouble getting through—I had to call four different times before anyone picked up. Already, their chances of handling the takeover were fading. When a voice finally answered, it said something incomprehensible that sounded like "A.R.I."

"Is this the Do-It-Yourself Legal Service?" I asked.

"They're on vacation," she replied.

"On vacation?"

"Yes. This is the answering service. They won't be back until the fifteenth of September. Want to leave a message?"

Are you kidding? Leave a message for a law firm that goes on vacation en masse every August? Suppose we got the Nike deal together on August 14 and were all ready to sign the papers, only to find that Do-It-Yourself was in Cape May?

Maybe that's why the law firm is called Do-It-Yourself.

My next call was to Heller & Heller, a firm that operates nationally and whose full-page display ad in the NYNEX Yellow Pages says, in inch-high letters, CRIMINAL, ACCIDENT CASES, MALPRACTICE, DIVORCES, ANNULMENTS, SEPARATIONS, and in somewhat smaller type: EMERGENCY SERVICE 24 HOURS 7 DAYS A WEEK...ALL HOURS. 925-0909. Here I hit pay dirt, and I didn't have to spend a penny for the initial consultation by phone. I explained to lawyer Mark Heller that I was interested in taking over a company. Before I got a chance to say which one, Heller asked what my budget was. I told him I didn't know exactly but I certainly didn't want to spend a fortune on legal fees just to find out that what I was trying to do wasn't feasible. He said it was important to know how much I could afford so that we could "tailor the expenditures."

Then he took a long-distance call.

"I am here to serve you," he said when he got back on the line. "If you tell me how much you are prepared to allocate for publicity, for legal expenses, for start-up costs, I can help you."

I suggested $50,000, of which $20,000 could go for legal expenses right away. Heller was now willing to listen. My proposal: a group of my friends and I were going to take over Nike.

"That's a big company," he said.

"Yes," I agreed. "We figured why not go with a company that has a high profile already. See, we don't like what's going on with Nike. I see a lot of messengers wearing Nike stuff, and I'd like to make the company go more upscale. We would also like to develop the Southeast Asian market. And we've got lots of contacts in France. So we want to launch a minority-shareholder takeover. I think once word gets out about what we're doing, a lot of other investors will be interested."

Heller then said that he would need a minimum retainer of $25,000 to get things rolling. He explained that this should be paid immediately. I asked what he would do next. He mentioned (1) a procedure; (2) an approach; (3) a modus operandi; (4) a skeletal outline.

I asked Heller if his company did deals like this regularly.

"Oh, yeah," he said.

"In New York or all over the country?"

"We're national."

"And you do deals like this all the time?"

"Of course, this is what we do every day."

They must squeeze them in between the accident and malpractice cases, the divorces, annulments and separations. Watch out, Nike.

So there you have it. If you've got your heart set on a neat, in-family takeover of a $35 million company, Jacoby & Meyers can handle it for roughly $2,750. Taking over a large footwear company will set you back at least $25,000 if you go with Heller & Heller. But let's not forget that a hostile takeover of Nike may get you coverage in *The Wall Street Journal* and *Barron's*. All of which goes to show that you don't need to sit down with savvy venture capitalists or brokerage house analysts before you take on the big boys. Call Jacoby & Meyers. Call Heller & Heller. They're in the Yellow Pages.

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CAROLINE: I miss you so, you must know, I love you so. Peter.

Happy Birthday Marg.

I'M YOUR BEST FRIEND. After each NIGHTMARE (Aug SPY) crushed you, you spilled out your tale of woe to my sympathetic ear. After your initial joy (when he changed) (Sep SPY) turned to boredom, you unloaded your frustration, knowing I'd understand. We've always found each other interesting, sexy, irreverent; there's always been this tension between friendship and desire. So tonight we'll share a bottle of wine—and for the first time (of many times), more. SPY Box 29

MUCH to be thankful for this year: telephones, leaps of faith, limbishness, fruit-juice yogurt. You venividivici'ed.—your little Appalachia

FLAPS DOWN! Here's your own message. Chew your drums.

MARGIZE—JUST 'CUZ YER MARRIED NOW don't mean we can't swap STINGERS on the eve of the 7th. Your beloved fellow Scorpio—Empire State Stinger.

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ANYONE HOME? Non-scary woman, 36, seeks smart, outgoing, eclectic NYC guy. No potheads or preppies, please. SPY Box 30



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UN-BRITISH CROSSWORD ANSWERS

Is it just me, or does everything seem dumb *in the eighties? So many movies, so many public utterances, so many people* buying *those movies and utterances.*

Okay, my critics may say, so what have I been doing to make things better? Have I been forming a new political party? Have I been writing a major novel? Have I been serving as secretary of Education?

No. I have been creating crossword puzzles. And I have been composing a double volume of verse that if you open it from one side is entitled Soupsongs *and if you turn it over and open it from the other side is entitled* Webster's Ark. *Available in fine stores this month.* —*R.B.*

ACROSS

1. If this puzzle were as backassward as nearly everything else these days, this kickoff clue would have entailed some kind of rear-end joke. Maybe that would have ushered in the multitudes. I don't know. At any rate, all we have here is a simple definition and an anagram. If you have your wits about you, you will notice a plethora of anagrams in this puzzle. Did you know that an anagram of *anagram* is *a rag man?*

5. *Du* (in German, "you") and Four-H.

9. This is a pretty dumb clue, I guess. So here's a bit of information: did you know that the dumdum bullet was originally made in Dum Dum, India, a town near Calcutta? The dumdum bullet is not a smart missile. But it doesn't need to be.

12. This is the kind of thing a dumb person hopes to see. Something see-through dropping off. Or the Emperor slipping out of his new clothes.

13. Lite is a kind of beer, a rally is a kind of fest. Dumb writers use *literally* to mean *virtually* (which is virtually, if not quite literally, the opposite of *literally*), as in "The Reagan administration has literally turned our minds to jelly." Speaking of Lite beer, don't you think it's time for there to be three opposing camps in those Miller Lite commercials? One yelling, "*Less filling!*" Another: "*Tastes great!*" Yet another: "*Gets you drunk!*"

14. Granted, endings are hard. Nearly every major novel ends inadequately. But aren't you glad it's over? Surely the novelist is. If I were a major novelist, my trademark finish would be "Whew!" There is something to be said for a form of expression that does not entail a wrap-up, a sign-off, a conclusion as such. For instance, sculpture, architecture, a crossword puzzle, or a double volume of verse that if you open it from one side is entitled *Soupsongs* and if you turn it over and open it from the other side is called *Webster's Ark*. You would have to buy such a book to see what I mean.

21. *Mad in home* rearranged ("insane"). I think the Reagan administration *has* turned our minds to jelly.

24. *OT* is the abbreviation for *overtime* in basketball. Major novels often go into overtime.

25. *Pin* plus anagram of *clean*. What does this have to do with dumbness? The adjective *neat* is dumb, in the way that George Bush or Ollie North uses it. Okay? And messing up clean peaks is dumb. Okay? This is my environmental-impact statement for 1987.

27. *Meld* with *Love* inside. Maybe you don't think Rob Lowe is too young to be parading his understanding of love and life before the vast general public. I think he is. And I have been going to the movies longer than he has. Actually, I don't even know which one of those young guys Rob Lowe is. Is he the one who isn't Ally Sheedy? I doubt it matters. I rest my case.

DOWN

1. I was listening to an argument between a couple sitting at the next table in a Chinese restaurant:

"CULTIVATE A POSITIVE OUTLOOK."

"Bullshit! Most of the evil in this world is done by people with a positive outlook."

"Don't start this. Please. Let's just drop it. I can see where it's headed."

"Of course, *you'd* probably reply that most of *everything* that's done in the world is done by people with a positive outlook."

"I don't believe this. I don't believe we are about to get into a fight over a fortune cookie."

"Well, if you'd ever read anything *else*. . . ."

2. *Plume* "flutters," or rearranges itself, over *N*.

4. I take *Simple Simon-y* to mean "characteristic of Simple Simon," as *irony* means "characteristic of iron," as in "You look kind of irony today, Superman. Steel yourself." See, because iron rusts. Simony is what Jim and Tammy Bakker were guilty of.

7. How can Hopalong Cassidy have been such a forceful defender of rough frontier justice with a name like that? Wouldn't Lopealong have been better? Even Clopalong? Did people say to him, "Fuck you and the frog you rode in on"? Any hope of answering these questions was buried with the late William Boyd.

8. Okay, you of the Sexism Patrol, take a look at this clue. Wouldn't it have been far more natural—for anyone with any knowledge of Tinseltown history before *Back to the Future*—to have seized upon Tallulah Bankhead as the perfect example of someone who was had widely? But no, I chose Errol Flynn, a loose *man*. And I know I'm a better person for it. The reason I did it is because I'm still upset by the allegation that among Flynn's conquests, or conquerors, was Truman Capote. Showpeople!

15. Being fictional is a quality of a novel. And fictionality is the key to Ronald Reagan's character. He is a figment of his audience's imagination. If the audience is Ollie North, Reagan offers the laddie-buck sly but unmistakable encouragement. If the audience is George Shultz, Reagan looks "as if he'd been kicked in the stomach" when Shultz tells him what North has been up to. If the audience is Tip O'Neill, Reagan is a dumber chief executive than would have been imaginable. And all these characters *play*. When the camera rules, the question is not whether you add up but whether you *work*. This accounts for how Reagan has been so clever and so vapid, both: clever enough to ingratiate himself multifariously and vapid enough to believe in himself, himself. No wonder he tells so many Errol Flynn stories.

19. *Mo.* (a state), *scow* (a craft). I hearby acknowledge the domination of the media by International Communism (see 11), in the spirit of *glasnost*.

20. Is there any stupider song than "Goin' Out of My Head"? Gee, I don't know.

22. The word *metal* lurks (see it? See it?) in *handsome, talented people*. Heavy metal is, I believe, a rude form of music. Compare 23.

1 S	I	2 L	L	3 Y	A	4 S	S	■	5 D	6 U	H	7 H	H	8 H
A	■	U	■	O	■	I	■	■	■	T	■	O	■	A
9 D	U	M	B	D	U	M	B	■	10 S	T	U	P	I	D
I	■	P	■	O	■	P	■	11 I	■	E	■	A	■	B
12 S	H	E	E	R	■	13 L	I	T	E	R	A	L	L	Y
T	■	N	■	O	■	E	■	S	■	■	■	O	■	A
■	■	■	14 I	T	I	S	T	O	O	15 F	I	N	A	L
16 C	■	17 F	■	H	■	I	■	U	■	I	■	G	■	L
18 H	A	I	R	Y	E	M	B	R	A	C	E	■	■	■
E	■	G	■	■	■	O	■	E	■	T	■	19 M	■	20 M
21 A	D	H	O	22 M	I	N	E	M	■	23 I	R	O	N	Y
T	■	T	■	E	■	Y	■	P	■	O	■	S	■	H
24 I	D	I	O	T	S	■	25 P	I	N	N	A	C	L	E
N	■	N	■	A	■	■	■	R	■	A	■	O	■	A
26 G	A	G	G	L	E	■	27 M	E	L	L	O	W	E	D

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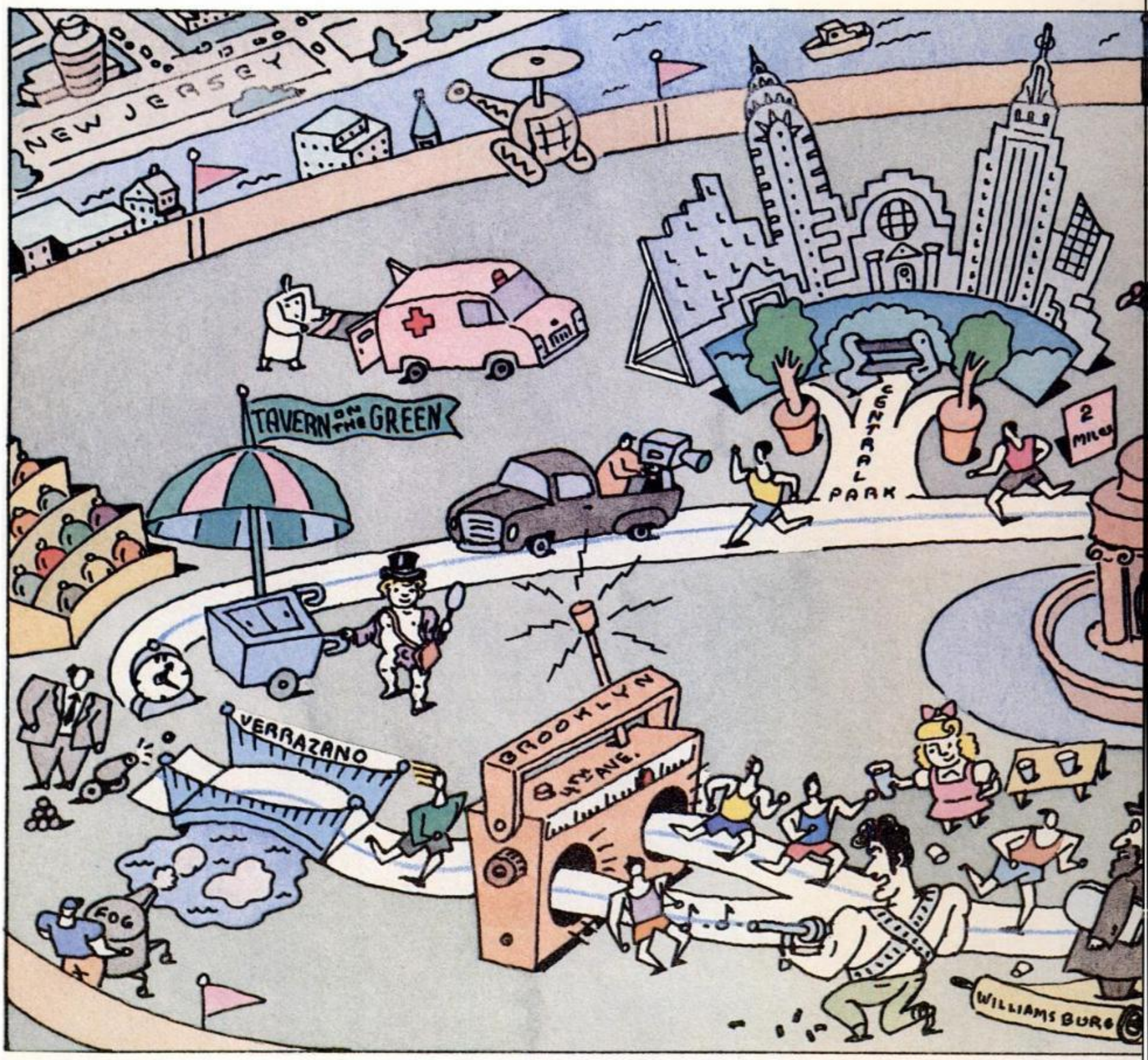
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THE NEW YORK CITY MARATHON

is wearing out its welcome. With each passing year, the real endurance test seems to be shifting more and more from the runners to those of us who somehow manage to lead full, productive lives despite our refusal to participate in an anonymous 26.2-mile mob shuffle through the gutters of New York. Civilians find the race impossible to avoid: marathoner friends and relatives talk of nothing else, traffic gets tied up, media coverage is endless and the day after the race some dweebs actually go to work wearing their medals (for finishing—*and they're all winners, aren't they?*). But in our New, Improved New York, the marathon is made easier for everyone. The hallmark elements—dramatic start, charming ethnic neighborhoods, the city Pulling Together As One, small children proffering cups of what one has to trust is water—are preserved even as the spectacle itself is streamlined.

And we mean *streamlined*. The race has been abbreviated to a sane 2.2 miles (an excision of a mere 24 redundant ones) and is run in its entirety around Lebow Oval, the asphalt-and-macadam course recently constructed over the West Side rail yard that had been earmarked for Television City. A smaller field of runners (entries have been reduced from 22,000 to about 450 through the elimination of anyone who runs with a Walkman or uses the word *split* while wearing street clothes) charge over a mist-enshrouded miniature of the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge after Mayor Koch fires the toy



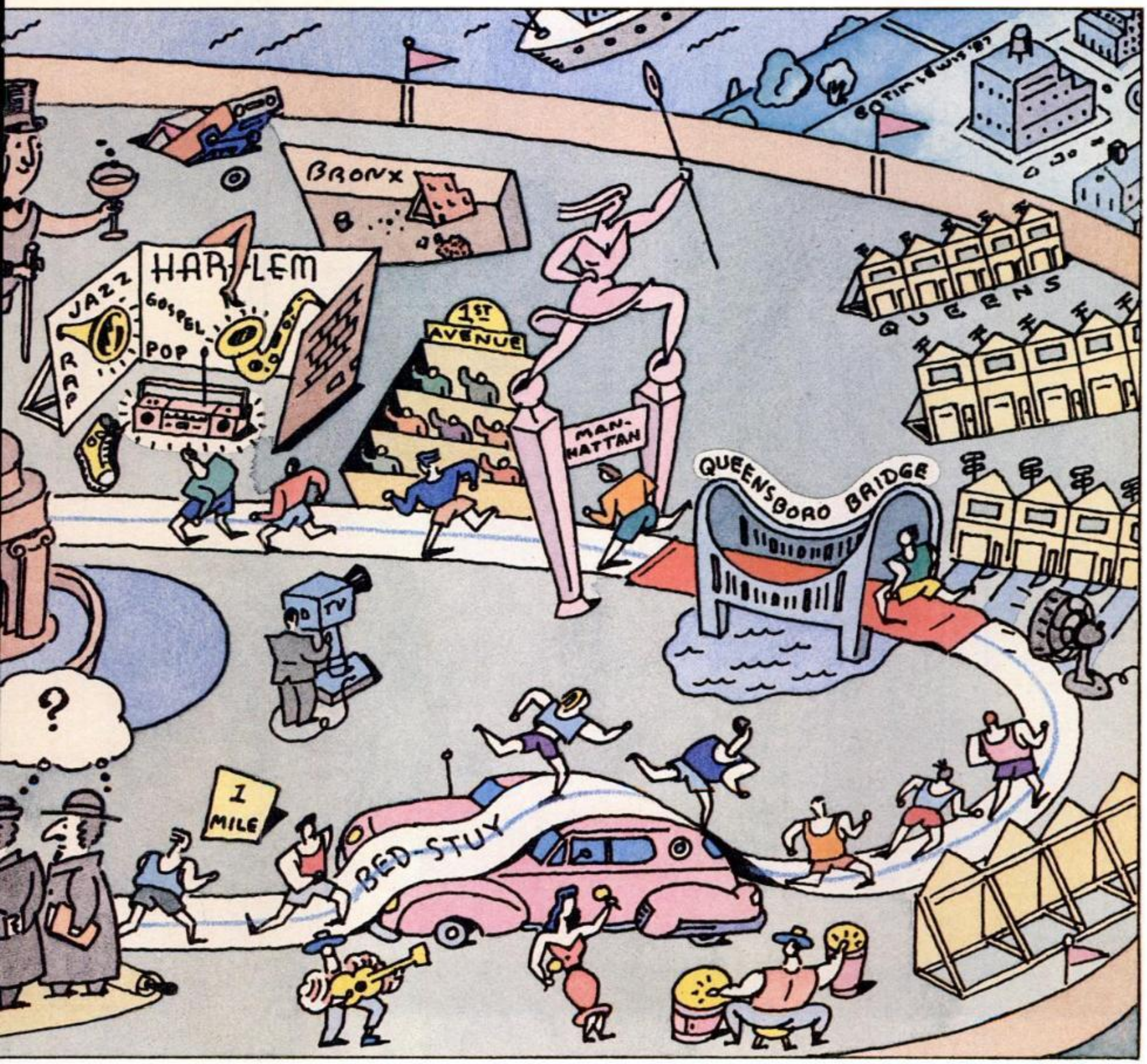
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cannon. Then one-eighth-scale replicas of all the worthwhile marathon highlights pass with reassuring familiarity as the pack follows the traditional blue line: Brooklyn's Fourth Avenue (with the theme from *Rocky* blaring); the puzzled, silent (but definitely more attentive and involved each year) Hasidim of Williamsburg; the festive, pace-quickening rap and salsa of Bedford-Stuyvesant; the Queensboro Bridge (a wind machine makes it seem real); the First Avenue crowds; the *really* brief encounter with the Bronx (only 30 yards away), then Harlem; Central Park (hard to believe it's just a diorama); and finally, to the inspiring strains of the theme from *Chariots of Fire*, the finish line near the Tavern on the Green pushcart (lovely umbrella, so-so pretzels).

JUMBO NEW IMPROVED NEW YORK EDITION

The miniaturization of the New York City Marathon will retain the very best of the race *and* save the city $200,000, runners months of training, and residents days of hype and hours of vexation. Total elapsed time of the New, Improved New York City Marathon: 20 minutes. Half an hour ought to be sufficient for television coverage. And come noon, runners who would typically be dehydrating dangerously and giving up the last of their glucose will instead be seated at brunch, signaling for more Bloody Marys. ⋗

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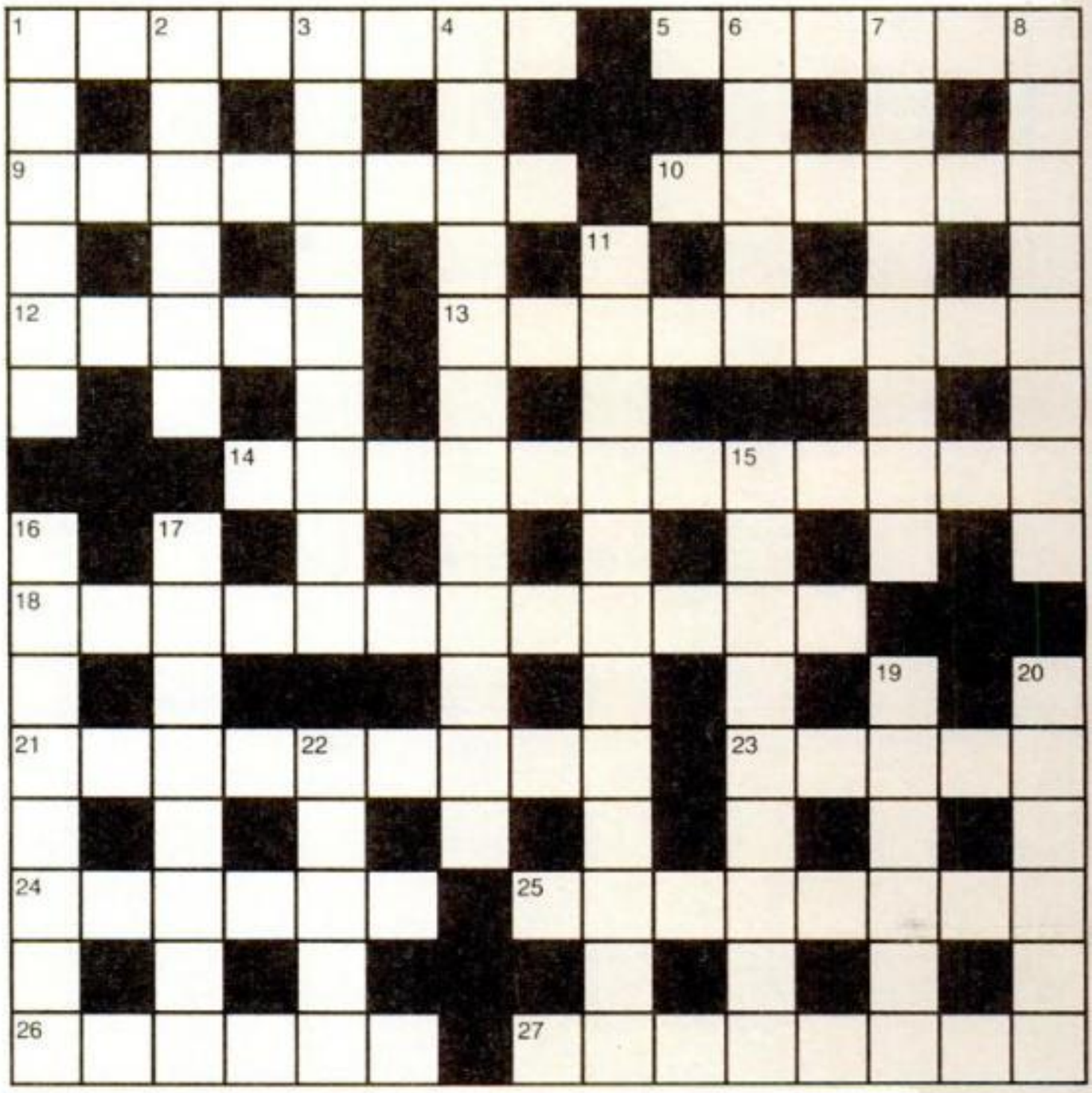


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THE UN-BRITISH

Crossword Puzzle

Ya Big Buffoon Special



BY ROY BLOUNT JR.

ACROSS

1. Fatuous type undoes sly Silas (5,3).

5. A quintessential dumb answer, you German rural youth group (6)!

9. Descriptive of dodo who spells the bullet this way (4,4).

10. Dumb dips going back over you familiarly in France (6).

12. See-through dropping off suddenly (5).

13. Virtually (to dumb writers), in kind of beer fest (9).

14. Dumb criticism of ending: confusing soft initial *O* (2,2,3,5).

18. Wild barmy reach, i.e., bear hug (5,7).

21. Overly personal argument makes insane mad in home (2,7).

23. What's pumped at Y is not what it seems (5).

24. Dullards in overtimes after Amin (6).

25. What's neat? Messed-up clean peak (8)?

26. Joke touching on broken leg brings geese together (6).

27. In blend, too-young actor Rob lost edge (8).

DOWN

1. Mean person who believes in gloom (6)?

2. Low-down feather flutters over North (6).

3. Scarecrow's line if he only had Rocky's brain (2,7).

4. Uncompounded sale of church offices characteristic of penniless pie lover (6,6).

6. Entire state (5).

7. Silly sort of gait for cowboy (8).

8. What a great time and Errol Flynn was (3,2,3).

11. Empirical reason why we must keep Communism out of this hemisphere (3,3,6).

15. Novel quality of president's character (9).

16. What are you doing (see answers, page 93) (8)?

17. Seedy fruit on funny thing, an alternative to rational discussion (8).

19. State craft whence national media's orders come (6).

20. Yeah, Doctor, shake it! Dumb song has me splitting this over you (2,4).

22. Inside handsome, talented people we find what is heavy for dumb listening (5).



The answers to the Un-British Crossword appear on page 93.

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David Wojnarowicz,
Untitled (Burning Child), at right.



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